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THE EAGLE.

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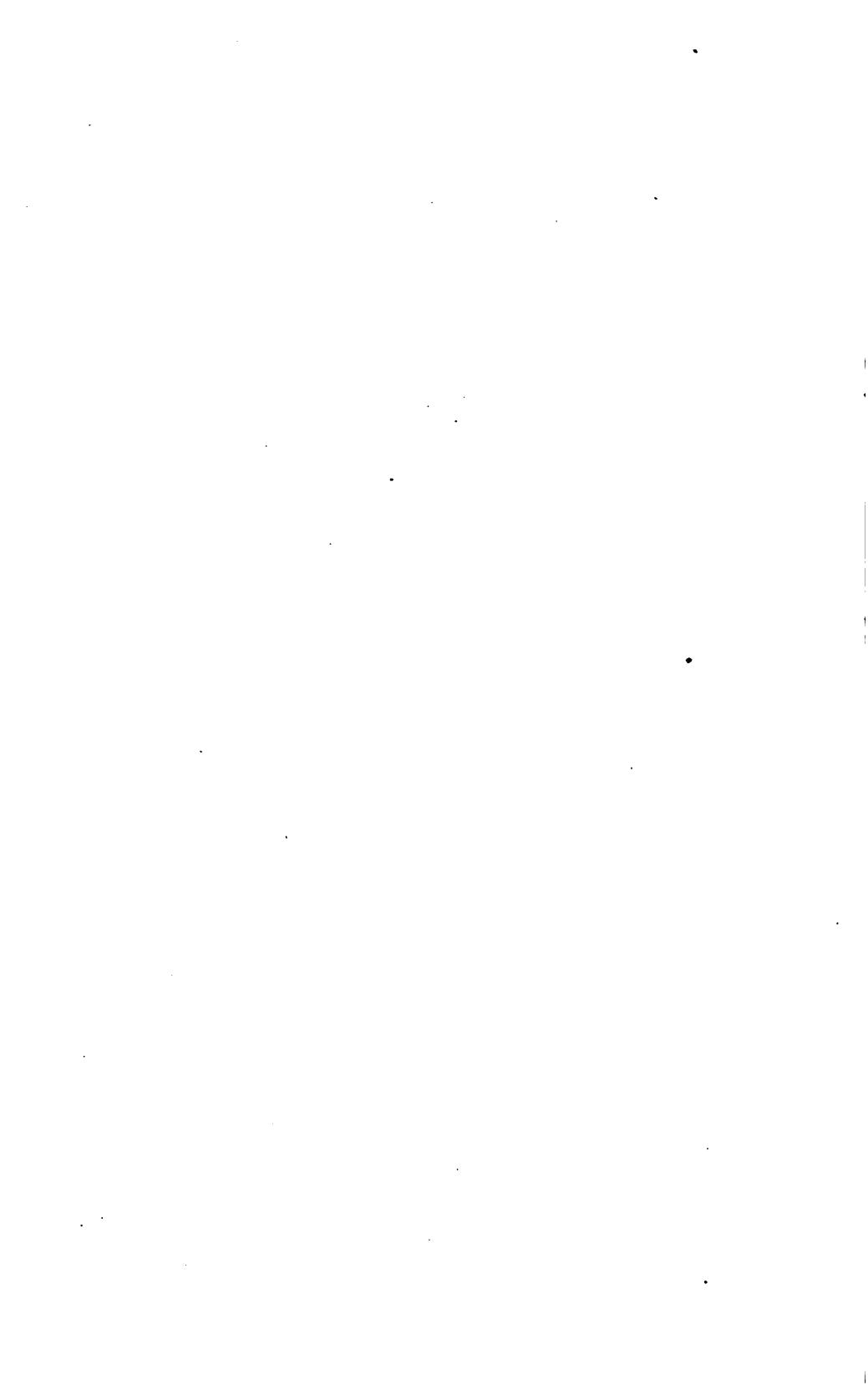
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THE EAGLE.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

ŒUVRES DE P. L. COURIER.—*Paris. Firmin Didot Frères, 1862.*

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.—*Causeries du Lundi, par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, Tome 6me—Paris, Garnier Frères, 1863.*

A SPECIAL interest attaches at the present moment to all that bears on the maintenance of our friendly relations with France. The death of a minister, whose main care for years has been to foster to the utmost a mutual kindness, has set all Europe a-wondering whether his friendly policy will still be continued, or whether his successor will evoke again the old spirit of jealousy and hate from the deep to which it has been nigh consigned. The task which Lord Palmerston undertook, when in 1851 he was foremost to recognise in the present Emperor of the French the man for the time, was no easy one. Misunderstanding he had to face on all sides. From the Englishman, that hasty judgment from foregone conceptions, that self-complacent insular habit of looking at everything through British spectacles, which John Bull delights in: on the other side of the Channel that national one-sided egotism (*opiniâtreté*), which equally marks Jacques Bonhomme.—Truly strong partition walls to be broken down! and it were difficult to say which is the stronger. Results I think point to the latter, and this perhaps agrees with what one would *a priori* expect; an intelligent Englishman is generally willing to grant the possibility of excellence in institutions other than his own,

and to take the trouble of inquiring into their working, however much his strong home feelings may kick at the idea of borrowing any part of them for his own use. But a Frenchman seems generally to start with the feeling of national superiority so strongly asserting itself, that all that is foreign (I speak of course of social, not of political institutions) sinks into an insignificance which is almost beneath notice, at any rate not worthy of study. Consequently he travels but little; though his language is the cosmopolitan language of Europe, there is nothing of the cosmopolite in him. If a man of cultivated taste, he enjoys in a sentimental way the works of nature and art (art rather than nature) which he has, to use his own expressive word, *effleuré*, and carries away perhaps some ideas of grace and elegance, enough to fill a page of measured rhapsodical prose, which the most scrupulous academician can find no fault with. On the other hand, nothing ~~I know~~, can look less like enjoyment than the common sight of a Britisher hurrying about Murray in hand and seeing what he is told to see. But this systematic sight-seeing, though it may be less enjoyable at the time, gives him a more accurate view of things in the long-run, and lays up for him a store of enjoyment in retrospect. Those who have met Frenchmen out of their own country will all, more or less, bear me out in these reflections. They may be fairly illustrated by comparing a series of "Letters from Italy" from the pen of M. Henri Taine, which appeared in the "Revue des deux Mondes" at the beginning of the present year, with any English book on the same subject, say Mr. Burgon's "Letters from Rome." They cannot be better summed up than in the speech of a French officer in the garrison at Rome, reported by Mr. Story:—"We have been here now five years, and these rascally Italians can't talk French yet."

How are these difficulties to be overcome? Commercial treaties may do a great deal. Not merely by creating an identity of material interests—this could only smother, not extinguish old enmities—but by the action and reaction of French taste and English solidity. Abolition of passports, and increased ease of communication may do much. When from London to Paris is but an 11 hours' journey, which may be taken at an hour's notice, the two peoples cannot but be brought into more intimate relations. But here the advantages are chiefly on the other side. As compared with the Alps and the Pyrenees, with Vichy and Biarritz, we have little to attract those who travel for pleasure. Hence far more Englishmen pass through France, than Frenchmen

come to England. It might seem as if this were an advantage rather for the Englishman, but I think not. The ordinary traveller passes too quickly to see much of the people, and the specimens that he does see are not always such as to leave with him the best impressions; but still he, quickly as he passes, leaves some trace which may show his neighbours that every Englishman is not necessarily a "milord" or a snob—that you have not exhausted his whole nature when you define him as a biped with a beef-like complexion and a long purse. In the same way the French visitor of London may correct the English prejudice which sets up the denizen of Leicester Square as a type of French society.

But there is a third influence to which I am inclined to attribute the greatest power of all. What we want is to secure for the one a fair knowledge and appreciation of the mind and soul of the other, and to this end surely the literatures of the two countries can exert the widest influence, an influence indeed whose range will extend over the whole of educated society. The books which a people recognises as classic, or rewards with the popularity of the hour, are sure to reflect the general type and the temporary play of the features of the national character. It may be doubted whether Shakespeare would have been one classic in France, any more than Racine could have been one in England. Here the advantage is on our side. We are perhaps, as a nation, the greater readers, at any rate of solid literature, and the educated Englishman can generally read a French work in the original, and so need not wait till some publisher thinks it will pay to give to the world a translation. And this is no slight advantage, when our object is to get to the kernel of the French character, for it is seldom that a translator can break the shell in which it is enclosed without leaving the mark of his handy-work.

Now no one, I imagine, can fail to be struck with the alteration which the last few years have produced in this respect. The names, and in many cases, the works of contemporary writers are familiar to us, and what is more, we are beginning to care for their good opinion. True we have not yet begun to appreciate their classic authors, save, perhaps, Voltaire's histories, and Molière's broader comedies, but that will come in time. Meanwhile the writings of a Guizot, a Lamartine, a Hugo, or a de Tocqueville leave their impress upon British thought. Setting aside the glimpses which lighter literature gives us of the social habits and thoughts of the nation, there are two results to be expected

from the wider reading: an increased respect for the French language, and a higher opinion of the French mind. Our habitual tendency is to think of French as a frothy, unsubstantial language, good enough for the unmeaning expressions of French compliment and courtesy, or at best for the questionable uses of diplomacy, but entirely unfit for the clothing of any substantial truths or high ideas. And in the same way we are fond of picturing to ourselves the Frenchman as one whose mind is sufficiently inventive to produce elegant knick-knacks, sufficiently imaginative to give birth to an improbable romance of more than questionable morality, but not able to grasp any wide principle, or form any long induction. Such ideas cannot but vanish from the mind of one who reads such historians as Guizot, Michelet, Thierry, or Mérimée, such critics as Sainte-Beuve, Villemain, or Prévost-Paradol; such men of science as Arago, Cousin, Comte. Nor can he fail to see the wide capacities of a language which for clearness and cleanness* of expression surpasses all others. And this appreciation of language is a matter of no small importance, for language being only the reflex of ideas, where the ideas are mean, the speech must be mean too, and conversely, clearness of language implies also habits of clear thought. And herein, I think, lies the strength of the French mind. It may be at times illogical, but ideas are grasped, and seen with a sharply-defined distinctness which is even matter for envy.

There is one department of this literature which is of peculiar value: that, I mean, which enables us to see what impression our neighbours receive from our national character and literature; or to compare the impressions produced by the same scenes or the same works upon the two nations. Such works as M. Taine's *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, or M. Esquiros' *L'Angleterre et la vie Anglaise*, may, if impartially read, put us in a point outside our own narrow circle, and enable us in some measure to "see ourselves as others see us." But the latter class has a still higher value. In the field of general criticism we all start fair; we cannot so comfortably resolve all differences by the reflexion that our critic knows nothing about his subject, which so often serves as an extinguisher to foreign judgments of English things.

* I am obliged to translate a French word (*netteté*) to express my meaning.

At the same time, however, that modern French literature is more widely read in England than before, there are some branches of it which are yet but little known. I may specially mention French criticism and French poetry. And yet the former is perhaps the best of the present time, and the latter is by no means to be despised. How many Englishmen have read—how many even know the names of Casimir Delavigne, or Alfred de Musset? How many of the admirers of “Notre Dame de Paris” and “Les Misérables” know anything of the “Poésies” and the “Legende des Siècles” of the same author?

There is another class of works, whose circulation we naturally expect to be confined to their own country, though an acquaintance with them will do more than anything else to deepen our knowledge of the nation from which they issue. I allude to those whose interest is only local and temporary—the works of the journalist and pamphleteer. Among the foremost of these in France, during the present century, stands the writer whose name heads the present article. He has been called by some the Cobbett of France; but he is a Cobbett without his coarseness; his attacks are sharper and more stinging, because his weapons are finer, his steel more carefully tempered. Some account of his life and writings may not be without interest to the readers of the *Eagle*.

Paul Louis Courier was born at Paris on the 4th of January, 1772. His father was a wealthy and cultivated member of the middle class, possessing an estate in Touraine, to which he was obliged to retire not long after the birth of his son. Admitted apparently by his position and education into the highest circles, he was accused of having seduced the wife of one of the leaders of the nobility. The Grand Seigneur was deeply in his debt and refused to pay what he owed, so that we may receive the story with some suspicion. But whether it was true or not, he was set upon by the followers of the duke of O—, and nearly assassinated, and ultimately compelled by the noise which the affair made to leave Paris. It is not hard to see from what source Courier first drew the intense hatred for the nobility which is so plainly outspoken in his works. Brought up in Touraine under his father's eye, he further imbibed from him that fondness for ancient authors, especially the Greek, which was the sole passion of his life. At fifteen we find him studying mathematics at Paris, but still devoting all his leisure time to Greek.

From Paris he went, in 1791, to the artillery school at Chalons, and gained his first experience of military duty by mounting guard at the gate of the town during the panic produced by the Prussian invasion of 1792. After Dumouriez' successes he was enabled to complete his studies. He received his commission as lieutenant in the artillery in June, 1793, and joined the garrison at Thionville. It is from this place that the first three of the series of letters, which are our chief material for his life, are dated. They are the only ones of this early date, and are most interesting for the traits of character that they disclose. How much for instance we read in the following passage; in which he is speaking of an ill-tempered chum:

"Je me suis fait une étude et un mérite de supporter en lui une humeur fort inégale qui, avant moi, a lassé tous ses autres camarades. J'ai fait presque comme Socrate, qui avait pris une femme acariâtre pour s'exercer à la patience; pratique assurément fort salutaire, et dont j'avais moins besoin que bien des gens ne le croient, moins que je ne l'ai cru moi-même. Quoi qu'il en soit, je puis certifier à tout le monde que mon susdit compagnon a, dans un degré éminent toutes les qualités requises pour faire de grands progrès dans cette vertu à ceux qui vivront avec lui."

I must quote one other passage which contains the key to the whole of his military life. His father had been expressing an opinion that the time which he gave to the dead languages was badly employed, considering the profession for which he was destined. He replies:

"Quand je n'aurais eu en cela d'autre but que ma propre satisfaction, c'est une chose que je fais entrer pour beaucoup dans mes calculs; et je ne regarde comme perdu, dans ma vie, que le temps où je n'en puis jouir agréablement sans jamais me repentir du passé, ni craindre pour l'avenir."

The Greek studies to which he gave so much time were not superficial. He says with regard to them:—"I like above all to read over again the books that I have already been through numbers of times, and by that means acquire a learning which, if less wide in range, is at any rate more solid." For this reason he declines the study of history, which requires too much reading; a dislike which was only strengthened by his subsequent experiences.

Never were better prospects spread before a soldier than lay open to a young officer joining the army of the Rhine in 1793, provided he showed some talent and zeal for the

cause of the revolution. Under a general only twenty-three years old, and with colonels and brigadiers of twenty, the highest posts were open to his ambition. And surely never was soldier more unfit to join such an army than Courier. Captain of artillery at twenty-three, he might have soon worked his way up the ladder of promotion, had he not preferred to spend every hour that could be spared from actual duty, mooning about the ruined abbeys and castles that skirt the Rhine. We shall see the same spirit animating the whole of his military career. Nothing must interfere with his artistic tastes.

In 1795, being in general quarters at Mayence, he heard of the death of his father, and at once posted off to visit his mother, whose life was despaired of, without waiting to ask for leave or even informing any one of his intention. Through the intervention of his friends no notice was taken of this escapade, except that he was withdrawn from active service for a time, and while his old comrades were making up for the miseries of the Rhenish campaign by sharing the victories of Bonaparte in Italy, he had the pleasant duty of counting cannon-balls and inspecting gun-carriages at Toulouse. The first years of the Directory were to France what the Restoration was to England. There was a strong reaction against the austerities of the Convention. Men and women, to use the words of a French writer, rejoiced to meet again as friends, as kinsmen, as members of the same circle, and not as citizens and citizenesses. So that on the whole Courier had not a bad time of it in Toulouse, though he did miss his promotion. He seems to have been a general favourite, and was a man capable of strong likings as well as dislikes. One friendship formed at Toulouse, that of a Polish antiquary named Chlewaski, has given us some of his most interesting letters.

In 1798 he was sent in command of a company of artillery to join the army of occupation at Rome. Traversing the whole of Northern Italy on his way, he could not but be saddened by the misery and desolation which everywhere met his eye. It was not the poetic side of war that he saw in any part of his career. No wonder that after witnessing such sights he should write "*Je ne crois plus aux grands hommes.*" But saddened as his eyes had been by these sights of wretchedness, what a shock must it have been to his artistic tastes to witness the spoliation of Rome. His description of it is quite plaintive:—

"*Je ne sais pas d'expressions assez tristes pour vous*

peindre l'état de délabrement, de misère et d'opprobre où est tombée cette pauvre Rome que vous avez vue si pompeuse, et de laquelle à présent on détruit jusqu'aux ruines. On s'y rendait autrefois, comme vous savez, de tous les pays du monde. Maintenant il n'y reste que ceux qui n'ont pu fuir, ou qui, le poignard à la main, cherchent encore dans les haillons d'un peuple mourant de faim, quelque pièce échappée à tant d'extorsions et de rapines.

"Les monuments de Rome ne sont guère mieux traités que le peuple. La colonne Trajane est cependant à peu près telle que vous l'avez vue; et nos curieux, qui n'estiment que ce qu'on peut emporter et vendre, n'y font heureusement aucune attention. D'ailleurs les bas-reliefs dont elle est ornée sont hors de la portée du sabre, et pourront par conséquent être conservés."

That in the holy city, the artillery officer was subordinate to the antiquarian and scholar, is a matter of course. Besides the attractions of what remained of the museum and library of the Vatican, he was fortunate in making several valuable acquaintances, amongst others that of the Abbé Marini, the author of some works on ancient inscriptions. His cabinet and library seem to have occupied great part of Courier's time. These literary tastes, indeed, nearly cost him his life. The division to which he was attached was left in Rome, when Macdonald began his march upon the Trebia. It finally capitulated, and was to evacuate Rome at a fixed time. The man of letters, anxious to pay a farewell visit to the Vatican library, forgot the hour at which the captain of artillery was to leave Rome. When he came out of the Vatican it was already evening, and he was the only Frenchman left in the city. He was recognised, and a cry of Jacobin! at once raised. A shot was fired at him which missed him and killed a woman in the crowd; and under cover of the confusion, he stole away to the palace of a Roman noble who was his friend, and by his help made good his escape. The state of France does not seem to have been at this time much better than that of Italy. On his way from Marseilles to Paris, Courier was stopped and robbed of all that he had.

Of the next three years we have little account. He seems to have been engaged at Paris on literary labours which have been long forgotten: an *Eloge d'Hélène*, in imitation of Isocrates, and a *Voyage de Ménélas à Troie* which was to cut out Telemachus. In 1804 he is again with the army in Italy as *chef d'escadron* of artillery. And here we have the first

of a series of letters which is tolerably continuous for the next nine years. It marks a distinct advance in the writer's style and habits of thought. The last few years' experience has added an element of bitterness to his humour. Before it was harmless—now it has a sting. And the subject of this first letter is worthy of its fire. He is at Piacenza in the division under D'Anthouard.

The officers are assembled one fine morning, and the question is put to them by their chief without any introduction, without any pleading—"Which do you fancy most—an emperor or the republic?"—*comme on dit, Rôti ou bouilli, potage ou soupe, que voulez-vous ?* The officers sit round, staring at each other.—"Well, gentlemen, what is your opinion?" Not a tongue stirs. This lasts for a quarter of an hour, and is becoming somewhat embarrassing for D'Anthouard and for every one else, when a lieutenant who is present, rises and says, "If he wants to be emperor, let him be; but if I am to give my opinion, I don't think it at all a good thing." "Explain yourself," says the colonel.—"Do you like it, or do you not?" "I don't," replies the lieutenant. *A la bonne heure.* Then follows a fresh interval of silence—they begin again to look at one another, as if they had never seen each other before in their lives. Courier cuts the knot—"Gentlemen," he says, "it seems to me, with your leave, that this does not concern us. The nation wishes an emperor, is it for us to discuss the matter?" The cogency of this reasoning was seen by all, the requisition for the empire signed, and the officers dispersed to their billiards. "Maire me disait, ma foi, commandant, vous parlez comme Cicéron; mais pourquoi voulez-vous donc tant qu'il soit empereur, je vous prie? Pour en finir, et faire notre partie de billard. Fallait-il rester là tout le jour?...En effet que signifie, dis-moi..... un homme commelui Bonaparte, soldat, chef d'armée, le premier Capitaine du monde, vouloir qu'on l'appelle majesté? Etre Bonaparte, et se faire sire! *Il aspire à descendre*: mais non, il croit monter en s'égalant aux rois. Il aime mieux un titre qu'un nom.....César l'entendait bien mieux, et aussi c'était un autre homme. Il ne prit pas de titres usés, mais il fit de son nom même un titre supérieur à celui de roi." Demanelle, je crois, ne fera pas d'assemblée. Il envoie les signatures avec l'enthousiasme le dévouement à la personne, &c.: What a comment is this on the historian's account of this voting:—"le premier Consul avait reçu de l'armée les témoignages d'adhésion les plus empressés. L'élan était général, l'éclat aussi public qu'il pouvait l'être." (*Thiers, Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, tom. v., p. 84.)

We cannot accompany our author through the following campaigns in Italy and Calabria, though many interesting details of his adventures may be gathered from his letters. Again the antiquarian is paramount. It is worth while to be a conqueror, for only in this character can he penetrate to all the nooks and corners of this beautiful land, mid the remains of Greek and Roman splendour. If he hears of any such near his encampment, he is off at once, recking nought of the dangers of brigands, or of the guerilla troops of the enemy. More than once his life is in danger in this most villanous of wars, as he calls it. At one time he assists at a consultation to settle the point whether he shall be hung, burnt, or shot, and is even permitted to express his own opinion on the subject—a permission which he uses to such effect, as to make good his escape altogether. Over and over again he loses not only his own effects, but those which his friends have lent him to supply their place, but it is only when his Homer is gone that he expresses any real regret. As an artillery officer he finds nothing to do, but, having joined the staff of General Regnier, and volunteered for Calabria, undertakes some missions connected with the commissariat department, in which he is not very successful. In consequence he is put under arrest by General Dedon, and in reply gives vent to his anger in words which no superior officer could forgive. Everything concurred to confirm his strong feeling of the superiority of the ancient to the modern. He is ever contrasting the former grandeur of the scenes in which he is thrown, with the misery of the present. The petty struggles of the guerilla war, the meannesses which he sees on all sides, the paltry ambitions, the ceaseless intrigues, all grate upon his mind. No wonder that, having seen the history of the time thus enacting under his eyes, he should look upon all history as a tissue of falsehoods and exaggerations. Historically these letters are highly valuable as showing what this Italian war actually was, when stripped of its tinsel covering of glory. A couple of extracts will be interesting:—"Would you like a sketch of what goes on here now? Picture to yourself a detachment of, say, a hundred of our soldiers marching in no order along the slope of one of these hills, whose rocky sides are richly covered with oranges and palms, with aloes and myrtles. They are marching at ease and in perfect security. What use in taking precautions, or being on the *qui vive*? For more than a week past there has been no massacre of troops in this district. At the foot of the eminence which they wish to

reach, flows a rapid torrent which they must cross to get into the path by which they ascend, some are already over, some are crossing, others are still on this side, when suddenly there spring up from different sides a thousand peasants, outlaws, escaped galley-slaves, and deserters, well armed, and good shots, with a subdeacon at their head; they fire upon our men before they see them, the officers fall first and those who are in luck are killed on the spot, the rest for some days serve for the sport of their captors. Then the officer in command, who has sent off this detachment without any idea of any such mischief, without even inquiring whether the passes were clear, comes down upon the neighbouring villages and sends off an aide-de-camp with 500 men to punish them. Then follows a scene of pillage, rape, and massacre; and all that escape go to swell the subdeacon's band."

"The affair at Marcellinara is of the same kind. We were taken for English, and as such received into the town. When we had reached the market place, the people were crowding round us, when one of them, in whose house Regnier had lodged, recognised him and tried to escape. At a sign from Regnier he was stopped and slain. The troop fired all at once, and in two minutes the square was covered with dead. We found, in a dungeon, six canonnières of our regiment, half dead with hunger. They were being kept for an auto-da-fe which was to have taken place the next day."

"C'est là l'histoire, depouillée de ses ornements. Voilà les canevas qu'ont brodés les Herodote et les Thucydide. Pour moi, m'est avis que cet enchainement de sottises et d'atrocités qu'on appelle histoire ne mérite guère l'attention d'un homme sensé."

It must not be supposed that Courier was idle all this while. Not only was he gradually forming that style which was to do such good service afterwards when the empire was a thing of the past; but he was actually at work on what he intended to be a classic edition and French Translation of Xenophon de re Equestri. At Naples he made the acquaintance of one Marquis Tacconi, who placed his library at his disposal. There he spent many happy hours, consoling himself among his favourite Greeks for the neglect and injustice of his superiors.

In one of his letters, written during this stay at Naples, he relates an amusing adventure which befel him during his travels in Calabria; it is now a well-known story, but I cannot resist the temptation of telling it once more in his own words, and it will give some idea of

his powers of description. He was travelling with a friend much younger than himself. They had missed their way in a wood by taking a wrong track, and after getting more and more astray, they reached, when it was quite dark, what seemed to be a charcoal-burner's cabin. They found the whole family at table, and were hospitably invited to join them. Courier had misgivings, the house looked like a regular arsenal—pistols, sabres, knives, cutlasses all over the place. His misgivings were not lessened by the incautious demeanour of his companion who told all about himself, his wealth, and the contents of his knapsack in the most open-hearted way. "At last, when the supper was over, we were left to ourselves; our host retired to rest downstairs, we were to sleep in the upper room where we had supped. A loft some seven or eight feet above the floor was to be our bed. It was reached by a ladder, after climbing which you had to go on hands and knees to avoid the joists hung with all kinds of provisions for the year. My companion climbed up into this nest, and was soon fast asleep with his precious knapsack for a pillow. I resolved to keep awake and so made up a good fire, and sat down by the side of it. The night had nearly passed in perfect quiet, and I was beginning to forget my uneasiness, and was thinking that the day must soon break when I heard a discussion going on below between our host and his wife. Listening at the chimney which communicated with that of the room below, I made out distinctly (the husband was speaking) the words *Well! well! come! must I kill them both?* The woman said *yes!* and I heard no more.

"How shall I tell you my feelings? I stood scarcely able to breathe, every limb cold as marble; you could hardly have told whether I was dead or alive. Good heavens! to think of it even now.—Our two selves almost without arms, against a dozen or fifteen of them so well equipped! And my companion almost dead with sleep and fatigue! I dared not call him, or make any noise;—escape alone I could not, the window was not so very high, but in the yard below were a couple of huge mastiffs howling like wolves.—You may imagine the state I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed interminable, I heard some one on the stairs, and through the cracks in the door saw the father with a lamp in one hand, and one of his large knives in the other. He was coming up, and his wife following him. I kept behind the door. He opened it, but before he came in put down the lamp, which his wife took. Then he came in bare-foot, she shading the lamp with her hand, and whispering—

Gently! don't make any noise! He crossed over to the foot of the ladder, and went up it, holding his knife between his teeth. When he was on a level with the bed—this unhappy young man the while lying there helpless with his bare throat exposed—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—ah! cousin!—he seized a ham which was hanging from the roof, cut a slice off it and returned as he came. The door was closed again, the light disappeared, and I was left alone to my reflections: we were called at daybreak, breakfast was put before us, and as part of it two capons one of which, said our hostess, we were to take with us, and the other we were to eat then. The sight of them explained the meaning of those terrible words, *Must I kill them both?*”

In the summer of 1807 Courier received instructions to join the head quarters at Verona. But he lingered on at Naples, working at his Xenophon, and when he did start could not resist the temptation of spending a week or two at Rome. When he reported himself at Verona in January, 1808, he found a letter from the Minister of war putting him under arrest, and stopping part of his pay. His note in reply is very characteristic:

“Monseigneur, par votre lettre du 3 Novembre vous me demandez l'état de mes services. Ayant été en Calabre une fois pris et trois fois depouillé par les brigands, j'ai perdu tous mes papiers. Je ne me souviens d'aucune date. Les renseignements que vous me demandez ne peuvent se trouver que dans vos bureaux. Je n'ai d'ailleurs ni blessures ni actions d'éclat à citer. Mes services ne sont rien, et ne méritent aucune attention. Ce qu'il m'importe de vous rappeler c'est que je suis ici aux arrêts par votre ordre, pour avoir dit, à Naples, au général Dedon ce que tout le monde pense de lui.”

After some months spent in Milan and in Leghorn, and chiefly devoted to literary pursuits, he resigned his commission in March, 1809. The state of his affairs required his presence in France, and all his efforts to obtain a furlough, or an exchange into Spain, were fruitless. Naturally no such privileges would be accorded to one whose only claim to them was that he had written down his superior officer a coward and circulated the writing in the army. After his resignation he went to Paris and there met some friends who held commissions in the *grande armée*. Whimsical as ever, he was seized with a longing to see service under Napoleon. With some difficulty, for Napoleon had no love for people who resigned their commissions, he obtained a promise of employ-

ment, and joined the army of the Danube. But here again his wonted ill-luck followed him. He was never to see aught but the miseries of war. Short of supplies, and having quarrelled again with his general, he was obliged to serve on foot. He took part in the engagement of the isle of Lobau, but was so ill with fever that he had to be carried off the field. Again, considering that he was only provisionally engaged, he retired from the army, simply notifying the fact to those in command, and not waiting for any leave. His soldiering days were over. From this date we have only the scholar, and the pamphleteer. He must be the subject of another paper.

R. W. TAYLOR.





ION'S MORNING HYMN.

Eur. Ion. 82—111.

Now the orient car of day
Heavenward rolls its gleaming way ;
Paling stars, as yet more bright
Flushes up the rosy light,
Fly to realms of mystic night.
See ! Parnassus' gleaming crown
Morn's first radiance scatters down,
Caught on peaks of virgin snow,
Flung to mortals far below.
Reek of myrrh and incense fly
To the ceiled temple high,
Where at Phœbus' sacred shrine
Sits the priestess, words divine
Pouring with prophetic skill,
Singing at Apollo's will.
Haste ye ! Delphians, haste and bring
From Castalia's silvery spring
Fresh libations for our King :
Cleanse his temple ; silence all
Keep within his sacred hall :
By his suppliants let no word
Of ill-omened sound be heard.
Mine the care, from childhood's days,
With branches fresh and wreaths of bays
Thus to deck Apollo's doors ;
Then with dewy showers the floors
Thus I sprinkle ; then the flight
Of chirping birds, in morn's first light
Clustering on his golden fane,
I scatter with my shafts again.
Never father's tender care,
Never mother's love I knew ;
Phœbus' guardian power I share,
So I give him service due.

L.



ROBERT BROWNING.

IT is by no means an easy task to write a satisfactory criticism on the works of any great author. To do so fully and completely requires a mind at once broad enough to survey its subject from every side, and capacious enough to comprehend his highest and deepest thoughts. But it is one thing to assert your entire *comprehension* of all that was in a poet's mind, and quite another to attempt to convey to others some of the profit and delight gained by yourself in the endeavour to *apprehend* somewhat of his truth and beauty. Yet I should not have ventured to take upon me even this lesser task, had there been any hope remaining that the champion of Walter Savage Landor* would accomplish his design of pleading the cause of a poet not less neglected, but possessing yet stronger claims on our attention. But while this office has fallen into other and weaker hands, there is no audience to which an advocate could look with greater confidence of a fair and kindly hearing than to that composed of the younger members of an English University.

It is true that those who spend their days in wooing the favour of

The hard-grained muses of the cube and square, and would fain have us see some wondrous grace in their angular and ungainly features, are ruthlessly forbidden by their jealous mistresses to pay their devoirs at any other shrine, if they would win their highest honours. But there are many of us here who own the gentler sway of the fairer sisters of Helicon, and are not only permitted but encouraged by them to turn aside at times from the perfect grace and finished art of their earlier disciples to the pages where we find, clothed in language hardly less exquisite, the nobler purer thoughts of Christian England. There are many within these ancient walls by whom the words of Shakspeare and Milton, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson are read with a power of critical discernment which may fall far short of

* See *Our Library Staircase*,—*The Eagle*, Vol. iv. pp. 39-50.

that which coming years may bring, but with an intense enthusiastic enjoyment which they may then vainly long to recall. To such especially I would venture to address a few words on a poet who, though far too little known, will be found worthy, I am bold to think, of no unhonoured place upon their shelves.

Robert Browning has shared the fate of many of the deepest and most influential writers, not only in this but in every age. At first he was met only with scorn, or what is far worse to a young and ambitious poet, neglect; but ere long he won the deep attachment of a small band of devoted admirers. Years passed by; one work after another was sent forth to the world, and the number of his readers seemed hardly to increase. Yet the constant unwavering support of a body of disciples which, numerically small, yet comprised many of the first thinkers of our time, could not but make its influence felt. The younger generation heard the name of Browning rarely, but when it fell from the lips that they most revered, it was coupled with that of Tennyson and honoured as the name of a second in the poetic race hardly inferior to the laurelled victor. Some moved by curiosity took up his works, and after a hasty glance carelessly threw them down with a sneer at his grotesque and incomprehensible mysticism. Others studied them carefully with that loving faith without which no truth worth knowing, that is not purely physical, may be attained to,* and reaped their rich reward. And thus his influence spread and at last the reaction has come. Fresh editions of his poems have been sent forth; the success of one selection speedily called for the issue of a second; and the Quarterly Reviews, faithful to their custom of acknowledging a reputation when it has been established too firmly to be shaken, and granting their praise when it has almost lost all value, followed in the wake of less authoritative literary censors, and deigned to recognise his poems; the Edinburgh even yet but grudgingly, the Quarterly far more heartily and liberally. Already those who remained faithful to him in the days of his utter neglect, are beginning to rejoice at his admission to his proper rank, and to enter somewhat into the feelings of the young Lakists when their veteran leader received his well-earned honours at Oxford,† or of the Rugby men when Arnold's manly voice

* On this there are some wise words in Archbp. Trench's *Hulsean Lectures*, (last edition) p. 16, and in Kingsley's *Miscellanies*, II. 39.

† F. W. Robertson's *Lectures on Poetry*, p. 244.

was first heard from the professor's chair in his own loved University.*

Robert Browning was born in London in the year 1812. He received his education principally at University College, London, then known as the London University;† and the effect of its wide and varied but seldom thorough and profound curriculum may still be often traced in the style as well as the subject-matter of the poet. Indeed, were this the fit occasion, I think that some suggestive and valuable considerations might be deduced from a comparison of his poems with the productions of the thoroughly Oxford mind of Mr. Matthew Arnold. In 1835, at the age of 23, he published his first poem, *Paracelsus*, a work of remarkable power and depth of thought for so young a man, of which I shall have to speak more at length presently. In 1837 appeared his first play, *Strafford*, followed in 1840 by *Sordello*, a long narrative poem, the scene of which is laid in Italy at the time of the contests between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. After this Mr. Browning turned his attention again to the drama, and produced in successive years the plays of *Pippa Passes*, *King Victor and King Charles*, *The Return of the Druses*, and *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, *Colombe's Birthday*, *Luria* and *A Soul's Tragedy*, a succession only broken at intervals between 1842 and 1846 by the appearance of a few minor poems, quaintly entitled "*Bells and Pomegranates*." The year 1849 witnessed an event almost if not quite without a parallel in the chronicle of the Muses. In the poem of "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*," Miss Barrett had told how a young poet read to his mistress pages from some of our older poets,—

"Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl
 "Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,
 "Or from Browning some '*Pomegranate*,' which if cut deep down
 the middle
 "Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

The just and graceful compliment was acknowledged by a note from Mr. Browning; and a personal introduction was the consequence, followed at no distant date by the marriage

* *Life* by Stanley, II., 249.

† It was founded under this title in 1828, though it possessed no power of conferring degrees, and surrendered it in 1837 in favour of the present University of London which has that power. Hence arose the common confusion between these perfectly distinct institutions.

of one of the first of living poets with the queen of all poetesses that the world has seen since the days of the "pure, sweetly-smiling, violet-wreathed" Sappho. But this union, too soon, alas! to be severed on earth, quickened rather than impaired the poetical activity of both; in 1850 appeared Christmas Eve and Easter Day, and in 1855 a cluster of some of the richest fruits of his genius, entitled "Men and Women." A silence of eight years followed, during which his wife was taken from him, her fragile frame fretted away by the fire of the quick spirit within; and in 1863 "*Dramatis Personæ*" was published, showing no failing of his poetic powers, and encouraging us to hope for much more yet, that the world will not willingly let die.

In glancing over a list of the titles of Mr. Browning's poems, one of the first things that we notice is his striking preference for obscure and out-of-the-way subjects. With the exceptions of "*Strafford*" and a "*A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*," the scenes of all his plays are laid in the less known periods of the history of the Middle Ages. The same is the case in his Lyrics, Romances, and Men and Women; we find sketches dramatic, lyric or narrative in their character of minor Italian poets, princes and painters, of an Arab physician or a Greek *littérateur* under the early Cæsars, a Mediæval Bishop, a Byzantine Emperor, and others not more generally familiar. Thoroughly versed himself in all sorts of quaint and curious lore, he takes delight in choosing striking scenes and characters from every quarter to place upon his canvass. This is no doubt one great cause of his unpopularity with the shallow and the idle; but to the thoughtful reader, who is willing to follow the poet without fatigue in his extended flight and watch him while he calls up those who lived and thought in times and lands far distant, and makes them breathe and speak and act before us, it is a source of rich and ever fresh delight. If poetry be rightly defined as a representative art, the power of conceiving and painting in words that which is seen only by the mental eye, we may venture to claim a very exalted rank among poets for Robert Browning. The scenes into which he brings us are painted with a master's hand; not a stroke is superfluous; the careless hasty reader will be liable, nay almost certain to pass on with vague and confused ideas; yet not a touch is really lacking to make the central figure stand out clearly and sharply from the boldly sketched background, if the reader will but take the pains to fill up the outlines under the poet's guidance.

Take for instance the dramatic romance of "My last Duchess": within the narrow compass of some fifty lines we have a Sforza or an Este actually living before us; we seem to know the man to the very bottom; all his polished diletanteism and utter heartlessness, his perfect selfishness and finished hypocrisy, his fierce jealousy flashing at intervals through the exquisite courtesy that veils it; all in short that goes to make up that strange historical figure, a Mediæval Italian Duke. Or take again that scene from Saul (surely one of the grandest of lyrics) where David first enters the presence of the king, once winning all hearts by the splendour of his manhood, now sunk in gloomy madness—

For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants of prayer or of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.—

Such were the words of Abner. But David went into the pavilion, to the door of the inner tent,—

Then once more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid,
But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
At the first I saw nought but the blackness: but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all:
Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the tent-roof, showed Saul.
He stood as erect as that tent-prop; both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side:
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there, as, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonised Saul, drear and stark, blind
and dumb.

And then the poet tells, in the same glorious rushing rhythm, how David poured from his harp "first the tune all the sheep know as, one after one, so docile they come to the pen-door," then the "help-tune of the reapers, their wine-song, when hand presses hand, and eye quickens eye in friendship," then "the last song when the dead man is praised on his journey," then a glad marriage chant, and a battle-march, and last "the chorus intoned as the Levites go up to the altar." Still the king stands stern and still; one deep shudder alone telling that his gloomy immoveable despair is not the silence of death.

The bright young bard lifts up his voice and sings of the joys that mere life brings, the ecstasy of manly vigour and prowess all bestowed in richest measure on Saul. The spell is broken; the fatal slumber is dispelled, and the sleeper wakes; but wakes to joyless idle listlessness; the sparkling cup that is offered him he puts aside—

He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks not; he lets me praise life, Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

The singer essays a loftier strain. The pleasures of life are shared by brutes, but man has a glory especially his own. Let the monarch arise to his work, to rule his nation well in peace and lead them valiantly to battle; so shall he win eternal glory, and unborn generations shall celebrate his fame. The royal heart is touched with somewhat of its ancient fire—

* * * * he slowly resumed

His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes Of his turban,—and see—the huge sweat that his countenance bathes He wipes off with the robe: and he girds now his loins as of yore, And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set before. He is Saul ye remember in glory,—ere error had bent The broad brow from the daily communion:

* * * *

I looked up to know

If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but slow Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow; thro' my hair The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power—

All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower. Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinised mine— And oh, all my heart how it loved him!—

Then came the truth flashing in like an inspiration from on high. No harp more—no song more! out rushed fast and thick the glowing words:—

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift, That I doubt His own love can compete with it? here, the parts shift?

Here, the creature surpass the Creator, the end, what Began? Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man, And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?... Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich, To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which, I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now! Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou.

Then must the Infinite Himself condescend to take upon Him the form of finite suffering Humanity to rescue them—

O Saul, it shall be

A face like my face that receives thee ; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever : a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the Christ stand !

So Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him. And David returned unto the sheep-folds.

I have been irresistibly carried on much farther in my quotations than I had at first intended ; but put aside, if you can, the marvellous conception of the poem, forget its rush of music and the noble thoughts sublimely true wherewith it closes, and tell me if the vivid scenes embodied in it do not bear out the assertion of Mr. Browning's remarkable presentative power.

Closely connected with this phase of his poetic genius is the strikingly dramatic character of almost all his writings. Not only in his plays, but in his romances and lyrics this is remarkably conspicuous. The terms objective and subjective have been put to such hard and constant work of late, that one is almost ashamed to press them once more into active service, and yet it is hard sometimes to do without them. Some poets there are, like Shelley and Dante, Burns and Byron, Moore and Cowper, whose minds seem perpetually directed inwards ; their own feelings and passions are always the subjects of the verse, or at least they furnish the coloured medium through which all outward nature is seen. Others appear to project themselves entirely out of their own personality into their subjects, and reveal their own nature and character only indirectly : such are the *objective* poets, among whom we may number Homer, Scott and most others of our illustrious epic and dramatic writers. Shakspeare in his Sonnets, and Tennyson in 'In Memoriam' and some of the minor poems fall under the former head, but on the whole they may both be ranked with the latter. In our own country the influence of Byron and of Wordsworth, though so opposed in most other directions, has combined to make the *subjective* tendency strongly, almost fatally, prevalent in the poetry of the last half-century. Now Mr. Browning, standing boldly aloof from popular currents, and owing no allegiance to any master of the poetic art, is essentially and entirely *objective*. With the exception of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and "One Word More to E. B. B.," in

which he speaks straight from the heart, if ever man did, even his lyrics are dramatic, the utterance not of his own feelings, but of those of the men and women he depicts as filled with varied passions. Not but that the material for all true poetry must be drawn fresh from a man's own heart; Schiller truly said that he who would write a noble epic must make his life one; but when the living stream has been drawn from the true Castalian spring, it may be poured forth through other channels, and derive its form from the shape of the fountain's mouth. And amid the sickly subjectivity of much of the rhyme produced by poetasters of our own day, the objective character of Mr. Browning's poems contributes not a little to that thoroughly healthy and manly tone, which gives them their bracing and tonic effect.

This part of my subject naturally leads me on to speak of what is one of Mr. Browning's most striking characteristics; his fondness for the delineation of complex and intricate characters, which he analyses with a power and skill that is quite marvellous. This alone would not justify his claim to high *poetic* genius; that it is genius, and that of a rare and splendid kind, few acquainted with it would hesitate to admit; but by itself it might be considered metaphysical rather than poetical: especially now that poets seem inclined to abdicate their high prerogative, and relinquish this mental analysis in favour of the higher class of novelists. It is its combination with his vigorous and truly poetical presentative power, that warrants us in placing him so high among our poets. And this adds an element of constant and permanent value to his writings, in respect of which I would feel inclined to place him almost second to Shakspeare. You never can feel that you have wholly exhausted the character. Just as one comes again and again to every one of Shakspeare's plays, and ever finds some fresh trait in Hamlet or Iago, Rosalind or Imogen, before unseen, yet exquisitely true and natural, so is it with the master-pieces of Robert Browning. And for the same reason; the persons represented are real live men and women, not bundles of virtues, or bundles of vices ticketed with certain names, and made to display themselves for a short time on the stage. It is easy to draw a demon in human form: not difficult to draw an angel—

"A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw,"

but the highest art of the poet or the novelist is to draw a man or woman, such as those we see around us daily, puzzling mixtures of good and evil, no strangers to high and

noble impulses, or even principles, and yet not seldom overmastered by base temptation or unbridled passion. Yet this faithful portraiture of nature is precisely what is so distasteful to the great mass of the English public : they do not like the trouble of studying a character for themselves ; nor do they like to have their convenient division of all the world into the good and the bad disturbed by the appearance of obstinate people who will not fit comfortably into either class ; they want each man and woman marked off plainly in black and white "This is the heroine," "This is the villain;" they prefer the graceful flattery of a crayon-sketch by Richmond, to the stern fidelity of a portrait by Holman Hunt. Partly indeed this is the result of a wholesome sense of the broad and everlasting distinction between right and wrong ; and of a healthy reaction against the French fashion now-a-days of abolishing all fixed lines of demarcation between them, and of making the one fade off into the other by imperceptible gradations. But partly it is the result of positive mental sloth, that cares not to have any problem presented that will require any thought for its solution. And thus it comes to pass that George Eliot's master-pieces, the *Mill on the Floss* and *Romola*, are read by hundreds, and coarse daubs like the *Channings* and the *Haliburtons* by tens of thousands, and that Robert Browning is the poet of a narrow circle. The very nature of this excellence, requiring space for its full manifestation, prevents me from giving any extracts to illustrate my meaning. Even in the poems entitled "*Men and Women*," where I had fancied it might be more possible than in the dramas to show the masterly way in which Mr. Browning brings out a character, I have found it quite impossible to gather quotations which should give even a faint idea of the whole. It were as easy to attempt to represent a painting alive with the glow of the hues of Titian or Correggio by effacing half the tints. There are two of these which I would recommend above all to the careful study of the lover of true poetry ; they are complete contrasts in style, but each in its way is perfect. The one is called *Fra Lippo Lippi* ; it is a sketch of a monkish painter, of a most unmonkish temperament. He shall tell himself how he entered the convent—

I was a baby when my mother died,
 And father died and left me in the street.
 I starved there, God knows how, a year or two
 On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
 Refuse and rubbish.

Then his aunt took him to the convent—

Six words, there,
While I stood munching my first bread that month :
“ So, boy, you’re minded,” quoth the good fat father
Wiping his own mouth, ’twas refection-time,—
“ To quit this very miserable world ?
“ Will you renounce”.....The mouthful of bread ? thought I ;
By no means ! Brief, they made a monk of me ;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to—all at eight years old.

So he entered the convent, little fit to study monastic lore, but with a quick wit, and a wonderful talent for sketching. Much of the poem is taken up by the descriptions that he gives of his earliest paintings, vigorous scenes of common life, heartily admired by all his brother-monks, till the Prior comes in. He had encouraged the young painter, but only that their convent of Carmelites might have some one, as well as the rival orders of Camaldolese and Preaching Friars, to adorn their walls with portraits of the saints. And now he stands aghast at these sketches full of honest flesh and blood—

* * * how ? what’s here ?

Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all !
Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea ! its devil’s-game !
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there’s such a thing as flesh.

So the poor painter, with all his hearty passionate life, all his longing for natural human enjoyment, stifled into mere sensuality in the chilling air of the convent, is immured in the cloister to paint bloodless ecclesiastical abstractions, and ever and anon break out in such wild fooleries as that in which he is caught at the beginning. As a study of the Manichæanism of the monastic system and its inevitable results, it ranks by the side of Prof. Kingsley’s masterpiece *Hypatia*.

The poem that comes next in the series as now published is one of a very different order. I must borrow better words than my own wherewith to describe it. “ It is a surpassingly beautiful picture of ‘ Andrea del Sarto ’ and his wife : a twilight scene, full of the sweetest silvery greys. It is

twilight too, in more senses than one. Twilight in the poor painter's soul, whose love-longings bring him no rest; light up no evening star large and luminous against the coming night. The poem is sweet to sadness; the pathos of the painter's pleadings with the bold bad woman whom he loved, and who dragged down his lifted arm, broke his loving heart, is very touching. The evening hush, the twilight tone, the slow musical speech, serve solemnly to lay bare the weary soul and wasted life, and make clear the wreck lying below the surface, that is trying so piteously to smile, with a cheery effort to love and labour on."—(*Quarterly Review* for June, 1865.) I do not envy the man who can read this poem through quietly in the still evening hour with eyes undimmed with tears.

But Mr. Browning does not only employ the brief narrative or dramatic poem for this mental analysis. He can lay claim to the invention of a very remarkable style of composition, examples of which he has given us in "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." These are poems each extending to more than a thousand lines, occupied exclusively with the analysis of a single character under the form of a confession: the subject in the former case is a sceptical Romish bishop of modern days, in the latter an American spiritualist. This kind of poetry is hardly if at all emotional, but as a rich and rare intellectual treat, it would be hard to find anything of the sort to compare to it.

All this keen subtlety of course has a strong effect in rendering Mr. Browning's poetry "caviare to the general"; but it is not only to the reconditeness of his subjects, or the profound and masterly analysis of character that he owes his comparative unpopularity and temporary neglect. He knows that he must always be pre-eminently the poet of the thoughtful and cultured, and cares not to endeavour to be otherwise. His poems, like those of Pindar, are *φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν*· ἐς δὲ τοπὸν ἐρμηνέων χατίζει. To quote his own words, he prefers to write "what the few must—instead of what the many may—like." Hence comes it that he seldom dwells on the more simple and elemental passions that sway the breasts of men. He has poems breathing with love, hate, ambition, jealousy or devotion, but seldom unmixed or unqualified by the circumstances or the character of the subject of them. Not that he does not possess the power of painting scenes of fresh innocent love or simple pathos. The poet who sung of "A Woman's Last Word" and

"Evelyn Hope," and drew the characters of Mildred and Guendolen Tresham and Colombe, need fear comparison with very few, at least of modern days. Yet he has usually preferred to leave this path for the steeper and more solitary one, on which he has won his fairest laurels. We cannot blame the choice to which we owe plays like "The Return of the Druses" and poems like "Caliban upon Setebos," "A Death in the Desert" and "The Experiences of Kharshish." Yet one is sometimes tempted to wish that, even at the risk of spreading a less sumptuous feast for the thoughtful and educated, he had given us (as he so well might) more that would have cheered and brightened the hours of rest of the toiling and the ignorant. We cannot forget that while "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam" are learnt by heart within our college walls, and "The Miller's Daughter" and "The Pictures" delight our homes, "The May Queen" and "Elaine" bring tears to the eyes of the outcasts of St. Giles's. Nay! was it not one who bore his honoured name that wrote both the "Vision of Poets" and "The Cry of the Children"?

Again, in many parts his writings are full of recondite allusions, rarely indeed so infelicitously introduced as those which cause some of the very few flaws in the brilliant gems given to England by the wife who was more than worthy of him; but yet sufficient to limit greatly the pleasure with which many read his works. It is not a little in consequence of this characteristic that the poem of "Sordello" is so extremely difficult of comprehension. A severe critic remarked of this, that there were two intelligible lines in it; the first—

Who will, may hear Sordello's story told :

and the last—

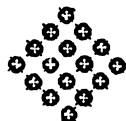
Who would has heard Sordello's story told ;

and that both of these were untrue. This is more witty than correct; yet I would not advise any one to commence the study of this poem, until he has become thoroughly familiar with Mr. Browning's style, and has been filled with that trustful enthusiasm, which will carry him unwearied over much that will sorely try his powers, for the sake of the rich beauties that are scattered here and there. In touching upon the charge of obscurity of conception, that is so commonly brought against Mr. Browning, there are two or three things that we ought to notice, which may do good service

to the advocate who is retained for the defence. Goethe somewhere lays down a canon that "one of the surest tests of a work of real high art, is that it strikes you with a kind of feeling of repugnance at first sight." And this naturally, because it is so different to what you would have imagined it yourself. I suppose that few have not been conscious of this, in looking for the first time at Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." It has not been till after minutes of steady thoughtful gaze, that its full beauty has begun to dawn upon the mind. Now Mr. Browning's subtle intellect rarely looks upon any scene or character from the common stand-point: the first thing then, is to place yourself in his point of view; till this is done, all appears a confused and hopeless maze, but as soon as this is successfully accomplished, you are able to look down upon it as from above, and the clue is at once discovered. Again, Mr. Browning's style of thought is often obscure, but it is the obscurity of Tacitus, which arises from the fulness and compression of the thought, and may be dispelled by frequent and careful reading, not that utterly hopeless obscurity which is caused by pompous verbiage poured forth profusely in the hope of concealing the absence of ideas. It is the obscurity of "In Memoriam," not that which occasionally diversifies the commonplaces of the Proverbial Philosophy.

L.

(To be continued.)





THE DEVIL TO PAY.

A Legend of the times of King James the First.

PART I.

SIR ROWLAND MACKAY

Was a citizen gay,
And he lived in the times of King James; in whose day,
I hardly need say,
At witchcraft and sorcery folks were 'au fait.'

When, attended by rats
Or ugly black cats,
Rheumatic old ladies would be such great flats
As on broomsticks to ride, at the risk of their necks,
To a spot which a dingy old party selects,
There to play up old gooseberry, good people to vex.

10

Sir Rowland Mackay was a regular beau,
His dress and deportment were quite 'comme il faut;'
He sang well, he talked well, and then he could dance
With the best professeur that e'er came out of France.
His air so *degagé*, his manners so gay
So enchanted the fair,
One and all would declare
That the dearest of men, was Sir Rowland Mackay.

The great Lord Chamberlain, in his hand
The golden stick of office bore,
Never was nobleman in the land
Half so honored, or half so grand,
Or half so proud, before.

20

There's a ball at the palace, a gorgeous affair,
All the beauty and rank of the nation was there;
Whole suites of apartments were blazing with light
And ladies whose lovely eyes sparkled as bright
As the gems they were wearing, made up such a sight
As the *Morning Post's* 'Own
Correspondent' alone
Would a faithful description be able to write:
And our handsome young knight
Sir Rowland Mackay, had received an invite.

30

The great Lord Chamberlain had but one daughter,
 To the palace, that night for the first time, he brought her :
 Never before to supper or rout
 Balls with refreshments, or parties without,
 Had the young lady been ;
 She was just seventeen,
 In Belgravian parlance, she'd just then come out.—

40

Sir Rowland approached the lovely girl,
 His hand for the next quadrille she took ;
 As he led her forth in the mazy whirl,
 Merrily danced each wavy curl
 Upon her faultless neck of pearl,
 Like sunshine on a brook.

Sweet as the music of the spheres
 Her silvery tones on his senses pour,
 Never had his enchanted ears
 Such melody heard before ;
 And o'er and o'er
 To himself he swore
 So help him Bob ! he'd flirt no more.

50

The ball was over, Sir Rowland Mackay,
 With the rest of the company, hurried away :
 And jumping into his cabriolet,
 Drove off at the speed of a railway train
 To his splendid mansion in Mincing Lane.

Sir Rowland Mackay went home to bed,
 His eyes felt heavy as lumps of lead,
 So pulling his nightcap over his head,
 He soundly and quietly slept.
 But as soon as ever he sank in a doze,
 A form he saw resting upon the bedclothes,
 Entirely destroying all hopes of repose,
 And there all night it kept.

60

Sir Rowland sighed
 And vainly tried

To get off to sleep, but the nightmare defied
 All his endeavours, and still would ride
 On his chest, till at last he despairingly cried

70

“Avaunt ! thou phantom of the brain !
 “Why the deuce did I drink such a lot of Champagne” ;
 But he looked again,
 And saw very plain,

By the moonbeams that shone thro' the window pane
 Instead of the figure that caused him such pain,
 The daughter of the Lord Chamberlain.
 A rapturous kiss on his lips she pressed,
 O'erpow'ring emotions seemed swelling her breast,

80

Then heaving a deep, deep sigh, she broke
The deathlike silence, and thus she spoke :
"Dearest Rowland, I love you"—then Rowland awoke !
For the incubus, lady and kisses, were all
The consequent nightmare succeeding the ball.

He woke, but still that vision bright
Haunted him throughout the night,
Which ever way he turned his eyes
Her image would before him rise, 90
That kiss although he knew full well
'Twas but a dream, from fancy flowing,
Charmed him like a powerful spell,
And made his bosom heave and swell,
As on his lips he felt it glowing.

In fact, from all that we've stated above,
To cut my protracted narration much shorter
'Twas clear that Sir Rowland was deeply in love
With the haughty Lord Chamberlain's beautiful daughter.

'Twas morning, Sir Rowland still feeling inflamed 100
With the charms of fair Alice (for so was she named),
Tittivated himself with a great deal of care,
Sent out for a barber to frizzle his hair,
And scented his kerchief with perfume most rare ;
His doublet was velvet, his hose were of silk,
His ruffles were lace and were whiter than milk ;
But as I much fear that my readers will balk
A description of costume, at once I will tell
That Sir Rowland was got up a wonderful swell.

Thus gaily attired he set off to the palace 110
In which with her father resided his Alice.
He rubbed up the speeches so often he'd tried on
Occasions like these ; he was well up in Dryden,
With whose poetry he overcame every resistance,
For as Tom Moore and Byron were not in existence,
He was forced to dispense with, of course, their assistance,
Though when courting a damsel he often could force her
To yield up her heart, by quotations from Chaucer.
For then as at present in love declarations
Nothing helped on a suit, half so well as quotations. 120

Arrived at the palace he found to his joy
That the Chamberlain was'nt at home,—but a boy
Who had answered the summons exclaimed with a grin,
"If you'd like to see young Mistress Alice, *she's* in,
"And I just heard her say,
"If you *should* call to day,—

"But mum is the word, sir—I'll show you the way."
 When he finished, Sir Rowland took good care to slip
 In his ready stretched palm an uncommon good "tip."
 Then followed the urchin who opening a door 130
 Admitted him into the Lady's boudoir.
 Alice rose to receive him, and blushed rosy red,
 As extending her hand in a low voice she said,
 "Oh Sir Rowland—you've startled me so, I declare—
 "Who could have expected you—pray take a chair."
 Well, they chatted and chatted till Alice began
 To think she had ne'er seen so nice a young man;
 E'er the interview closed they had got on so far
 That the Lady herself had referred him to Pa!

With heart beating high 140
 The young knight said, good bye;
 Ere he went though, he pressed on her lips—but oh fie!
 In such matters, dear reader, we ought not to pry,
 So let's be content
 With stating—he went
 To ask Alice's father to give his consent.

He saw the Lord Chamberlain; opened his battery
 In the stereotyped manner with personal flattery,
 Said he'd never before seen his Lordship so gay
 Or so hearty and well as he did on that day, 150
 The fatigue and the trouble attending the ball
 Didn't seem to have told on his Lordship at all,
 He was looking so charming, 'twas really a treat,
 And he begged that his Lordship would give the receipt
 Which he used, for 'twas clear that, to tell the whole truth,
 He'd been passing the night in renewing his youth—
 When he fancied he'd doséd him enough, the demand
 He made for his daughter's (fair Alice's) hand.

His lordship who'd, late on the night before, stayed up,
 And with whom the champagne had 'old gooseberry' played up, 160
 Thinking the knight had come there to make game of him,
 Muttered under his breath (it was really a shame of him)
 "D——d puppy, I'll have him kicked out of my grounds"—
 When Sir Rowland proposed, then his rage knew no bounds,
 But summoning up all his hauteur, he tried
 To calm down his feelings, and huskily cried—
 "My daughter, Sir Rowland, shall never unite
 "With a lord and much less with a beggarly knight;
 "I've a much higher union for Alice in store,
 "Good morning, Sir Rowland—hem!—yonder's the door." 170

Sir Rowland went home in as sweet state of mind
 As a Royal Bengal tiger, just caught and confined,

With a Hindoo outside of his cage, nice and fat
Whom he wants for his dinner, but cannot get at.

He walked up and down
With a terrible frown,
Upset every fruitstall he found in the town,
Took away from the Ludgate a criminal's head
Which he threw at a watchman and left him for dead.
Though each step that he took, he'd some outrage commit, he 180
Arrived safely at last at his home in the city.

'Twas midnight: Sir Rowland, alone in his room,
Sat buried in thought, in the midst of the gloom,
For the lamp had gone out and the household retired,
Not thinking their master aught further required.
At the table he sat with his hands on his forehead,
Planning schemes for revenge in a manner most horrid.
Then he suddenly rose and exclaimed in a tone,
That by passion was stifled to nearly a moan,
"Oh that brute of a Chamberlain—curse the old churl, 190
"Could I have my revenge and then marry the girl;
"Had I five hundred souls, I would give every one—"
Here he heard a low voice at his elbow say "done!"
"Who the devil was that?" he called out, and in spite
Of his natural hardihood felt in a fright,
When he saw by the light
Of the lamp, which had suddenly flared up quite bright,
A little old man dress'd entirely in black,
With a bag, the same colour, slung over his back,
When Sir Rowland exclaimed "Who the devil was that?" 200
His visitor smiling and raising his hat,
Said "Exactly, Sir Rowland, you've got it quite pat."
"What the deuce—!" "yes exactly—now what *is* the matter?"
Every tooth the knight had was beginning to chatter—
And while in his fright each particular hair
Stood on end—he endeavoured to utter a prayer;
But his visitor coughed with so savage an air
That it died on his lips—and he sunk on the chair.—
"Now really, Sir Rowland, do pray draw it mild—
"A knight of your standing to act like a child; 210
"Come, come, my dear friend, when we're better acquainted,
"You won't find me nearly so black as I'm painted.
"My desire is to serve you, I think we can trade,
"Say five hundred and fifty—the bargain is made."
"Five hundred and fifty, good heavens! of what?"
"Why souls, my dear friend, they are not hard to be got.
"But don't use such language, I wish you would *not*—"
"I don't understand you," Sir Rowland said, quaking
With fear at the turn which the subject was taking.

"Ah! you don't understand" said the little dark man, 220
 "Well, my very dear friend—we'll explain if we can—"
 Then he opened the bag, set it down on the floor,
 And began pulling documents out by the score.

Have you ever been at the St. James's Theatre,
 And seen Mr. Frikell (no conjuror's better)
 Pull impossible numbers of things from a hat,
 Which before hadn't anything in it, but that
 Although very well done, would in interest flag
 Had you once seen the little dark gentleman's bag.
 He kept pulling out papers, and strewed them around, 230
 He cover'd the table, he covered the ground;
 At last, the right paper he seemed to have found,
 For he passed one across to Sir Rowland Mackay,
 And carefully stowing all the others away,
 "There, my friend," he exclaimed, "be so kind as to read
 "This document over, and if we're agreed
 "As to terms,—why just put down your name at the bottom,
 "What! you want pen and ink—yes, exactly, I've got'em."

"What's this, 'marry the girl, be revenged on the father,
 "Have unlimited riches—that's coming it rather, 240
 "On condition I send you before the year's end
 "Five hundred and fifty—what!" "Souls, my dear friend."
 "The proposal's your own, though I'll own it sounds funny,
 "But there's nothing that cannot be purchased with money;
 "And when you've unlimited wealth at controul,
 "You won't find much trouble in buying a soul."

"Avaunt!" cried Sir Rowland—"all this is a sell,
 "I never could pay such a debt—go to——!" "Well,
 "Now really that isn't polite, my young swell,
 "You won't sign it—no—please yourself, very well! 250
 "Poor Alice—she likes you, but yet I dare say
 "I shall find her a husband—Sir Rowland, good day."
 "Hold, hold," cried Sir Rowland, "you mentioned Miss Alice—"
 "Exactly," his guest replied, "come, I've no malice,
 "Excuse me, your finger's beginning to bleed,
 "There's a drop on your pen—there subscribe to the deed."
 "Oh my eye! I *have* done it," exclaimed the young knight,
 "Exactly, but don't go on so—you're all right,
 "If you want me, just give me a call, I'll obey it,
 "And as for the bond, you've a twelvemonth to pay it." 260
 As the little man spoke, through the casement there shone
 The first streak of dawn, and the knight was alone.



ALPINE TRAVEL AND ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

THE summer of 1865 will long be memorable in the annals of Alpine adventure, '*cretâ et carbone notanda*.' Strangely chequered in every way with successes and failures, with long periods of almost the finest and the worst weather ever known, it has surpassed all others in both the brilliancy of its successes and the awfulness of its calamities. The season, which has seen the Aiguille Verte, the Grandes Jorasses, the Gabelhorn, and the Matterhorn scaled, besides an ascent of Mont Blanc from the Brenva Glacier, has also witnessed a series of accidents more numerous and more terrible than any that have hitherto occurred. We have then thought that it may interest our readers, among whom are some members of and perhaps more aspirants to the fraternity of the Alpine Club, if we offer a few remarks and suggestions on the subject of Alpine Travel, and on the best mode (in our opinion) of enjoying its pleasures and avoiding its dangers.

The first questions to be asked, supposing a reasonable allowance of time and money, are when and whither to go. The season for pedestrian travel in the Alps (for of that alone we speak) begins with June and ends with September. In the early part of the former month, there may be at times difficulty or even danger from the remains of the winter snows, in the end of the latter from the shortness of the days and the coldness of the nights. August is, from motives of convenience, the month usually chosen, but it is open to objections, one of which is the long spell of bad weather so frequent in the middle of it. The second question is whither? The Alps may not inconveniently be divided into districts, one or more of which may be chosen according to time, funds, and inclination. These are, beginning on the south west, the Viso district, in which are included the Vaudois valleys, and those of the Guil and the Ubaye, together with the northern part of the maritime Alps; the Alps of Dauphine, meaning more especially the *massif* between the Romanche

and the Durance; the Tarentaise and Maurienne, that is, the region drained by the Arc and the Isère; the Graians; the Pennine Chain, which may be subdivided into the Chamouni and Zermatt districts; the Oberland with the Alps of Uri and Glarus; the Grisons and the Engadine; the West Tyrol Alps; the Dolomites, centering on the Marmolata; and the East Tyrol Alps, the most important peak of which is the Gross Glockner.

A word may be added upon their chief features of attraction. In the Viso district the snow fields are small, and true glaciers are, we believe, wanting, but there is great luxuriance of vegetation and loveliness of scenery in its sunny valleys with their crystal streams, exquisite colour and beauty of outline in its crags of slate and serpentine, and endless variety in the panoramic views of Italian plains and French mountains from its summits. For wild and awful grandeur the Alps of Dauphine, so far as the writer's experience goes, are unequalled; in no other district has he seen such an assemblage of towering pinnacles, shattered ridges, broken glaciers, and impracticable precipices, as are here grouped together, and, though the vast wastes of shattered blocks and the barren hill sides sometimes give an air of desolation to the scene, there are many rich oases in the deep and sheltered valleys. The Maurienne, Tarentaise, and Graians, perhaps less luxuriant than the Viso, less wild than Dauphine, and inferior in grandeur to the Pennine chain, unite in some respects the merits of all, and have many beauties of their own, which render them well worth visiting. The Pennine chain and the Oberland are so well known, that they require little more than a passing mention. Chamouni boasts itself in the grandeur of Mont Blanc and in the beauty of some of its attendant aiguilles; and the cliffs above the Alleé Blanche and the Val Ferrex are most striking; Zermatt, inferior to the former in the height of its mountains and extent of its glaciers, far surpasses it in the grouping of its summits and the variety of its scenery; while the Oberland is justly celebrated for the grandeur of its walls of rock and drapery of snow, as well as for the exquisite richness of its pine woods and pastures. The last four districts on the list are almost unknown to the writer; but the dolomites yield to few in grandeur of outline, and perhaps surpass all in richness of colouring.

We come now to the best mode of making a tour. *Imprimis*, get a companion; and more than that, a friend. Many and many an excursion has had almost all its pleasure marred by

an unsuitable companion, so do not commit yourself to one whom you do not thoroughly know. To be alone for days with a morose man, to rough it with a constant grumbler, or to be among the beauties of nature with one who, though he considers it 'the thing' to 'do the Alps,' has no more appreciation of them than a gorilla, is a sore trial to temper and spirits. Solitude is better than such companionship; but solitude, especially in unfrequented districts, has obvious inconveniences and occasional dangers; therefore get a trusty friend to go with you. Parties of three or four have advantages in tours through regions where travellers are few; but, as in these the supply of accommodation is generally proportionate to the ordinary demand, they have often to undergo considerable inconveniences. Having settled whither to go, look carefully to your kit. This should consist of a small portmanteau, to be forwarded from town to town, and a water-proof knapsack. The portmanteau is by many deemed an unnecessary luxury: it certainly is a slight additional expence, say of from half-a-franc to a franc a day, but it is well worth this. It is not pleasant to be stinted in linen or clothing, to be unable to carry back occasional souvenirs of the places visited, to hurry post-haste through towns, or else to walk through churches, picture-galleries, and boulevards in tattered, weather-stained garments and hob-nailed boots; which latter are positively dangerous on the slippery floors and staircases of foreign hotels. Also carefully consider what will be wanted. Here is my idea of a pedestrian's necessary outfit: Two flannel-shirts, two pair of woollen socks, one pair of cotton socks, a few pocket-handkerchiefs and collars, a suit of cloth or flannel clothes (the coat having plenty of pockets), one pair of thin trousers for a change, a pair of walking boots, a pair of slippers, a mackintosh coat or cape, a flask, a leather cup, a compass, writing materials and note books according to requirements, with a few simple medicines (these should never be forgotten), are about enough for the pedestrian, and will not make the knapsack too heavy. The woollen socks should be very soft; the boots, of strong leather, with tips, should be made with low heels and double soles, both of which project all round well beyond the upper leather. This is a very important point, because the foot is thus protected from being bruised by projecting rocks, and all unequal wearing down and twisting is prevented. They should be well garnished with hob-nails. If you purpose to ascend high mountains or sleep much in châteaux and caves, a warm woollen comforter, night-cap, and gloves,

are necessary. A semicircular mackintosh cape is then better than a coat, because when spread on the ground it ensures a dry bed: a small Scotch plaid is also a great comfort. For the alpenstock, take a strong ash pole about five feet long, tipped with a ferule-shaped point of tempered steel; but if you intend to wander much on the glaciers without guides, or to undertake very difficult excursions, a *piolet** is preferable.

A word may be said on the financial question. If the traveller intends to have a guide always with him, or to undertake difficult excursions, the cost cannot on an average, be less than £1 a day, but for those who usually find their own way it need not exceed a napoleon. There are, no doubt, various recipes for seeing Switzerland for ten pounds; that is at an average daily expense of six or seven shillings: these may not be impossible, but they involve such an amount of cheese-paring and flint-skinning, of anxiety and almost certain discomfort, as would with most entirely spoil the pleasure of the excursion. There is, however, one mode by which, if you have plenty of time on your hands, or prefer thoroughly examining a limited district to constant change and variety of scenery, you can greatly reduce your expenses; that is, by stopping several days, generally not less than a week, in the same place, and by living *en pension*, either at an inn, or, what is cheaper, at a regular "Pension." The cost of this mode of life varies greatly in different localities; it is, however, seldom less than four and more than eight francs a-day. It has much to recommend it; you are less anxious about to-morrow's weather, have more time to digest and appreciate the manifold beauties of the scenery, meet frequently with pleasant companions, and see more of the customs of the country, than when you hurry from place to place, rarely sleeping twice in the same bed. The chief objection to it is, that the hours in the Pensions are often unsuited to English tastes and to long excursions, and that you sometimes find yourself in over-close proximity to foreigners, whose manners and customs are simply disgusting to an Englishman. Much as it is the fashion on the continent to rail at our insular stiffness and bad manners, I must say that I have only once or twice in my life seen in a fellow-countryman such an entire ignorance of the relative duties of knives, forks, fingers, and teeth, and of the ordinary decencies of the table, as may commonly be observed among the foreign occupants of seats at a *table d'hôte*.

* A sort of cross between an alpenstock and a hatchet.

A few hints may also be given as to the advantages of the different routes to the Alps. These may be conveniently ranged under two heads; by Paris, and by the Rhine. The former is the quickest and cheapest for the western and central Alps. The Dover and Calais route is least interesting and most expensive; the fare (from London) being £2. 15s. 9d. first class, and £2. 2s. 1d. second; it is however the shortest sea-passage. By Folkestone and Boulogne is a shade more interesting, and costs £2. 8s. 2d. and £1. 16s. 2d.; the sea-passage is about half-an-hour longer than by the other route. The traveller passes S. Acheul and Amiens, of geological and architectural fame; the latter of which he ought not, if possible, to leave unseen. A far more interesting (and still cheaper) course is by Newhaven and Dieppe, or by Southampton and Havre; for Normandy is to Picardy pretty much as Warwickshire is to Cambridgeshire, and Rouen is one of the most interesting towns in Northern France. The sea-passage by Dieppe is not less than seven hours, and by Havre it is rather longer. Those who do not mind several hours tossing on the sea, and can spend two or three days over the journey, will be pleased with the route by Southampton through the Channel Islands to S. Malo, and thence through Brittany to Paris. Some very pretty country is thus seen; and a halt must be made at Chartres to examine the cathedral, a magnificent building, chiefly in the transition style between Romanesque and Early-pointed, with beautiful stained glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; there are also some other fine churches in the town of about the same period. When Paris is reached, the traveller's course will depend upon his ultimate destination. In all cases, however, he will do well to leave Paris by an evening express, as the greater part of the country for at least two hundred miles is uninteresting, and the heat by day is often very great. If bound for the Viso or Dauphiné, he will go to Lyons, a very fine town, and thence to Grenoble. If for the Maurienne or Tarentaise to Culoz, and thence towards Chambéry: if for Chamouni he will turn aside at Culoz for Geneva. The Graians may be conveniently reached by one of these last three districts. If he be going to the Central Alps or Engadine, he will go from Paris to Bâle, either direct *viâ* Mulhouse, or making a slight detour by Strasbourg in order to see its glorious cathedral. From Bâle there are various routes, from which the most convenient will be selected, according to the plan of the future tour. Zermatt may be visited by either Bâle or Geneva.

The route by the Rhine is more interesting than that which leads through France, but it is more expensive and ought not to have less than a week allotted to it. (N.B. Always, if it be possible, see the Rhine *going* to Switzerland). This route admits of great variations—the Continent may be reached either by Calais (expensive), Ostend, Antwerp (the most interesting), or Rotterdam. Formerly, the next step was to make for Cologne, but now a much advertised route is to go *viâ* the Great Luxembourg railway to Treves, and thence by the Moselle to Coblenz. There is much to recommend this course; the scenery, though vastly overrated in the advertisements, is very superior to that on the other line, and Treves is the most interesting town north of the Alps, an unmixed delight for the antiquarian; but there is room for improvement in the management of the railway, and steamers can very rarely ascend the Moselle to Treves during the summer months; a fact which is ingeniously, and rather unscrupulously concealed by the G. L. Company. From Cologne or Coblenz the Rhine can either be followed to Bâle, if the traveller is bound for central Switzerland or the Engadine, or be quitted at whatever point on its right bank may seem most convenient to one bound for the Tyrol. If going to the eastern part he will probably make for Munich, if to the western, for the Lake of Constance, either from Freiburg by the Höllenthal, or from Carlsruhe by Stuttgart and Ulm.

We now come to the second part of our subject. What is to be avoided, first and foremost, is over-fatigue. Alpine walking, like all other exercises which call for considerable exertion, requires some preparation and training. The pleasure of a whole excursion may be marred through too long a walk on the first day, either by blisters and abrasions of the skin, or by illness, the result of over-exertion. The writer's own custom is to approach the region of the high peaks by some bye-way, and to take two or three days quiet walking in the charming sub-Alpine, or rather mid-Alpine districts, where, among summits ranging from six to eight thousand feet in height, you have exquisite combinations of cliff, pasture, and pine wood, with occasional glimpses of the distant snows, forming pictures of unsurpassed beauty. Let us venture to add a few hints, the result of experience, which, though obvious enough, are too often forgotten. After a day of severe exertion, take an easy day. An average of seven or eight hours per diem, for the six days of the week is as much as is good for most men. Do not walk too fast, especially up hill, 'Plus

doucement on monte plus vite on arrive au sommet' is a very good proverb. Do not eat much meat or drink much wine after a day of severe exertion—especially on the snow. Do not drink much water while on the march; it is far better to wash the lips and mouth often, than to swallow. Do not smoke when walking up hill. Red wine and water, or very weak brandy-and-water, are the best beverages; beer with most men only aggravates thirst. Look well after the commissariat, you can't have a good fire without good coals. Avoid sleeping in *châlets* as much as you can; there, as a rule, the fleas and yourself are equally wakeful. Some of these may seem small matters, but the effects of over-exertion or of insufficient or improper food are often very bad, resulting either in fever at the time or in obstinate neuralgia or derangement of the digestive organs afterwards, and, it may even be, in serious injury to some of the vital organs.

The dangers incurred during excursions in the High Alps, which have been so painfully forced upon our notice during the past season, have now to be considered. The most prominent of them may be thus classified: (1) from falling stones, ice, or snow, (2) from an insecure footing.

There has not, to my knowledge, been any accident of late years from either falling stones or ice, though narrow escapes have not been unfrequent; the former is always possible in the vicinity of any precipice, but some mountains are more addicted than others to the bad habit of pelting visitors. When glaciers terminate above steep rocks, large masses frequently break off and tumble down in huge cascades of icy fragments. Such are the well-known avalanches of the Jungfrau, and indeed most of those witnessed by the tourist; very grand spectacles when he is out of the line of fire, far worse than a discharge of grape when he is in it; they are most to be feared during the hot period of the day, but in many cases they can be avoided entirely by caution and previous study of the mountain. Snow avalanches, as we have said, are rare, but they are occasionally to be dreaded early in the season or after long continued bad weather. By one of these, three guides of Dr. Hamel's party in the year 1820 were swept into a crevasse while ascending Mt. Blanc by the '*Ancien passage*;' and in the present year a porter was buried in an avalanche which fell from the steep slope leading to the Sattel on Monte Rosa. The accident on the Haut de Cry in Feb. 1864, was also due to one of these, but that was only what might have been expected at that season.

The dangers from an insecure footing are chiefly confined to

the region of snow and ice, though sometimes the foot or the hand fails in its hold on rocks, especially in descending. Thus two valuable lives have been lost to our University, that of Archdeacon Hardwick on the Sauvegarde, and that of Mr. Wilson on the ice-polished cliffs of the Riffelhorn, a peak which (we speak from personal experience) should never be climbed by a solitary traveller. On ice, notwithstanding its nature, if only the steps are well hewn, not too wide apart, and the traveller advance cautiously, the danger of slipping is very small. An ice slope is often a great difficulty, but rarely a danger, except when covered with snow, of which more hereafter. When, however, a thin layer of ice glazes the face of a sloping crag, where the ice is not deep enough to allow good steps to be hewn, and the rock does not project sufficiently to afford any stay, there is the utmost peril. It was a combination of this kind, which caused the fearful accident on the Matterhorn on the 14th of July last. The travellers had accomplished the ascent from the spot where they had bivouaced, at a height of 11,000 feet, after about eight hours actual walking. They had first mounted by the north-eastern face which overhangs the Furggen glacier, they had then climbed, for some distance, along the arête descending towards the Hörnli—this was to scale the wall of the house-like summit—and finally had ascended by the shelving roof which terminates above the fearful precipices overhanging the Matterhorn glacier. On descending the steepest part of this slope, which was, as may often be seen from below, thinly covered with ice and snow, one of the party slipped and knocked over the leading guide; the jerk of the rope successively overthrew the next two, but the last three, Mr. Whympster and the two Zermatt guides, stood firm in their steps. The rope snapped under the strain, and the result is too well known. On this lamentable occurrence we shall venture a few remarks, because so much nonsense has been talked and written about it by those who are wholly unqualified to form an opinion on the subject. ‘The misfortunes of others is the opportunity of fools’ is a pretty general law, and certainly the English Press did not ‘prove’ it on this occasion. The newspapers were flooded with the usual out-pourings of ignorant correspondents, and the *Times* improved the occasion in a ‘leader’ conspicuous for its folly and bad taste. Pre-eminent over all was a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, signing himself ‘Cui Bono,’ complained of the wickedness of “tempting ill fed guides” into places where their lives were endangered. The impudence of this

assertion is really staggering ; everyone, who has ever visited the Alps, knows that the leading guides of Savoy and Switzerland are men of great personal strength, very much the reverse of ill fed, who enjoy the work as much as their employers, to whom their word, 'forwards' or 'back,' is law. Such a man was Michel Croz, of whom it was often said by those who knew him well, that he was never thoroughly happy except when more than ten thousand feet above the sea, and was in highest spirits when overcoming a difficulty. Had 'Cui Bono' felt the support of his strong arm, as often as the writer, seen him thread with unerring sagacity the mazes of a broken glacier, or cut steps and jokes together down a difficult ice slope, he would not have indulged in such preposterous nonsense.* But more lives have been lost by treacherous snow than by any other means. The upper fields of the glacier look smooth and inviting, surely no harm can lurk under those gently undulating plains of spotless purity ! The inexperienced traveller treads heedlessly, he staggers and is gone, a crash of falling icicles followed by a dull thud comes up through the round hole that now marks the level surface, and too often help cannot be given till it is too late. We know of two travellers, one an Englishman, the other a Russian, who have so perished, besides several natives of the country. This danger, however, can always be obviated by tying the party together with a strong rope as soon as the snows are reached. An accident is then, we believe, impossible ; and the travellers, whatever the guides may say, should always insist on this precaution ; for, owing, to their very skill, the best guides are often more inclined to neglect it than those that are inferior. The writer has seen three or four narrow escapes from the results of this carelessness. Worst of all, however, is fresh snow when it overlies ice. After continued fine weather the surface of the snow slopes, through melting by day and freezing by night, becomes ice, and the new deposit does not readily bind with the old. Hence the weight of the travellers destroys equilibrium, the snow slips from their tread and they slide down, riding, as it were, on a small avalanche ; this was probably the immediate

* It may be observed *en passant* that a picture representing this accident (by Gustave Doré) is as improbable in detail, as it is viciously bad in taste. The subject was not one for the painter ; we wonder what he will give us next, perhaps a man caught in a spinning jenny, or run over by a railway train !

cause of the lamentable accident on the south side of the Col du Géant in 1860 ; and a late and a present fellow of this College, together with a distinguished Professor and two Pontresina guides had an almost miraculous escape on the eastern face of the Piz Mortaratsch, after sliding down for full a thousand feet. This is undoubtedly the greatest danger in Alpine climbing ; no experience can entirely avoid it, and no skill overcome it.

Such are the main sources of peril in Alpine travel ; it remains to say one word on the use of the rope, a question which has been much mooted since the Matterhorn accident. On glaciers, especially on the upper snow fields it is always an advantage ; on rocks, it is sometimes rather an impediment, but unquestionably a security. In fact its great value is that it prevents serious consequences resulting from a slight slip. On steep snow slopes, if the steps are well hewn, it has the same advantage. Always keep it as nearly taut as possible. There are, however, occasionally places where a slip on the part of one endangers the whole party ; in that case every man should go singly, or better still, the expedition should be abandoned. If life is to be deliberately exposed to considerable risk, there are many better causes in which it may be hazarded. The writer is of opinion that not more than four men should be in a string ; three ought to be able to hold up one, and if they could not, the momentum acquired by so many falling bodies would in most cases, pull down the others. If some must perish, better few than many. Lastly, never undertake a difficult excursion with untried companions.

Is then Alpine climbing to be discouraged as a dangerous amusement ? Certainly not, for we maintain that if proper precautions be taken, the real risk is very small. Lives are lost every day in various sports, riding, boating, swimming, cricket, and the like, yet no one thinks of declaiming against these. The chief evil is that difficult excursions are often undertaken without proper training. The perils of the Alps were formerly exaggerated, they are now, perhaps, underrated. There is an art in Alpine climbing as in all other exercises, which can only be learnt by practice, and the raw neophant who undertakes its most difficult feats without previous education, does as foolish a thing as if he were to ride a steeple-chase the first time he mounted a horse, or get into a crank funny on a deep lake without knowing how to row or swim. But, it may be asked, granting that the risk is small, What is the good of it ? It is an exercise wholesome alike for mind and body. The little hardships inseparable

from it; simple fare, hard beds, endurance of cold and heat; in a word 'roughing it,' are no bad discipline for those who live in an over-luxurious age: while the nature of the work brings into exercise coolness and self-command in dangers, prompt decision in action, perseverance under difficulties, and many other valuable qualities. The Alpine climber often goes with his life, humanly speaking, in his own hand, and so forms habits of caution, firmness, and courage. The same steadiness of nerve which enables a man to glance calmly down a steep ice slope, or to cling to the projections of a precipitous arête, habituates him to distinguish between real and apparent dangers in the affairs of life, and prepares him to estimate at their true value the "bugbears" which will from time to time beset him in his daily walk. But besides this, the undulating wastes of lifeless snow, the frozen cataracts of the glaciers, the dark crags and splintered pinnacles of the highest mountains, speak to the heart in a language 'understood not of' those who view them afar off from the luxurious valley. Rest to the fevered brain, peace to the weary heart, life to the languid frame, these are their gifts. Truly we would not give much for that man, who, placed on some mountain summit, was all unconscious of new emotions and better thoughts, and did not for the future enter more fully into the spirit of that clause in the *Benedicite*: "O ye ice and snow, O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

β.





AN ITALIAN PICTURE.

A Fragment.

* * * *

AND changing then, methought I strayed at will
Throughout the fair Italian land;
I passed by town and village, vale and hill;
By breezes soft brow-fanned.

I tracked the dancing rivulet to its source;
Coy nymphs peeped out with merry shriek;
A laughing god stole up, and kissed perforce
A maid on either cheek.

Or here a simple shepherd told his love,
The while a damsel combed her hair;
Nor dreams to find her one day faithless prove,
And know her false as fair.

And ever as I passed my spirit burned
With awe and glow of strange delight;
New beauties met me everywhere I turned,
Dazzling my wondering sight.

* * * *

A long dark mountain-wall athwart the blue,
The glimmering Apennines upraise
Their summits glowing with a golden hue
Seen through the quivering haze.

Rich streaming olive-gardens, vines
Illimitable sweep adown
The hill-sides, mingled with the cypress lines
That veil the sleeping town.

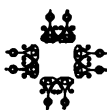
Where golden fields of maize-crops, sunny flowers,
And slopes of verdure on the lea,
Glow 'neath the fair white walls and battled towers,
And ripen smilingly.

Or Arno flashes through the pines, and gloom
Of sombre forests lone and still,
And shadowy dells and gorges flushed with bloom—
Winding from hill to hill;

And through the broken hills—the one ravine
That cleaves perpetual sweep of heights—
Flows to the sea; leaving the zones of green
And purple, and the lights

And shades, that bar the blooming vales and hills,
Where midway basks a convent lone;
Or happy flocks by silver chiming rills,
Stray, grazing, one by one.

Σ.





SCRATCHINGS FROM AUSTRALIA.

PRAY don't be alarmed, reader! I'm not going to give you a "Physical and Political Geography of the Continent of Australia, including all the latest discoveries," nor am I about to "investigate the causes of the scantiness of its rain-fall, and the distinguishing peculiarities of its flora and fauna," or anything of that sort: if it is upon such points as these that you seek for information, I must refer you, for the elementary parts, to some such amusing and instructive publications, as "Cornwall's *Geography for Schools*," which will present you with a series of statements, at once highly interesting and totally incorrect; while, for the more abstruse matter, you must be content to wait till my big book is published. No! I merely wish to have a little pleasant chit-chat about the antipodes,—just such as we might have, were we seated cosily round a sparkling fire, with the curtains drawn, the shutters closed, and the wind whistling and howling outside (how deliciously snug that sound does make one feel), while Bacchus, and, by far his better half, 'Bacca, conduce to our quiet contentment.

"But," perchance you ask, "how *can* anything about Australia, interest us in England?" Ah, Reader! Possibly you, in common with too many Englishmen, consider that Australia is "one of the five quarters of the globe," situated somewhere near the South Pole,—a biggish sort of place, consisting chiefly of arid sandy desert, inhabited by white people who live in mud huts, are clad in skins, whose manners are unsoftened and who are permitted to be brutal by reason of their ignorance of the fine arts, and who go out potting natives before breakfast in order to acquire an appetite, and by black men, whose normal condition is a state of nudity, and who rejoice in a fiendish contrivance called a boomerang, and in grievous clubs, such as may be seen in the British Museum, wherewith it is their wont to belabour one another.

Well, Australia *is* part of one of the five quarters of the globe, and *is* rather a biggish sort of place, seeing that it almost equals Europe in area; but know, oh! my friend, that the white inhabitants do, on Sundays, wear suits of black cloth, and tall hats; that silk dresses have been seen there; and that by the last mail, news was brought of a pair of lavender-coloured kid gloves having been imported: moreover, is it not written in the chronicles of the city of Adelaide, that H.M. Royal Mail was once delayed, in consequence of the government officer in charge of it requiring three and a-half hours to complete his toilet!

Englishmen in general, seem to have most shadowy ideas respecting the geography of the Colonies. Upon informing my friend Smith, the other day, that I had but lately left Adelaide, he observed, "Ah! then, you probably are acquainted with my cousin Jones, who went either to Tasmania or to Van Diemen's Land; I forget which;" and he presently stated, with evident pride, his acquaintance with the well-known fact, that Victoria was the capital of the province of Sydney.

Australia is, without doubt, a remote and out of the way place, but, with respect to natural advantages, cannot be surpassed. Its immense resources in the shape of metals and arable and pasture land; its vast extent of new country; its peculiar qualifications for sheep and cattle farming; and the enterprising nature of its colonists, combine to render it a rich and profitable field for speculation. As a place of residence, its glorious climate gives it a superiority over any European country. Though the heat there is often intense (the thermometer having been known to indicate 125° in the shade, and thin-skinned individuals being occasionally forced to enter their houses from the back, owing to the sun having shone on the front-door handle), yet the atmosphere is so clear and dry, that the Australian summer is far more bearable than is that of England, while the delicious evenings more than compensate for any discomfort that may have been felt during the earlier part of the day. I know nothing more delightful than sitting out, as I have often done, till 2° or 3° A.M. within sound of a murmuring fountain, and fanned by the gentle sea-breeze, under a cloudless sky of the deepest blue, bespangled with stars more numerous and more brilliant than those of the Northern hemisphere, and lit by a moon, the brightness of whose rays, while it enables you to discern every blade on the ground beneath your feet, at the same time gives an indescribable softness

to the deeply-shadowed landscape, and seems to impart a *holy* peace and quiet to all around, and to forbid aught that might tend to disturb the profound slumber in which Nature is buried. True it is, that, during the summer months, hot winds scorch the face of the country, and turn the grass into hay (and grasshoppers) before it is a month old :—true it is that whirlwinds daily raise the dust into columns higher than the eye can reach ; but the clearness and buoyancy of the air, which produce an indescribable sense of exhilaration ; the delicious nights, and the grateful fruits which no milder sun could bring to perfection, far more than counter-balance the annoyances attendant upon the unusual heat. I once heard an intimate friend of mine, who had lived in the colonies for many years, describe England as “one huge stew-pan, where a cloudless sky is a comparatively rare phenomenon, and the atmosphere is semi-opaque ; where the moon is upside down and of a bilious complexion ; where the fruits are inferior and the trees diminutive ; and where the grass and sky seem to have been washed out and hung on the Line to dry during their passage from South to North.” As a contrast to this, imagine a country where quick motion will, on a hot day, produce sufficient evaporation to keep you moderately cool ; where, in a flat neighbourhood, a view of from thirty to forty miles may always be obtained from a very slight elevation ; where grapes to which the English bullets so mis-called, are as pumpkins to pine-apples, are brought to your door for one penny per pound, often in bunches of nine pounds weight, and the other fruits are similarly fine and plentiful ; where there are no hedges to make the landscape resemble mosaic, or a Chinese puzzle ; where a perfect stranger may, except in the immediate neighbourhood of a town, walk, ride, or drive as far as he likes, without the danger of encountering a pitchfork wielded by an infuriated country-bumpkin ; and where sunsets, such as have never been “read of in books, or dreamed of in dreams” are of frequent occurrence, where the molten sun may be partially seen through a bank of purple-black clouds, fringed with gold, and surrounded by floating rose-coloured masses, and succeeded by the brilliant beams of the *Aurora Australis*, shooting across the zenith in bands of brightest pink, alternating with the deep-blue sky between.

Two terrible drawbacks, however, I must confess to : they are, flies, and poisonous insects and reptiles. When a small boy, it was always a source of awful reflection to me, where the flies went to after the plague of Egypt : when I

reached Australia, the problem was at once solved,—they simply emigrated, possibly for the sake of their health. O happy reader, who peradventure, art in blissful ignorance on the subject of Australian flies, may you never experience the assiduous attention of a solitary *musca*, or fly from the untiring pertinacity of a band of these Southern Erinnyes! The mosquitoes also make themselves very obnoxious to “new-chums,” and the ants are so numerous that cupboards have to be “insulated” by placing their legs in tins of water, in order to preserve their contents from the visitations of Dr. Watts’ favourite *protégés*. Centipedes and scorpions are exceedingly common; the former I have frequently seen ten inches in length. An eccentric and short-sighted individual once told me, that, on arriving in Adelaide (in the early days of the colony), he was kept in a state of constant perturbation by the dreadful accounts poured into his horror-bound ear, of the ubiquity of these uncomfortable creatures, insomuch that he could scarcely light his pipe without half expecting to see an evil beast crawl out of the tobacco: one morning he awoke (he was living in a tent on the sea-beach at the time), and the first sight that met his awe-stricken gaze, was a pair of fearful eyes, glaring fiendishly at him from the sand which formed the floor of his tent: he lay still for some time, fearing lest any motion might arouse the “thing’s” displeasure, and incite it to attack him: at last, encouraged by the sleep-like stillness of the apparition, he seized a Wellington boot that was standing at his bedside,—with trembling hand and palpitating heart took aim,—flung,—and rushing to the spot—sorrowfully proceeded to pick up the remains of his shattered gold spectacles.

Our snakes are simply a caution to themselves. All except two species destroy life by their bite, and of these two, one is a rare python, and the other highly poisonous. They attain a great size—I have seen one 6 ft. 2 in. long—and in many of the comparatively unsettled districts, are as common as spiders in England. If a bushman of any experience encounters a snake, he immediately seizes the nearest stick, and gives chase, knowing well that unless he be between it and its hole, the reptile will certainly run away: when he comes up to it, he strikes it smartly on the back, breaking the spine, and thus destroying that power of coiling and re-straightening itself in which consists its chief means of attack: the snake may then be coolly poked, pushed, pulled, pummelled, and finally slain with impunity, so long as no *point de resistance* is given it above the fracture. The

same dislocation of the vertebræ may be more effectually performed by seizing the creature by the tail, whirling it round your head, and cracking it as you would a whip-lash. I know many men who will do this with the utmost nonchalance. A sheep-farmer of my acquaintance who delighted in seizing a snake just as it was finding fancied security in its hole, pulling it out, and cracking it in the manner described, was one day walking through some thick under-wood, when he saw a diamond-snake wriggling away, as it fondly thought, unperceived: he pursued it,—caught it just as it was disappearing into a bank which, from the number of openings, seemed to be a serpentine village, and as usual, pulled away as hard as he could, when, to his astonishment and horror, the beast's head put in an appearance from another hole in the same bank, and close to his hand; that was the last snake he ever bearded (or rather, tailed) in its den. These reptiles are the foundation of many tricks played upon "Johnny New-come." Two bullock-drivers were once out in the scrub, chopping wood; one of them a late arrival, and the other an old and experienced colonist. The former, who had never seen a snake, but "was sure there was no danger in them, and wasn't going to be frightened of a longish sort of lizard" had left his bullocks, and with them a long bullock-whip, while he went a little way off into the scrub: during his absence, his companion saw a large black snake, and immediately was the death of it: he then tied it loosely to the thin end of the whip-handle; the other returning, took up his whip to "kinder encourage" his bullocks, and intuitively cracked it, when, to his horror, the snake, disengaged by the shock, uncoiled from the handle and fell at his feet—"He left."—There is a certain gardener that I wot of, who, according to his own accounts, kills more snakes in a summer than any less-favoured mortal ever saw in a life-time; but some slanderous individuals do thus account for his asserted prowess: they affirm that one evening, two of the station-hands saw and killed a large black snake which they carefully laid across the garden path: the gardener rose betimes in the morning, and, as his custom was, cautiously opened the gate and peered in (in order, *of course*, not to lose any possible opportunity of emulating the never-to-be-sufficiently-venerated St. Patrick); seeing the monster lying across the walk, he hastily shut the gate, ran for his gun, and taking aim through the hedge, shot the snake; whereupon it came to pass that he,—being greatly elated with his feat, and recounting it to every passer-

by—nightly dreamed of his conflict with, and victory over, the beast, and as often, on the succeeding morning, slew a fresh snake in narrative, to his own evident satisfaction, and to the huge delight of the initiated auditors.

Though I believe, from my own experience as well as from that of others, that if a person is cool and self-possessed, he incurs no danger in walking through a neighbourhood abounding in snakes, unless he tread upon one; yet they are essentially *uncomfortable* creatures, and I know no more horrible sensation than that caused by seeing a snake, when running away from you, stop, turn round his flat spiteful head, his eyes glistening like diamonds with concentrated hate and cunning, open his mouth, protrude a long black forked tongue, and hiss in a manner which “bestills you almost to jelly with the act of fear,” and curdles the very blood in your veins. The snake-locks of themselves, would certainly have sufficed to give to Medusa’s head its fabled power of petrification.

DICI.

IN CAMUM.

RIDICULA nuper cymba, sicut meus est mos,
Flumineas propter salices et murmura Cami,
Multa movens mecum, fumo inspirante, jacebam.
Illic forte mihi senis occurrebat imago
Squalida, torva tuens, longos incompta capillos;
Ipse manu cymbam prensans se littore in udo
Deposuit; Camique humeros agnoscere latos
Immanesque artus atque ora hirsuta videbar:
Mox lacrymas inter tales dedit ore querelas,
"Nate," inquit, "tu semper enim pius accola Cami,
"Nate, patris miserere tui, miserere tuorum!
"Quinque reportatis tumet Isidis unda triumphis:
"Quinque anni vidēre meos sine laude secundo
"Cymbam urgere loco cunctantem, et cedere victos.
"Heu! quis erit finis? Quis me manet exitus olim?
"Terga boum tergis vi non cedentia nostri
"Exercent juvenes; nuda atque immania crura,
"Digna giganteas inter certare palæstras,
"Quisque ferunt, latosque humeros et brachia longa,
"Collaque Atlanteo non inferiora labore:
"Sed vis arte carens frustrā per stagna laborat;
"Fit brevis inque dies brevior (proh dedecus ingens!)
"Ictus, et incerto tremulam movet impete cymbam,
"Usque volaturæ similem, tamen usque morantem.
"Ah! Stanleius ubi est? ubi fortis et acer Iōnas
"Et Virtus ingens, majorque vel Hercule Judas?
"Ah! ubi, læva mei novit quem fluminis ora,
"Ille 'Ictus,' vitreis longè spectandus ocellis,
"Dulce decus Cami, quem plebs ignobilis 'Aulam,'
"Vulpicanem* Superi grato cognomine dicunt?
"Te quoque, magne Pales, et te mea flumina deflent
"O formose puer, quibus alto in gurgite mersis
"Mille dedit, rapuit mille oscula candida Naias?
"Quid decus amissum repeto, aut jam laude peremptā
"Nomina Putnæis annalibus eruta testor?

* See *The Eagle*, Vol. I., p. 71.



FATHER CAMUS.

SMOKING lately in my "Funny," as I'm wont, beneath the bank,
Listening to Cam's rippling murmurs thro' the weeds and willows dank,
As I chewed the cud of fancy, from the water there appeared
An old man, fierce-eyed, and filthy, with a long and tangled beard:
To the oozy shore he paddled, clinging to my funny's nose,
Till, in all his mud majestic, Cam's gigantic form arose.
Brawny, broad of shoulders was he, hairy were his face and head,
And amid loud lamentations tears incessantly he shed.

"Son," he cried, "the sorrows pity of thy melancholy sire!

"Pity Camus! pity Cambridge! pity our disasters dire!

"Five long years hath Isis triumphed, five long years have seen my eight

"Rowing second, vainly struggling 'gainst an unrelenting fate.

"What will be the end, I know not! what will be the doom of Camus?

"Shall I die disowned, dishonoured? Shall I live, and yet be famous?

"Backs as strong as oxen have we, legs Herculean and bare,

"Legs that in the ring with Titan wrestlers might to wrestle dare.

"Arms we have long, straight, and sinewy, shoulders broad, necks
thick and strong,

"Necks that to the earth-supporting Atlas might full well belong.

"But our strength un-scientific strives in vain thro' stagnant water,

"Every day, I blush to own it, Cambridge strokes are rowing shorter.

"With a short spasmodic impulse see the boats a moment leap,

"Starting with a flying motion, soon they stop and sink to sleep.

"Where are Stanley, Jones, and Courage? where is 'Judas' stout
and tall,

"Where the stroke named 'all' by Bargemen, known to Cambridge
as 'Jack Hall'?

"'Twas a spectacle to see him in his gig-lamps row along,

"And the good ship speeding onward swift as Pöet's gushing song.

"Where is Paley? where is Fair-bairn? from whose lips the Naiad's
dank

"Snatched and gave their sweetest kisses when our Eight at Chiswick
sank.

"What avails it to remember brilliant days now lost in night?

"What avails it Putney's annals, and past glories to recite?

"Granta ruit, periitque decus, periitque vetusta
 "Gloria remorum primæque per æquora navis.
 "Sed vos, O juvenes, sanguis quibus integer ævi,
 "Spes ventura domûs, Grantæque novissima proles,
 "Antiquum revocate decus, revocate triumphos!
 "Continuò Palinurus ubi 'jam pergite' dixit
 "Erectum librate caput; nec pandere crura
 "Parcite, nec solidis firmi considerare transtris!
 "Ast ubi contactas jam palmula senserit undas,
 "Compressa incipiat jam tum mihi crura phaselus
 "Accipere, et faciles iter accelerare per undas.
 "Incipiente ictu qui vim non prompserit omnem
 "Dique hominesque odère; hic, pondus inutile cymbæ,
 "Tardat iter; comites necat; hunc tu, nauta, caveto!
 "Nec minus, incepto quoties ratis emicat ictu,
 "Cura sit ad finem justos perferre labores.
 "Vidi equidem multos—sileantur nomina—fluctus
 "Præcipites penetrâsse, sed heu! brevis effluit ictus,
 "Immemor extremi mediique laboris in undâ:
 "Nam tales nîsus tolerare humana nequit vis.
 "Et quamvis primos jam jam victura carina
 "Evolet in cursus, primisque triumphet in undis,
 "Mox ubi finis adest atque ultima meta laborum,
 "Labitur exanimis, vi non virtute subactâ.

"Tu quoque qui cymbæ tendis Palinurus habenas
 "Ultro hortare viros; fortes solare benignis
 "Vocibus; ignavos accende, suosque labores
 "Fac peragant, segnique veta torpere veterno.
 "Sed quid ego hæc? priscæ si jam pietatis imago
 "Ulla manet, si quid vobis mea gloria curæ est,
 "Canigenæ, misero tandem succurrite patri,
 "Ereptosque diu vincendo reddite honores!
 "Tunc ego arundineâ redimitus tempora vittâ
 "Antiquo fruar imperio justisque triumphis:
 "Tum demum Cloacina meos fœdissima fluctus
 "Desierit temerare, et puro flumine labens
 "Camus ad Oceanum volvetur amabilis amnis."

Dixit, et in piceas Fluvius sese abdidit undas
 Sed me ridiculam solventem a littore cymbam
 Nectaris ambrosii circumvolvuntur odores,
 Decedente Deo; naresque impellit acutas
 Confusi canis amnis et illætabilis aura.

(TURGIDUS REMEX).

"Lost is Granta, lost our glory, lost our former pride of place,
 "Gone are all my blushing honours, nought is left me but disgrace.
 "For regardless of all science, every oarsman now obeys
 "Wild, new fangled laws and notions, never dream'd of in old days.
 "But do you, my gentle Freshmen, who have youth in every vein,
 "Labour by your manly valour our lost laurels to regain!
 "When you hear the Cox'n's 'row on all,' then keep erect your head;
 "Then be your arms and bodies with one motion for'ard sped:
 "Sit firm upon your cushions all, and when the oar is in
 "With one harmonious action let your work at once begin:
 "Press your feet against the stretcher, and your legs with vigour ply,
 "Till the ship, as swift as lightning, thro' the yielding water fly.
 "He who 'misses the beginning' makes his comrades all to suffer,
 "Spoils the swing, and is a nuisance; turn him out, for he's a duffer!
 "Having made a good beginning you must carry on the work,
 "And until the stroke is finished not an atom must you shirk.
 "I have seen—no names I mention—certain oarsmen with a dash
 "Plunge their oars into the water, and produce a sudden splash;
 "But the middle and the finish are all wasted in the air,
 "And no human constitution can such toil incessant bear.
 "For although the ship at starting may at once it's distance clear
 "And victory seem certain, when the winning post is near
 "The crew worn out and breathless have nothing in them left,
 "And though pluck may ne'er desert them, of their vigour are bereft.
 "And do you, my Palinurus, steering straight the gallant bark,
 "By voice and exhortation keep your heroes to the mark.
 "Cheer the plucky, chide the cowards who to do their work are loth,
 "And forbid them to grow idle by indulging idle sloth.
 "Fool! I know my words are idle! yet if any love remain,
 "If my honour be your glory, my discredit be your pain;
 "If a spark of old affection in your hearts be still alive,
 "Rally round old Father Camus, and his glories past revive!
 "Then adorned with reedy garland shall I take my former throne,
 "And, victor of proud Isis, reign triumphant and alone.
 "Then no more shall Cloacina with my streams her off'rings blend,
 "And old Camus clear as crystal to the ocean shall descend!"

He spoke, and 'neath the surface, black as pitch, he hid his head,
 And punting out my Funny, I my homeward journey sped.
 But a strange ambrosial odour, as the God sank 'neath the flood,
 Seem'd to float and hover round me creeping upward from the mud:
 And for ever from the water's troubled face there seem'd to rise
 A melancholy fragrance of dead dogs unto the skies.

(TURGIDUS REMEX).



THE SENIOR FELLOW.

WHEN the shades of eve descending
Throw o'er cloistered courts their gloom,
Dimly with the twilight blending,
Mem'ries long forgotten loom.
From the bright fire's falling embers
Faces smile that smiled of yore;
Till my heart again remembers
Hopes and thoughts that live no more.

Then again does manhood's vigour
Nerve my arm with iron strength;
As of old when trained with vigour
We beat Oxford by a length.
Once again the willow wielding
Do I urge the flying ball;
Till "lost ball" the men who're fielding
Hot and weary faintly call.

Then I think of hours of study,
Study silent as the tomb,
Till the rays of morning ruddy
Shone within my lonely room.
Once again my heart is burning
With ambition's restless glow;
And long hidden founts of learning
O'er my thirsty spirit flow.

Soon fresh scenes my fancy people,
For I see a wooded hill;
See above the well-known steeple;
Hear below the well-known rill
Joyous sounds each gale is bringing,
Wafted on its fragrant breath;
Hark! I hear young voices singing,
Voices silent now in death.

Brothers, sisters, loved and loving,
Hold me in their fond embrace;
Half forgiving, half reproving,
I can see my Mother's face.
Mid a night of raven tresses,
Through the gloom two sad eyes shine,
And my hand a soft hand presses,
And a heart beats close to mine.

In mine ears a voice is ringing,
Sweeter far than earthly strain,
Heavenly consolation bringing
From a land that knows no pain.
And when slowly from me stealing
Fades that vision into air,
Every pulse beats with the feeling
That a Spirit loved was there.

“JUVAT MEMINISSE.”





OUR CHRONICLE.

AT the commencement of a new volume and of a new academical year, we find symptoms of sustained or renewed vitality in all departments of this our "ancient and religious foundation." The entry, gradually recovering from a temporary depression, is once more rising to its proper level. The number of those recently admitted amongst us is eighty-seven.

The Architectural improvements which have been for the last two years in progress, are so far advanced that the first stage of the original contract is now completed, whilst the progress of the remainder is from day to day apparent: the new Lodge is occupied, and the proposed enlargement of the College Hall has been effected.

The Fellowships lately held by the following gentlemen, have been vacated since the publication of our last number: Rev. G. G. Holmes, B.D., and A. W. Potts, M.A.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the College on Monday the 6th of November:—

Alfred George Marten, M.A., Senior, (bracketed,) Law Tripos, 1855, nineteenth Wrangler, 1856.

Joseph James Stuckey, B.A., fifth Wrangler, 1864.

Henry Lee-Warner, B.A., eleventh in the first Class in Classics, 1864, Camden Medallist, Brown's Medallist, Members' Prizeman.

Josiah Brown Pearson, B.A., alone in first Class Moral Science Tripos, 1864, Burney Prizeman.

Alfred Marshall, B.A., second Wrangler, 1865.

Meyrick Henry Legge Beebee, B.A., Bell's Scholar, eighteenth Wrangler, 1865, fourth (bracketed) in first Class in Classics, 1865.

The M'Mahon Law Studentship has been awarded to H. F. Pooley, B.A.

Courses of lectures have been delivered from the University pulpit during the present term, by

Rev. J. Moorhouse, Hulsean Lecturer.

Rev. B. M. Cowie.

The Crosse Scholarship has been adjudged to James Snowdon, B.A.

The Carus Greek Testament Prize for Undergraduates has been adjudged to

H. M. Gwatkin, St. John's College. } *æq.*
T. H. Shaw, Clare College.

Mr. H. G. Hart having resigned the post of Editor of *The Eagle*, has been succeeded by Mr. A. S. Wilkins who was elected without opposition.

Mr. C. Taylor has succeeded the Rev. G. Richardson as Secretary.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present Term are:

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.

Treasurer, A. Forbes.

Secretary, E. Carpmael.

1st Captain, H. Watney.

2nd Captain, F. Andrews.

3rd Captain, W. Bonsey.

4th Captain, F. G. Maples.

5th Captain, H. Rowsell.

W. Bonsey and E. Carpmael rowed stroke and bow respectively in one of the two University Trial Eights. The race took place on Wednesday, Dec. 6th. Mr. Bonsey's boat was second by three quarters of a length.

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Monday, Nov. 27th. In a time race a dead heat was rowed between the following crews:

1 H. T. Norton.

2 A. Low.

3 C. A. Hope.

4 J. M. Collard.

H. Watney, (*cox.*)

1 J. Toone

2 H. Radcliffe.

3 A. J. Finch.

4 S. Haslam.

R. Bower, (*cox.*)

UNIVERSITY FOUR-OAR RACES.

Four boats entered, and the following are the results of the racing :

Wednesday, Nov. 8.

FIRST HEAT.			SECOND HEAT.	
3rd Trinity	1		Lady Margaret	1
Trinity Hall	2		1st Trinity	2

Thursday, Nov. 9.

FINAL HEAT.

3rd Trinity	1
Lady Margaret	2

Won by rather more than eight strokes.

The crew of the four was :

- 1 F. Andrews
 - 2 W. Bonsey
 - 3 M. H. L. Beebee
 - 4 H. Watney (*stroke*)
- A. Forbes (*cox.*)

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS.

Wednesday, Nov. 15.

Sir A. Lamb, 3rd Trinity	Johnstone, 2nd Trinity	}
Johnson, Magdalene	Roach, Lady Margaret	
Rash, 3rd Trinity	Larking, Jesus	}
Bell, Christ's	Lloyd, Clare	
Nadin, Pembroke	Edmonds, Clare	}
Martin, Caius	Shann, 1st Trinity	
Finch, Lady Margaret	Griffiths, 3rd Trinity	}
Hopkinson, Christ's	Elton, Jesus	
Watney, Lady Margaret	Groves, Corpus	

Thursday, Nov. 16.

Watney	Roach	
Sir A. Lamb	Finch	}
Martin	Griffiths	
Bell	Shann	}
Groves	Johnson	
Larking		

Friday, Nov. 17.

Roach	Bell	}
Johnson	Griffiths	
Watney	Lamb	
	Larking	

Saturday, Nov. 18.

Watney		Lamb
Griffiths		Roach
Larking		

Monday, Nov. 20.

Griffiths		Larking	}
Lamb		Watney	
		Roach	

Tuesday, Nov. 21.

TIME RACE.

Lamb		Griffiths
Watney (winner)		

In this race Mr. Watney defeated Mr. Griffiths by about 10 seconds.

The Lieutenancy of No. 2 (St. John's) Company of the University Rifle Corps, having become vacant by the resignation of Lieut. Dashwood, Ensign Vaughan has been promoted to be Lieutenant, his place being filled up by the election of Sergeant Thorpe to the Ensigncy.

The Company Cup was shot for on Monday the 27th Nov. There were five competitors, the winner being L.-Corp. Roe.

The Company Scratch Fours were shot on Friday, Nov. 24th. Eight squads entered, the winners being:

Corp. F. C. Wace,
Corp. W. W. Unett.
Pt. E. Braithwaite.
Pt. St. J. Boulton.

The winner of the Officers' Pewter for the present Term is Ensign Thorpe.

The preliminary match to select six competitors for the final contest for the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup was held on Monday the fourth, and Tuesday the fifth of December.

The final competition between these six took place on Wednesday the sixth with the following result:

Private Hon. W. T. Orde-Powlett, No. 6 Company, (winner)		103
Ensign J. S. White	No. 1 Company....	96
Captain G. Richardson	 2 „	90
Captain Marquis of Lorne	 4 „	88
Lieutenant Hon. B. P. Bouverie	 6 „	83
Lance Corporal C. F. Roe	 2 „	69

The Chaplain's Cup was shot for on Friday, the 8th of December.

The highest scores made were

Corporal W. A. Lindsay, ...	No. 5	Company (winner) ...	53
Captain Marquis of Lorne ...	4	„	51
Corporal Hope	1	„	50
Lieut. J. Reid	5	„	48
Sergeant Greive	3	„	48

The University scratch fours for this Term took place on Friday the 1st, and Saturday the 2nd, of December.

The winning squad consisted of

Leiutenant Reid,	No. 5	Company.
Private Isherwood,	2	„
„ Farrer,	1	„
„ Hon. J. Gordon,	4	„

A match was shot between No. 2 (S. John's) Company, and No. 1 Company, on Saturday, December the 9th, resulting in a tie.

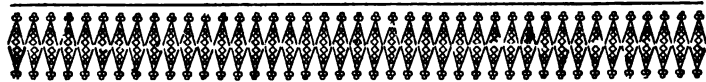
A match was shot between No. 2 Company, and No. 2 Company of the Town Corps, on Monday, December 11th, the Town Corps winning by 9 points.

The Freshmen's Athletic Sports were held on Monday, 27th Nov. Mr. R. Fitzherbert, of S. John's, was successful in the following: Long Jump (19ft. 2in.), High Jump (5ft.), and Hurdle Race.

The following additional subscriptions have been promised to the fund for stained glass windows for the new chapel:

	£.	s.	d.
A. Bateman	3	3	0
J. R. W. Bros	2	2	0
W. R. Fisher	6	6	0
A. Hogg	5	5	0
C. T. Hudson	1	1	0
H. Lee Warner	20	0	0
A. S. Webb	3	3	0

In all £1026 has been promised, of which £380 has already been paid. Of this sum £315 has been invested in India 5 per cents. It is hoped that those gentlemen who have not yet paid their subscriptions, promised for last year, will do so at their earliest convenience.



PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

(Continued from p. 14).

I WAS compelled by the length of my former paper to close the first division of Courier's career with his retirement from the army. We have thus an interlude of six years, devoted almost entirely to literary pursuits, before we come to the Paul Louis best known in France, the keen satirist, and bold defender of liberty of speech and writing under a monarchy and oligarchy, scarcely less tyrannous than the empire which they succeeded.* The impressions which his experience of a soldier's life left upon his mind were, as I have before hinted, of no very pleasant character. And for the work which he had afterwards to do, it was perhaps as well that it should be so. Most of this world's work of reform is done by extreme men, and there could be no fitter assailant of oppression and wickedness in high places than the man who had learnt thus "not to believe in great men." He had seen only the dark side of that which is called history; had seen that the glory of the general implied the misery of the people—that the soldier's laurels could only grow out of a soil fertilised by human blood—and so he writes:

"Oui, monsieur, j'ai enfin quitté mon vilain métier, un peu tard, c'est mon regret. Je n'y ai pas pourtant perdu tout mon temps. *J'ai vu des choses dont les livres parlent à tort et à travers. Plutarque à présent me fait crever de rire.*"

These views receive their fullest and clearest expression in the "*Conversation chez la Comtesse d'Albany*," the nearest approach to a Platonic dialogue which I have seen out of

* For some account of the character of the "Restoration" government, see an interesting paper on "Armand Carrel" in Mr. J. S. Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. I.

Plato.* The interlocutors are *la Comtesse, M. Fabre*, an Italian artist of some note, and Courier himself. It opens with an incidental remark of Courier's, "que notre siècle valait bien celui de Louis XIV." to which Fabre takes very strong exception. Comparing the two as regards in particular the encouragement given to art and poetry, he contends that the latter has in every way the advantage. Courier suggests that, granting this to be true, there still remain the more important departments of science, politics, and war. As concerns the first, Fabre points out very fairly that to establish the superiority of the present age, it is not enough to prove additions to the stores of knowledge, but that we must be able to show that these additions are greater and more important than were made by the preceding age to the stock with which it began its work. And then we come to the real subject of the dialogue, viz.—Is there an art of war? and which is the greater glory, that of the artist or that of the warrior? "We are less warriors," Fabre says, "than they of the age of Louis XIV." But what is it to be more or less a warrior? Surely it is not to be measured by the scale on which the operations of war are executed, by the numbers left dead on a single field, else this age would undoubtedly bear the palm. Of two players playing against different adversaries one shall gain ten pence, the other as many pounds—the one shall play three hours on end for his pence, the other as many minutes. You would not say at once that the latter was the better player, because his adversary may be a mere ignoramus. So the warrior character is not measured by success. Is it then to be measured by the proficiency of the age in an art of war? But is there an art of war? If there is, then, as in other arts, a man must attain to proficiency in it by patient study and hard work, always progressing towards but never reaching the ideal of perfection. But is this so? A young prince of eighteen comes post haste from court, fights a battle, wins it, and there he is "great captain" for life, in fact the greatest captain in the world.† A great genius, you may say, but no prince in the world, with whatever genius heaven may have endowed him, could have painted straight off Raphael's Holy Family, or written Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*. You only want an army to make a good

* It would seem that Courier had at one time intended to write a series of these Conversations, at the request of the Countess. This is numbered 5th Conversation.

† The great Condé.

general. Take the case of Alexander. There were numbers of artists, poets, painters, sculptors in his time, but only one Alexander, you say. I reply that there were a thousand who only wanted an army—why his very secretary who was not even a soldier, who never carried anything in the field, but his pen and his writing stand, turned out a great general as soon as Providence willed it, and beat your Cassanders and other men of the sword. He thus proceeds naturally enough to a comparison of the glory to which art and war respectively lead, vindicating the first place for the former. But I cannot follow him into this part of his argument. The fallacy into which he has fallen above consists, it seems to me, in ignoring the detailed work of the subordinates in an army, all of which must be regulated by some technic rules. The very postulate “given an army” implies a training according to an art of war. And even if we limit the discussion to the art of generalship, the existence of an art by which an ordinary man may become a respectable general, is no more disproved by such meteor-like apparitions as an Alexander or a Condé, than that of an art of music is impugned by the fact that a Mozart could write a concerto at six or a symphony at twelve years of age.

But it is time that we followed Courier into Italy. After the battle of Wagram he went off into Switzerland and spent the autumn on the borders of the lake of Lucerne, at work apparently upon a revision of the text of Plutarch. Then he went, as winter set in, to Milan and Florence. In the Laurentian library at the latter place he had previously noticed a manuscript of the Pastoral of Longus, “Daphnis and Chloe”—and had observed that it contained a passage which was missing in the editions and in the other MSS. He set himself to copy this under the supervision and with the assistance of Signor Furia the librarian, but unfortunately in doing so inserted as a mark a piece of paper which had some ink underneath it, and so blotted out some words of the MS. It was not long before a storm was raised about his ears. He was denounced as a base thief, whose object had been to destroy the MS. of a passage of which he himself possessed the only copy. The blot it was said covered the whole of the newly-found fragment, and the ink with which it was made, was of a peculiar description which defied all the arts of chemists.* Courier,

* M. Renouard detached the inked paper from the MS. Courier distinctly insinuates that the spot was made larger *after* this.

to prove his disinterestedness, broke off a compact which he had made with a Parisian bookseller, named Renouard, printed the fragment and a translation at his own cost, and distributed it gratis among Greek scholars. He went to Rome—but the storm followed him thither: his Greek was seized and himself summoned before the prefect to give some account of himself. To mend matters, attention being once called to him, it was found that he had left the army without leave, and the minister of war was set upon his traces. He was set down as a *mauvais sujet*, and even forbidden to publish his defence, but by a little trickery he got it printed in the shape of a letter to M. Renouard, and put it into circulation as best he could. It is prefaced by a history of the circumstances and the consequences of the accident. It appears that, when he was preparing the fragment for publication, he received intimation that he would be permitted to dedicate it to the princess Elisa, Bonaparte's sister. But dedications were not in Courier's line—so he took no notice of the hint, and "*hinc illæ lacrymæ.*" In addition to this, Furia had for some years been at work on the volume which contained the MS. and in fact had published a digest of its contents, but had never discovered this treasure which it contained.

The letter itself is a piece of the most stinging satire, from which even M. Renouard does not escape: still less the French government in Italy. Indeed the hatred of the French, it is hinted, was the cause of the avidity with which the Italians welcomed and exaggerated the charge against a Frenchman. Were I to give a detailed account of the letter, I must reproduce the whole. I will content myself therefore with a few quotations. I have chosen them chiefly as specimens of Courier's most pungent style.

Here are a couple of hits at the "savants florentins":

"Sans ce fragment fatal au repos de ma vie,
Mes jours dans le loisir couleraient sans envie;"

Je n'aurais eu rien à démêler avec les savants florentins, jamais on ne se serait douté qu'ils sussent si peu leur métier; et l'ignorance de ces messieurs, ne paraissant que dans leurs ouvrages, n'eut été connue de personne.

"Je ne savais pas que ce livre fût le Palladium de Florence, que le destin de cette ville fût attaché aux mots que je venais d'effacer; j'aurais dû cependant me douter que ces objets étaient sacrés pour les Florentins, car ils n'y touchent jamais."

The most biting passage in the whole letter is perhaps the following :

“ Les expressions de M. Furia pour peindre son saisissement à la vue de cette tache, qui couvrirait, comme je vous ai dit, une vingtaine de mots, sont du plus haut style et d'un pathétique rare, même en Italie. Vous en avez été frappé, monsieur, et vous les avez citées, mais sans oser les traduire. Peut-être avez-vous pensé que la faiblesse de notre langue ne pourrait atteindre à cette hauteur : je suis plus hardi, et je crois, quoiqu' en dise Horace, qu'on peut essayer de traduire Pindare et M. Furia : c'est tout un. Voici une version littérale.

“ A un si horrible spectacle (il parle de ce pâte que je fis sur son bouquin), mon sang se gela dans mes veines; et, durant plusieurs instants, voulant crier, voulant parler, ma voix s'arrêta dans mon gosier : un frisson glacé s'empara de tous mes membres stupides.....Voyez-vous Monsieur? ce pâtre, c'est pour lui la tête de Méduse. Le voilà stupide; il l'assure, et c'est la seule assertion qui soit prouvée par son livre. Mais il y a dans cet aveu autant de malice que d'ingénuité : car il veut faire croire que c'est moi qui l'ai rendu tel, au grand détriment de la littérature.”

After this reply he was left in peace. All further discussion on the subject was forbidden, though Courier's pamphlet made some noise both in Italy and in France, the government officials in particular being annoyed at the very disrespectful way in which they were mentioned, and the dislike with which the Italians regarded them made known. “ Bonaparte croyait être adoré partout, sa police le lui assurait chaque matin : une voix qui disait le contraire embarrassait fort la police, et pouvait attirer l'attention de Bonaparte, comme il arriva ; car un jour il en parla, et voulut savoir ce que c'était qu'un officier retiré à Rome qui faisait imprimer du grec. Sur ce qu'on lui en dit, il le laissa en repos.”

The next two years Courier spent in Italy (at Rome and Naples) and in the latter part of 1812 returned to France. We hear but little of him till 1814, when he was married to the eldest daughter of his friend, M. Clavier. There was much hesitation, as usual, about the match—once it was broken off, but only to be renewed a few days afterwards. He was married on the 12th of May, and in August we find him alone in Normandy. There he gave himself up to the adventurous life which he had so long led, forgetting the change in his position. Indeed he was even on the point

of embarking on a vessel that was setting sail for Portugal. But the letters of his young wife won him back, and from this time he seems to have been quite an exemplary husband.

His long absence from France had caused considerable disorder in the management of his property. His neighbours had gradually encroached upon his estates, and even cut down his timber, and the next few years were spent in vain endeavours to recover in some degree his rights. One or two of his printed works refer to these private matters, and may be passed over as being of little general interest. It is by his pamphlets that he is most known from this time forward. The first of these is the *Petition aux deux Chambres*, which is dated 1816. It marks a distinct progress in his style, which is much more sober and less laboured than in his earlier writings. It is a plain statement of what had occurred within a few months at Luynes, a small village in Touraine, containing about 1000 inhabitants, and gives an interesting picture of the state of the country after the Restoration. A miller imprisoned for two months like a common thief for refusing to stop or doff his hat as a funeral passed; another confined for six weeks for speaking ill of the government; a night-raid of gendarmes ending in the seizure of ten persons as Bonapartists; such are the facts on which the petition is grounded, told in the simplest manner, with hardly any comment. But what gave the pamphlet importance was, that it was recognized as a statement of what was going on all over France, and men rejoiced that some one had the boldness to give utterance to what was in the thoughts of all. "Authority, gentlemen, this is the great word in France. Elsewhere it is *law*, here, *authority*. One man says publicly that he is keeping his wine till Bonaparte's return, and no one says a word to him. Why? He is a respectable fellow (*bon sujet*). Poor Mauclair does not say nearly so much and is sent to prison. Why? He is a scapegrace (*mauvais sujet*;) he has offended the people who set the gendarmes a-marching. If you can keep on good terms with such and such an one you are a *bon sujet*, and may live in peace. But if you go to law with such an one, or don't take off your hat to him, you are set down at once as a *mauvais sujet*—and the law is brought to bear upon you, sometimes a little rudely. As Chateaubriand says of you at Paris—'You have two weights, and two measures: for the same fault one man is condemned, another acquitted.'" Such were the petty tyrannies committed by officials, who, a few years before, had seized the same persons because their sons refused

to serve under Bonaparte. But it is only fair to put side by side with this—the improved state of the peasantry, and the increase in general prosperity which Courier's letters of this time attest. He states it, in his mocking way, in writing to his wife. "I went to M. Précontais de la Renardière, one of our debtors. He told me he had no money; 'it is the peasants' said he 'who have it all—if this goes on the nobility will die of hunger or be obliged to take to doing something. If a meadow is to be sold, it is a peasant who buys it—these folks eat meat, drink wine, wear shoes; can this be endured?' I gave in to his humour, and made him shudder by telling him what I had just witnessed. 'Would you believe it?' said I to him—'I have just come from Jean Coudray who owed me some money. He paid it me at once, and his wife insisted on my breakfasting with them. What do you think she takes for breakfast? Why cream in her coffee! *café à la crème*.' It made their hair stand on end—we agreed that things could not go on in this way. I left them expressing very hearty wishes for the return of the good old times; for they will pay me, I expect, when the peasants are dying of hunger, and are covered with rags." A different picture this from that of the peasant of 1788.

I have quoted from the letter to M. Renouard specimens of Courier's pungent writing; the following may give some idea of his powers of simple pathos. Pierre Aubert is one of the ten Bonapartists.

"Pierre Aubert, veuf, avait un garçon et une fille; celle-ci de onze ans, l'autre plus jeune encore, mais dont, à cet âge, la douceur et l'intelligence intéressaient déjà tout le monde. A cela se joignait alors la pitié qu'inspirait leur malheur; chacun de son mieux les secourut. Rien ne leur eût manqué, si les soins paternels se pouvaient remplacer; mais la petite bientôt tomba dans une mélancolie dont on ne la put distraire. Cette nuit, ces gendarmes, et son père enchaîné, ne s'effaçaient point de sa mémoire. L'impression de terreur qu'elle avait conservée d'un si affreux réveil, ne lui laissa jamais reprendre la gaieté ni les jeux de son âge; elle n'a fait que languir depuis, et se consumer peu à peu. Refusant toute nourriture, sans cesse elle appelait son père. On crut, en le lui faisant voir, adoucir son chagrin, et peut-être la rappeler à la vie: elle obtint, mais trop tard, l'entrée de la prison. Il l'a vue, il l'a embrassée, il se flatte de l'embrasser encore; il ne sait pas tout son malheur, que frémissent de lui apprendre les gardiens mêmes de ces lieux. Au fond de ces terribles demeures, il vit de l'espérance

d'être enfin quelque jour rendu à la lumière, et de retrouver sa fille; depuis quinze jours elle est morte."

Could anything be more touching than the simplicity of the last sentence?

The *Pétition* was followed by the *Lettre à Messieurs de l'Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles-Lettres*, and the two form one picture of the state of things under the second Restoration. The petty tyranny of minor officials which the *Pétition* discloses is naturally backed up by the meanness and servility which pointed the satire of the *Lettre*. The circumstances that gave rise to it were these. The death of M. Clavier, Courier's father-in-law, in 1817, caused a vacancy in the ranks of the Academy. Courier offered himself as a candidate for the vacant chair, and obtained, as he thought, favourable replies from all the members whom he canvassed. There were in all three vacancies, and amongst the candidates he was the only one who had any pretension to classical and antiquarian knowledge, the special province of the Academy. Other Greek scholars Coray, Haase, Thurot had been once rejected, and declined to offer themselves again, so that he thought he had some fair chance of success. But when the day of election came, not a single vote was given in his favour. Three persons were elected whose chief recommendation seems to have been that of court influence.

Courier has been strongly condemned for this letter: I think unfairly so. The letter was not written till sometime after the election; it can scarcely therefore be looked upon as a mere ebullition of personal spite and wounded vanity. Personal it is, and in all his writings Courier is not withheld by any prudish feeling from saying what he thinks of himself or of other people: but apart from that, it is a strong nervous protest against the servility which at two successive elections had passed over Greek scholars of note, and had chosen court favourites to be the companions or successors of a Visconti and a Millin. The charter of the Academy had purposely attached no stipend to its chairs, to provide against any such nepotism or court patronage.* But now on the confession of the newspaper whose hostile remarks called forth Courier's reply, "something else besides Greek is required for admission into this illustrious body. It has just received into its ranks the Viscount Prevost d'Irai, gentleman of the bed-

* "De peur, disent les memoires du temps, que les courtisans n'y voulussent mettre leurs valets."

chamber ; M. Jomard and the Chevalier Dureau de la Malle ; gentlemen who are not Greek scholars it is true, but whose principles are well known." To give an analysis of this remarkable letter is scarcely possible. I will quote but one passage. He is replying to the insinuation that his principles are not known ; "I may tell you," he says, "that my principles are known to those who know myself, and I might be satisfied with that, but, that I may hear no more of this, I will explain them in a few words : My principles are, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points ; that the whole is greater than its part ; that two quantities, each of which is equal to a third, are equal to each other. I hold also that two and two make four ; but I am not certain of it....For my political principles, that is a creed whose articles are liable to much controversy...I can only tell you in one word what is my one distinguishing feature, which separates me from all parties, and makes me an exceptional character in the age in which we live ; it is that I have no wish to be king, and that I carefully avoid everything that might lead to that result."

It is interesting to compare the France of 1819 with the France of the present day. Substitute Bourbonist for Bonapartist, and the picture which the Petition presents to us may perhaps be paralleled, but with the Academies it is different. At the last election to the Académie Française, a comparatively young author, M. Prévost Paradol, was elected over the heads of several veterans in literature, chiefly because he had drawn upon him the animadversions of government as a powerful writer in the interests of the opposition.

The Academy letter was published in 1819, and during that year and 1820, we have a series of letters to the *Censeur* newspaper. The burden of them all is the same—the abuses of power, the meannesses of courtiers, the value of freedom of discussion, and freedom of the press. "Private enterprise and no government help or interference" is their motto. "Gouvernement" is with Courier "synonyme d'empêchement." Once let government have a finger in the pie, and you have a crowd of "aspirants," each wishing to secure himself a place ; red-tape-ism will blight everything. Thus it is that he argues in the second letter against a plan for improving agriculture by government direction and patronage. For this reason he will later still oppose the purchase of the estate of Chambord for the Duke of Bordeaux.

Letter V. is an amusing comment upon a letter from a procureur du roi to a commandant of gendarmes. *Monsieur*

le commandant, veuillez faire arrêter et conduire en prison un tel, de tel endroit. Of course, he says, we know these procureurs are honest gentlemen who would not throw men into prison without good reason, but at the same time they are not saints, they may be offended. And then one word with a flourish and the gendarmes are there, and once in prison, you may dream at your ease of the liberty of the subject. So it is just as well to respect the king's servants.

In letter VI. he replies to those whose historical and antiquarian tastes were shocked by the wholesale dismemberment of old feudal estates, parcelled out in small patches amongst the rustic population. The advantages of the small proprietor system are thus fairly stated. "Every propriétaire is interested in the maintenance of peace, justice, and order, unless he hold office or hope to hold it. So to make a landed proprietor of one who before was but a hireling without robbing any one else, to give the land to the labourer, is the greatest good that can be done in France now that there are no longer any serfs to emancipate. And what are these old memories that are lost, these memories of feudal castles and Gothic cloisters? memories of debauchery, treason, murder, luxury, ignorance, hypocrisy. The stones of a convent are surely not profaned but rather purified when they serve for the walls of a peasant's cottage, the home of piety and chastity, where labour, and therefore prayer, never ceases. Qui laborat, orat... These people do not see that there can be no renewal without decay and destruction. *L'esprit de la révolution*, they cry, *est éminemment destructeur*. Le jour de la création quel bruit n'eussent-ils pas fait! ils eussent crié: *Mon Dieu, conservons le chaos*.

Letter VII. is on the same subject. A number of the *Censeur* had been badly printed, and gives Courier a handle for an amusing discussion whether a sentence that stands thus: *l. p. p. e croi. t. p. e* is to be read *le peuple croit et prie*, or *le peuple croît et paye*.

Letter IX. goes back to the impurities of a Court atmosphere. "Vous vous fâchez contre M. Decazes, et je crois que vous avez tort. Il nous méprise, dites-vous." Such is the text. But, argues Courier, M. Decazes does not despise us, could not despise us, if he knew us. He only judges of the people generally by those whom he sees, the people about court. *Them* he despises, and reasonably—for he sees their true character in all its meanness. But our level is far above theirs, for note you, all our money goes to them and never a farthing comes back to us. "Je vous le demande, notre argent,

chose pesante de soi, tendante en bas ! M. Decazes, quelque adroit et soigneux qu' on le suppose de tirer à soi tout, saurait-il si bien faire qu' il ne lui en échappe entre les doigts quelque peu, qui, par son seul poids, nous reviendrait naturellement si nous étions au dessous ? Telle chose jamais n' arrive, jamais n' est arrivée. Tout s'écoule, s' en va toujours de nous à lui : donc il y a une pente ; donc nous sommes en haut, M. Decazes en bas, conséquence bien claire, et la cour est un trou, non un sommet, comme il paraît aux yeux du stupide vulgaire."

Letters X. and XI. are on the subject of the freedom of the press. The progress of mankind, from the first utterances of speech to the invention of printing is very humorously traced. There was a time, when man, free from all the vices of the age in which we live, could not speak, but only gave utterance to cries, murmurs, growls, according to his humour. There was pleasure in governing then. No pamphlets, no newspapers, no petitions for the charter, no complaints about taxes ! Happy age, that passed away too soon ! For before long philosophers, raised up by Satan to overthrow such a goodly order of things, by certain movements of tongue and lips produced articulate sounds, and pronounced distinct syllables. Why were not these excesses of a spirit of anarchy at once suppressed ? Why did not they put into solitary confinement the man who first ventured on *ba, be, bi, bo, bu* ? Then the world would have been saved and all might yet have gone well... But then some Phenician, a low fellow I am sure, without title or birth, taught men to fix in permanent characters this fleeting voice—and, note, the first written words were *liberty, law, right, justice, equity*. It was at once seen that this ingenious art naturally tended to pare down pensions and official salaries... But it was worse still when the man of Mayence in his turn took it into his head to press between two boards the sheet that another had made of rags reduced to a pulp: so clever are the powers of darkness in turning everything to account for the destruction of souls. . . . Infernal industry, and passion for working instead of keeping Saints' days and doing penance. . . . There is only one way in which government can be carried on, especially now that another emissary of hell has put forward that other invention of distributing every morning to 20 or 30,000 subscribers a sheet where they may read all that the world is thinking and saying. If this abuse were to continue, what could the court undertake that would not be examined, criticised, and set down at its just value beforehand ?

In 1821 appeared the *Simple Discours de Paul-Louis*, Courier's greatest philippic against court interference. Upon the birth of the duke of Bordeaux, posthumous son of the duke of Berri, in September, 1820, the minister for the interior proposed that the estate of Chambord should be bought by subscription of the different communes and settled upon the young prince. The purchase was effected in March, 1821. In the *Simple Discours* Paul Louis opposes the purchase. It is not, he says, for the prince's good, nor yet for ours. What a prince wants from his subjects is their affection, not their gifts. But the fact is, the courtiers who propose the measure, are not disinterested in the matter: one hopes to be governor of the castle; another, concierge, and so on, all of them well lodged, well paid. Besides, what will the prince learn at Chambord? The lessons which the memories of the place suggest are far other than we should wish for a French prince. Here Louis, the pattern-king, lived with la femme Montespan, with la fille la Vallière, with all the wives and daughters that it was his good pleasure to take from their husbands and their parents. That was the time of good manners, and religion; and he communicated every day—by this door his mistress entered in the evening, his confessor in the morning. This is the story which Chambord will tell to the young prince. For us again nothing could be worse than to have the court thus in our neighbourhood. For do you know what a court is? I know nothing of the present court, but I have read the different memoirs of that of Louis XIV., and truly a court may be a respectable, but it is a very strange place. Then follow some not very creditable anecdotes of the court of His most Christian Majesty, and remarks on the way in which everything at court is obtained by female influence. 'Sachez qu'il n'y a pas en France une seule famille noble, mais je dis noble de race et d'antique origine, qui ne doive la fortune aux femmes; vous m'entendez. Les femmes ont fait les grandes maisons; ce n'est pas, comme vous croyez bien, en cousant les chemises de leurs époux ni en allaitant leurs enfants.....Bref comme il n'est, ne fut, ni ne sera jamais, pour nous autres vilains, qu'un moyen de fortune, c'est le travail; pour la noblesse non plus il n'y en a qu'un, et c'est.....c'est la prostitution, puisqu'il faut, mes amis, l'appeler par son nom.'

It can easily be conceived that language like this would not be passed unnoticed. It was made the subject of a criminal charge against Courier. He was condemned to

two months' imprisonment and 200 francs fine, as having been guilty of an outrage to public morality, an accusation absurd on the face of it. Probably, as he himself hints in more places than one, his real offence was his declared preference for the Orleans family. He had hinted at this in the *Discours*, by contrasting the education that the duc de Bordeaux was likely to receive at Chambord, with that which the duc de Chartres was receiving at college, in the society of the elite of the youth of France.

Before he surrendered himself prisoner, Courier drew up a report of the trial, to which he appended a reply of his own to the charges brought against him. In this tract, the *Procès de Paul Louis*, he holds up the advocate general Maitre Jean de Broë to ridicule, for his bad style and for the poverty of his speech; and then gives M. Berville's defence, a plain sensible speech, in which each of the passages incriminated is discussed and supported by quotations from writers of the time to which they refer, Massillon, Mézeray, Montesquieu, and Bassompierre. Then follows his own reply. It is chiefly directed to the charge of outraging public morality. "As for the expressions to which exception is taken, it is an old topic of discussion in the schools, whether men can sin by words, when there is nothing bad in the sense of their remarks, as for instance, when in condemning certain vices they call them by their proper names. We rustics hold with the Stoics, who were always practical men. We look at deeds as the main thing, and take but little notice of words. It is the general meaning, and not the language of a discourse which comes home to us. Others think differently. In their view morality is all in words. So you may play *George Dandin* in your theatres, or any other play, the whole action of which turns upon adultery, but provided the word be not mentioned they will see no reason for finding fault, no offence against public morality. But if I, a simple rustic, happen to be there, I blush to see represented, aye and admired in public, such disgusting debauchery and corruption. I express my dissatisfaction, and I am the offender against good morals.....In describing the corruptions of the court, I only use the language of those who have left memoirs of the time. Could I guess or foresee that sketches, which coming from a Madame de Sevigné, a Mademoiselle de Montpensier, are exquisite and divine, would, when repeated by me, make men shudder; that their own very words, quoted in my writings, would be so many

attacks upon public decency? What must our country-people think when they are told that here in Paris their standard of morality is considered "improper"? But no, gentlemen, this is not all; if everything in this pamphlet, which is prosecuted in the name of decency and public morals, were only in this key, no notice would have been taken of it, public morality would not have been offended. Turn over the leaf—read, *Un prince*,—there you have it—*un jeune prince, au collège*.....That is the real front of my offending.

During his imprisonment he completed a corrected edition of his translation of Longus, and gave some final touches to his letter to M. Renouard, which was to form a preface to it. He received constant visits from his friends, and in particular from Béranger, whose praise he seems to have set great store on. He writes to his wife, "Tout le monde est pour moi; je peux dire que je suis bien avec le public. L'homme qui fait de jolies chansons disait l'autre jour 'A la place de M. Courier, je ne donnerais pas ces deux mois de prison pour cent mille francs.'" It was not long before the "writer of pretty songs" was also an inmate of Sainte Pelagie.

The day before his imprisonment expired, Courier was again brought to trial for a second pamphlet which he had published, *Pétition pour les Villageois qu'on empêche de danser*. He escaped this time with a reprimand. This *Pétition* attacks the régime of the Restoration on a fresh side. The return of the Bourbons brought back not only the old noblesse of the emigration, but also the clergy, whose property had been confiscated by the famous civil constitution of 1790. During the Empire the liberties of the Gallican Church had been maintained, and these clergy on their return brought with them the same sort of views of clerical position which distinguished the English clergy of the Restoration. The return of the Jesuits too, laid the foundation of the state of things which the author of *Le Maudit* has so forcibly depicted. The same principle, the restraint of all freedom, guided both court and clergy, in the provinces, and this principle showed itself in both cases under the shape of petty persecution and annoyances. Azai and Veretz are two villages close to each other in the valley of the Cher. The curé of Azai was a young man fresh from the seminary of Tours. In the abundance of his zeal, he had induced the prefect of the department to prohibit dancing and games on the village green on all Sundays and Saints'

days. The people of Veretz who kept up a friendly intercourse with their neighbours by means of these festal gatherings were interested in a return to the old order of things, and as a member of their commune Courier writes this petition. The key-note of the whole is struck in the first page: "Nous, les neveux de ces Guillots et de ces Perrettes, quittant les façons de nos pères, nous dansons au son du violon, comme la cour de Louis le Grand. Quand je dis comme, je m'entends; nous ne dansons pas gravement, ni ne menons, avec nos femmes, nos maîtresses et nos bâtards. C'est là la première remarque; l'autre, la voici. Les gendarmes se sont multipliés en France, bien plus encore que les violons, quoique moins nécessaires pour la danse. Nous nous en passerions aux fêtes du village, et à dire vrai ce n'est pas nous qui les demandons: mais le gouvernement est partout aujourd'hui, et cette ubiquité s'étend jusqu'à nos danses, où il ne se fait pas un pas dont le préfet ne veuille être informé, pour en rendre compte au ministre."

He goes on to speak of the character of these fêtes and especially of the great annual gathering, which was not devoted solely to pleasure, but in part also to business. "No disorder accompanies it, quarrels are unknown. For their quietness our gatherings are the admiration of all who see them. Indeed the people are too industrious to think of mischief, and if it be true that idleness is the mother of all vice, we ought to be exempt from vices—busy as we are for six days in the week without any break, and for a good part of the seventh. This is what some people blame us for, and they are right. Far better would it be if we followed the example of our neighbours, the Swiss, and gave up the day to practising our drill, and to thinking of foreign powers, who think of us every day of the week. For it is not enough to till the ground, and look well after our crops; we ought also to assure ourselves the gathering of them.....Our devotees would take another view of the case. They would have us do nothing on this day but pray, and read our breviary. But there is the tax-gatherer at the door—we must work and pay for those who don't work. And what with children, and old people, beggars and monks, lackeys and courtiers, the splendour of the throne, and the Holy Alliance, we have mouths enough to feed."

Then follows a very graphic contrast between the present state of these villagers, and the scenes which the end of the last century had witnessed. At the risk of accumulating too many quotations I will give a translation of it. It is a valu-

able independent testimony to facts of which Arthur Young and others have borne witness. We are apt to think that the good done by the Revolution was swept away by the return of the Bourbons, or to look upon it as a rising against oppression which was confined to the capital and the larger towns. Any evidence of the improved condition of the people generally after its close is valuable as correcting this idea.

"The English," he says, "when they see our fêtes all show the same surprise, and make the same remarks (on the order which prevails): but there are some amongst them, whose astonishment is greater than that of others. These are the more elderly among them, who, having visited France in past years, have some recollection of what old Touraine was like, and of the character of the people under the 'bons seigneurs.' I can remember what it was. In my youth, before that great era, when, a volunteer in the armies of the revolution, I left a spot so dear to my childhood, I saw the peasants starved and in rags, holding out their hands for alms at our doors, and all along the roads, at the entrances to towns, convents, chateaux, where the sight of them (for they could not help seeing them) was the plague of those very persons, who are now so indignant and so distressed at the general prosperity. Mendicancy, I know, is coming to life again, and, if what we are told is true, it is likely to make wonderful progress, but it will not for a long time reach this degree of misery. Any account I might give of it would seem feeble to those who saw it as I did; to others it would seem a mere fancy sketch: but listen to a witness, whose words cannot be questioned—it is La Bruyère.

"'You may see,' he says, 'certain wild-looking animals, male and female, scattered over the country, dark, livid, unclothed, burnt by the sun, tied to the soil, which they grope and dig at with dogged persistence. They have a kind of articulate voice, and when they stand on their feet, they show you the face of a man—in fact they are men. They retire at night to dens where they live on black bread and water and roots.'

"These are his own words and he is speaking of those who were better off, of those who had bread and work; they were then the minority.

"If La Bruyère could return now, and be present at one of our gatherings, he would see there not only human faces, but faces of women and maidens more beautiful and certainly more modest than those of his much-vaunted court, dressed in

indisputably better taste, adorned with more grace, and more becomingly; dancing better, speaking the same language, but with a voice so prettily, so softly articulated, that even he would be satisfied with it, I fancy. He would see them retire in the evening, not to dens, but to houses of their own, neatly built and furnished. If he looked for the animals that he has described, he would not find them anywhere—and, I doubt not, would bless the cause of so happy a change, whatever it might be.”

He next contrasts with the zeal of the seminarist of Azai, the sober but hearty sympathies of the aged curé of Veretz—who “far from blaming amusements, which have nothing in them which is not perfectly harmless—thinks he only does a good act in witnessing them, and giving to them by his presence and the respect which all feel for him, a fresh degree of propriety and decorum.” “And what,” he goes on to say, “is the consequence of these changes? Formerly the young people used to meet on the village green: honest attachments were formed, courtships followed, and marriages. And all this in the sight of the whole village, the best guarantee for decency and morality. Now clandestine meetings and their usual consequences will take their places. . . . Such conduct on the part of the clergy, moreover, is suicidal. Care for religion and religious duties is not the virtue of the age, and men will never be brought back to it by means like these.”

Such is the pamphlet which procured Courier a trial and a reprimand. From this time he no longer published his works openly. In 1822, he was candidate for the representation of the department of Indre et Loire, but was defeated by the Marquis d’Effiat the ministerial candidate. In the same year appeared the first of his *Réponses aux Lettres Anonymes adressées à Paul Louis Courier*. This is a letter on the subject of freedom of speech and writing, of no very remarkable merit.

The second letter, which appeared in 1823, is a very striking protest against the celibacy of the clergy and auricular confession, apropos of some scandals which had lately arisen. It contains a very graphic picture of the temptations of a young priest, obliged constantly to see and receive the confession of a young girl with whom he is in love. I should like to quote it, but I have already been too prodigal of extracts.

At the end of this year he was again in the hands of the police. The note in his works, which states the fact, does not

assign any reason. Two works of his appeared in that year, the *Livret de Paul Louis* and the *Pièce Diplomatique*. The former, which he called his "Wasps," is a series of short notes on passing events, all in the popular interest, which are valuable historically, but do not admit of analysis. It ends with a proclamation to the soldiers in the army which was going to the support of the house of Bourbon in Spain, reminding them that they were about to re-establish the *ancien régime* in that country, and that for them the *ancien régime* meant black bread and *coups de bâton*. The *Pièce Diplomatique* is an exposé of the mockeries of the so-called constitutional government in France, under the form of a letter from Louis XVIII. to Ferdinand VII. My last extract shall be taken from it: I must keep the French:

"Je ne puis approuver de même votre repugnance pour ce genre de gouvernement qu'on a nommé représentatif, et que j'appelle, moi, récréatif, n'y ayant rien que je sache au monde si divertissant pour un roi, sans parler de l'utilité non petite que nous en revient. J'aime l'absolu; mais ceci . . . pour le produit, ceci vaut mieux. Je n'en fais nulle comparaison, et le préfère de beaucoup. Le représentatif me convient à merveille, pourvu que ce soit moi qui nomme les députés du peuple. . . . Octroyez, mon cousin, octroyez une charte constitutionnelle, et tout ce qui s'ensuit: surtout ne manquez pas d'y fourrer une nouvelle noblesse que vous mêlerez avec l'ancienne, autre amusement qui vous tiendra en bonne humeur et en santé longtemps. Sans cela aux Tuileries nous péririons d'ennui. . . . Je vous défie de prendre du chagrin lorsque vous verrez ces gens-là, parmi vos Sanches et vos Gusmans, armorier leurs équipages, écarteler leurs écussons: c'est proprement la petite pièce d'une révolution, c'est une comédie dont on ne se lasse point, et qui pour vos sujets deviendra comme un carnaval perpétuel."

The last of Courier's writings is the *Pamphlet des Pamphlets*, in which he defends pamphleteering as the most effectual form of political writing. Much as this work is praised by Frenchmen, I confess that it does not appear to me very striking in comparison with some other of his works. It appeared in 1824.

Unable to write freely on political subjects, Courier began a translation of Herodotus, but did not live to finish it. On the 10th of April, 1825, he was found dead in his plantation of Larçay. His body was pierced by several bullets, and a piece of wadding found in one of his wounds showed that the

assassin was some member of his own household. Suspicion fixed upon one Frémont, his game-keeper, who was accordingly brought before the Assizes at Tours, but acquitted. Five years afterwards fresh evidence was found, which incriminated him and two brothers (Dubois), who had been in Courier's employ. One of them was dead—the other was charged with the murder. Frémont having been once acquitted could not be again put on his trial, and turned king's evidence, but his depositions were not admitted in full, and Dubois was acquitted. The jury were equally divided.

Personally, Courier seems to have been a man of keen sympathies, impatient of oppression of every kind, fearless in his denunciation of it, but at the same time distinctly a man of the pen, not a man of action. I cannot conceive of him as the leader of a party, or as himself carrying any of those measures of reform whose necessity he saw. He had neither the tact, nor the wide grasp of intellect which are necessary for such a work. He was far too independent to work in harness, whether as leader or subordinate. In this how different from his biographer, himself too wielding the same weapons, Armand Carrel.

As a writer, his chief quality is that wonderful refinement of art, whose art is completely hid—or is it not rather that the refinement of classical study has so worked itself into his very being, as to cease to be an art, and to become a second nature? It may be thought that too much has been made of a mere pamphleteer. But it must be remembered that he practically introduced into France a new engine of political warfare, which has grown into greater importance there than in any other nation in Europe. "If complete emancipation from the yoke of conventionalities of the age can be regarded as the principal mark of genius, Paul Louis Courier was the most distinguished writer of our times, for there is no single page that has come from his pen which can be attributed to any other than himself. In the midst of people who seemed to do their best to resemble each other most closely, he came forward alone, with none to sound his trumpet, without friends, and spoke as he had learned to speak, and in the tone which he thought suited him best, and was listened to.....Who of us has not felt cruelly in these later times the absence of Paul Louis Courier?—The place that he held in our ranks will remain empty to the end of the fight. But before his end, he has at least engraven on brass

the sentiments that he shared with us, and which would secure the acquittal of this generation, if ever it were accused of being a dumb spectator of all the shame of France during the last fifteen years.”*

* Armand Carrel, anno 1829.

R. W. TAYLOR.





GUL Ū BULBUL,
OR, THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

From the Persian of Hussein Va'yz Káshifi.

*Bulbul ki bagul dar nigarad mast shavad,
Sar rishtae ikhtiyarash az dast shavad.*

WHERE murmuring Rukna rolls his silvery stream
Beneath the azure of a cloudless sky ;
Where gilded spires that in the sunlight gleam

'Midst tow'ring palm trees charm the lingering eye ;
Where every zephyr on its balmy wings
To blushing roses wafts the bulbul's sigh ;

Where nature's choir in notes harmonious sings,
Making sweet music to the rustling grove ;
And not a sight and not a sound but brings

Its meed of beauty, melody and love ;
There bloomed a garden such as they behold
Who dwell by Silsabil's* blest streams above.

Not lovelier Iram, which, as bards have told,
In far Arabia's scorching desert lies,
Where false Sheddád's 'Imárets glare with gold,

Though mystery shrouds them now from mortal eyes,
Save when upon some lone lost wanderer's sight,
Its diamond turrets like a day-dream rise.

Here in a corner, shrinking from the light,
A rose bud blossomed, whose enchanting hue
Rivalled the cheeks of her whose beauty bright,

* Name of a fountain in Paradise.

O'er earth's great conqueror such enchantment threw.*
 Each morn, when issuing from his Ocean bed,
 Bright Phœbus beaming burst upon the view ;

And o'er the awakening world his radiance shed,
 The garden's guardian left his humble room,
 And paced the parterres by the path that led

To that calm nook which saw the floweret bloom ;
 As some fond lover to an arbor creeps,
 Where lulled to rest by eve's encircling gloom,

The maid he loves in guileless beauty sleeps,
 And lingering looks till at his soft sighs' sound
 Her startled eye from out its curtain peeps ;

So gazed the gardener as the days wore round,
 And watched the bud its opening charms disclose,
 And breathed the perfume it diffused around.

But lo ! one luckless morn, beside the rose
 A mournful nightingale with grief o'erpressed,
 In wistful warblings wailed his wearying woes,

And sought in song to soothe his saddened breast,
 And in the wantonness of wild despair,
 Still plucked the leaflets from their fragrant nest,

Till all the tree was desolate and bare ;
 The rose was ruined, but the thorn remained
 Stern sentry still though no fair charge was there.

With bitter sighs the gardener complained,
 And cursed the culprit in his maddening rage,
 His passion's steed no gentle patience reined,

And nought but vengeance could his wrath assuage :
 With treacherous traps the hapless bird he lured,
 And kept him captive in a cruel cage,

Mocking the pangs his prisoner endured.
 To whom the nightingale thus made his moan !
 " Oh wherefore now within these bars immured

* *Nūrī Jehân* (Light of the world) the same with Moore's *Nūr Mahall*. She was the wife of *Jehângir* (world-conqueror) who raised the splendid mausoleum to her memory, called the *Tajī Mahall* at Agra.

"Am I thus left to mourn and die alone?
"Dost thou then fancy that my notes will ring
"Here in this prison with a sweeter tone

"Than midst the branches where I sit and sing?
"Or is there nothing that can heal the smart
"Of thy great loss, but my poor breast to wring,

"From all I love, thus dooming me to part?
"If one rose ruined costs so dear to me,
"What shalt thou suffer for a broken heart?"

The plaintive prisoner by this piteous plea,
So moved his captor, that the self-same hour
He loosed his fetters, and dismissed him free

To flutter fearless 'midst each favorite flower.
Then sung the Bulbul from the tangled wood,
"The great archangel on the 'night of power'*

"Revealed that 'good must he repaid with good,'†
"So for thy kindness will I make return:
"Beneath the tree whereon at first I stood

"There lies a treasure in a hidden urn."
The gardener digging found the precious prize,
And thus responded, "I would gladly learn

"How thou divinedst what thus buried lies,
"Yet dust spread lightly o'er a clumsy snare
"Should be sufficient to deceive thine eyes."

To whom the Bulbul, "thou should'st be aware
"That when from heaven the high decrees descend,
"Tis vain to struggle, man his fate must bear,
"For God shapes all things to some useful end."

HAJJI.

* *Lailatal cadr*, vide Cor-án, C. xcvi. *Inná enzalnáhu fi lailati 'leadr*.

† Verily we revealed the Cor-án in the night of power."

† *Hal jazá-ulíhsáni illá 'líhsán?*



ROBERT BROWNING.

(*Continued from p. 28.*)

AT the close of my previous paper I pointed out two or three facts which might induce us to modify considerably the opinion commonly held about the obscurity of Mr. Browning's writings, and expressed my opinion that this would be usually found to vanish after careful and sympathetic study. Yet even his most devoted admirers cannot but admit that he sometimes taxes their power of intuition a little too severely, and makes them long that he had been somewhat more profuse in the assistance that he gives to their thoughtful attempts to reach his meaning. This is especially the case in some of his dramatic lyrics. Indeed this style of poetry, which he has made so pre-eminently his own, though it possesses a power peculiar to itself, is above all others liable to the danger of becoming obscure. It depends for its comprehension on the reader's acquaintance with a certain series of events, which have excited in the hero the passion, intended to be expressed in the lyric; and the story of these is told by means of hints and allusions let drop in the body of the poem. Now even where these are supplied in abundance, it needs no little care and attention to gather them up and group them together so as to present a vivid picture to the mind's eye. But the poet himself, having already conceived the subject of his lyric in a certain position, and having distinctly in his own imagination the train of events which brought him into it, is too apt to refuse his reader the material necessary before he can go through the same mental process, and the inevitable consequence is some confusion and obscurity. Take as an example the collection of dramatic lyrics, which the Laureate published under the title of *Maud*. I have no doubt whatever but that Mr. Tennyson could give a very satisfactory history of the "fair and stately" heroine, "that oiled and curled Assyrian bull" her brother, and the extremely morbid young gentleman in love with her. Yet most readers would have to give much careful study to those

exquisite songs, before they could answer the questions that naturally arise from them. Was the brother really slain? Did the hero ever win his Maud? How came the Russian war to expel his madness? Is he restored to sanity at all? Such are only a few of the doubts that spring up to mar our pleasure; and hence it is, no doubt, that this poem has met with so much less popularity than most of its companions. Now it must be acknowledged that Mr. Browning has sometimes fallen into this fault. I can thoroughly enter into the spirit of Coleridge's confession: "I am exceedingly cautious in criticising Shakspeare; for where I once saw blemishes, a ripened judgment and increased experience have shown me only beauties," but it seems to me at present that Mr. Browning has more than once given us a problem to solve for which he has not furnished sufficient data. My space will not permit me to quote any examples at length, and it would be manifestly unfair to insert mutilated extracts, but I would refer as illustrations of my meaning to "Porphyria's Lover," "In a Gondola," and (must I add?) that exquisitely pathetic lyric "The Worst of It."* Others there were that I had placed in this list, but a more careful study has made me remove them from it; and I dare not say that even these few will be left there long; but I think that if there were a Browning Club, these would form its Matterhorns and Aiguilles Vertes. It is a far easier, as well as more grateful task, to point out many in which a perfect mastery over this difficult style of poetry is displayed, as in the "Laboratory," "the Confessional," "a Light Woman," "Before and After," or "Count Gismond."

I have not said anything as yet of the style and diction of Mr. Browning. This is thoroughly his own, terse, vigorous and direct, and abounding in fresh hearty Saxon phrases. It is like that of Mr. Carlyle in this, that it needs some familiarity with it to make it liked at all, and very little more to render it thoroughly enjoyable. Indeed it bears no slight resemblance to what we may fancy Mr. Carlyle's would be, if he were to be induced to sing his thought instead of speaking it. There is the same grim humour flashing about at intervals over the surface of thoughts of deep and terrible earnestness: the same love for the quaint and the uncon-

* There are some good remarks on this subject in a paper published in the *Saturday Review* for Aug. 6th, 1864, entitled "Ho! for a Scholiast!"

ventional, finding vent in the one case in contorted Germanisms and "gigmanity" compounds, in the other in measures and rhymes that surely never entered into the heart of man before. The ingenious grotesqueness of "*Hudibras*," "*Don Juan*," and "*Ingoldsby*," is more than outdone in some of Mr. Browning's writings: take for instance the following from "*The Flight of the Duchess*," a poem which deepens at times into tenderest pathos:—

"Had Jacynth only been by me to clap pen
To paper and put you down every syllable
With those clever clerkly fingers,
All that I have forgotten, as well as what lingers
In this old brain of mine that's but ill able
To give you even this poor version
Of the speech I spoil, as it were, with stammering—
More fault of those who had the hammering
Of prosody into me and syntax,
And did it, not with hob-nails but tin tacks!
But to return from this excursion;"—

Or the comparison (in the same poem) of friendship with old wine:—

"Each supple a dry brain, fills you its ins-and-outs,
Gives your life's hour-glass a shake when the thin sand doubts
Whether to run on or stop short, and guarantees
Age is not all made of stark sloth and arrant ease."

Or where he speaks of the scholar—

"who emends the Iketides
While we lounge on at our indebted ease."

We must notice however that lines like these lose much of their grotesque effect when in the midst of hundreds of others more or less similar, all inspired by the same rude vigour, and rushing along pregnant with meaning and instinct with life. Nor are lines of this kind to be found in all his poems. A most accomplished musician himself, possessing a rare acquaintance with the works of the earlier masters, Mr. Browning has given us some lyrics of exquisite polish and rhythm, that one reads over and over again in pure delight at the flowing melody and perfect adaptation of the verse. This is the measure of "*A Woman's Last Word*":—

"Let's contend no more, Love; strive nor weep—
All be as before, Love,—only sleep!
What so wild as words are?—I and thou
In debate as birds are—hawk on bough.

* * * * *

Be a god and hold me with a charm—
Be a man and fold me with thine arm!
Teach me, only teach, Love! as I ought,
I will speak thy speech, Love,—think thy thought!
That shall be to-morrow, not to-night
I must bury sorrow out of sight.
Must a little weep, Love,—foolish me!
And so fall asleep, Love, loved by thee!"

Or again, note the effect produced by the change of metre in
"Before" and "After":—

"Let them fight it out, friend! things have gone too far.
God must judge the couple! leave them as they are...
Once more—Will the wronger, at this last of all,
Dare to say, "I did wrong," rising in his fall?
No!—let go, then! both the fighters to their places!
While I count three, step you back as many paces!"

"Take the cloak from his face, and at first
Let the corpse do its worst.
How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can;
And, absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance—both strike
On his senses alike,
And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.
Ha, what avails death to erase
His offence, my disgrace?
I would we were boys as of old
In the field, by the fold:
His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn
Were so easily borne.
I stand here now, he lies in his place:
Cover the face."

Specimens of his power over spirited lively rhythm will be found in the "Cavalier Songs." "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," and parts of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," which I would gladly quote, but must forbear. In blank verse "Andrea del Sarto" breathes only the tenderest sweetness; while ever and again in other poems we come across passages where the rush of impassioned thought seems every moment about to burst through the barriers of metre and sweep along untrammelled by its fetters; until we are borne away by the

current to where the channel broadens, and the stream rolls on again in calm and musical flow. Or sometimes we shall find some lyric where the poet

“Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
“As make the *critics* weep”:—

the rhymes entangled in all kinds of subtle fashions, and the mind of the reader so intent in tracing the intricacies of the metre, and wondering how the poet is to get on at all without a trip and a stumble, that it has little time to spare for the sense. Such a poem is “Through the Metidja,” of which one stanza (the first) will probably be found sufficient:—

“As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He, in whom our tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried
As I ride, as I ride.”

And so on through four more stanzas precisely similar. This is undoubtedly marvellous legerdemain, but assuredly it is not poetry. But most of the few poems like this must doubtless be regarded as exercises only, whereby the poet trained his prentice hand to use his tools with facility and skill; and if some of the chips and shavings from the work-shop have found their way to the public light of day, for which they are little fitted, yet they may well be pardoned when we see the beauty of the perfect work of art, for which their previous production was needful. It is doubtless partly owing to poems like these, that the critics have fallen foul of Mr. Browning for want of music (a charge utterly groundless as far as it concerns the greater part of his writings); but it is partly the result of a theory almost entirely new upon which he has proceeded, and which I think may be fairly defended; it must at least be recognized by those who would criticise his works. I have already referred to the dramatic style of his thoughts and conceptions. Now, rightly or wrongly, he appears to have extended this objectiveness to the form as well as to the matter of his verse. The rhythm in many cases has almost as much to do with the revelation of the character to be depicted as the words he uses. The rough guttural abrupt style of the “Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister,” helps us to conceive the narrow bigoted monk full of

malicious hate; just as the mellifluous measure of "My Last Duchess" conduces not a little to the clearness, wherewith we imagine to ourselves the wily Italian noble. A critic is bound to consider what it is that the poet has intended and to judge of his execution by the standard which he has set up for himself. Of course he is at liberty also to find fault with his ideal as being an unworthy one; but the aim of the writer and the manner in which he has carried it out are two distinct things and should be criticized apart. It admits of doubt, whether this dramatic expressiveness of rhythm and diction is suited to the genius of the English language; but if this be conceded, no one can deny that Mr. Browning has shown remarkable ability in the use he makes of it.

There is only one more charge commonly brought against him, which it will be necessary for me to notice; that of levity and frivolity in touching on serious subjects. This is based principally though not entirely on his poem of "Christmas Eve," certainly a most remarkable and at first sight startling production. It is written in the quaintest and most rollicking of measures, and abounds in the most extraordinary double and triple rhymes; and allusions to scenes of sacred history that seem to border closely on the profane. It opens with a grotesque and whimsical description of a Primitive Methodist conventicle:—

"Zion Chapel Meeting,

On the Christmas-Eve of 'Forty-nine,
Which, calling its flock to their special clover,
Found all assembled and one sheep over,
Whose lot, as the weather pleased, was mine.
I very soon had enough of it,
The hot smell, and the human noises,
And my neighbour's coat, the greasy cuff of it,
Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises,
Compared with the pig-of-lead-like pressure,
Of the preaching-man's immense stupidity,
As he poured his doctrine forth, full measure,
To meet his audience's avidity.....
Had but a single face of my neighbours
Appeared to suspect that the preacher's labours
Were help which the world could be saved without,
'Tis odds but I might have borne in quiet
A qualm or two at my spiritual diet,
Or (who can tell?) perchance even mustered
Somewhat to urge in behalf of the sermon:
But the flock sat on, divinely flustered,

Sniffing, methought, its dew of Hermon
 With such content in every snuffle,
 As the devil inside us loves to ruffle.
 My old fat woman purred with pleasure,
 And thumb round thumb went twirling faster,
 While she, to his periods keeping measure,
 Maternally devoured the pastor.....

'Twas too provoking!

My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff of it,
 So, saying, like Eve when she plucked the apple,
 'I wanted a taste and now there's enough of it'
 I flung out of the little chapel."

Then comes a change. No more sportive satire, no approach to careless flippancy. For as he passed out into the air, he saw that the rain and wind had ceased, the black wall of cloud was parted, and against the deep dark blue beyond shone out the argent arcs of a glorious lunar rainbow. Then there appears a Vision of the Ineffable; and strains of rapt devotion are poured forth from a heart swelling almost to bursting with a passionate longing for personal communion with the Human Infinite. From the rest of the poem I dare not quote; it must be read by a man alone in his most sacred hours. But the question is pressed upon us, how we can endure to have the grotesque brought into such close contact with themes so exalted. Every one knows the fearful scene when Macbeth comes forth from the chamber where he has left the murdered Duncan, his hands dyed with the blood that would

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red."

Not less familiar is the scene that almost immediately follows it, when the horrid news of his father's murder is brought to Malcolm surrounded by the other nobles. But how is it that Shakspeare has filled up the interval? With buffoonery as broad and coarse as any to be found in his merriest comedies. And the reason for this has been pointed out by Mr. De Quincy, in one of his most subtle and original papers.* The effect of the tragedy is doubled, by the snatches of comedy interspersed. Mr. Browning may be well contented to shelter himself behind the example of the prince of dramatists and the sanction of one of the first of critics. But again, it is often true that a jest fathoms more of the depths of truth than the sombrest earnest. Some men have a natural dis-

* *Collected Works*, Vol. xiv., pp. 192-197.

position to look at things the most solemn with a smile that comes not from frivolity but from the very intensity of feeling. And such appears to be the case with Mr. Browning. Is it levity merely, think you, that inspired "The Heretic's Tragedy" and "Holy-Cross Day"; with its grotesque description of the Jews of Rome all driven to hear the annual sermon preached to them; their bitter sneers, and stifled passion, ending in their low muttering of Rabbi Ben Ezra's Song of Death? Let us hear the words with which he himself finishes "Christmas Eve":—

"If any blames me,
Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
The topics I dwell on, were unlawful,—
Or worse, that I trench, with undue levity,
On the bounds of the holy and the awful,—
I praise the heart and pity the head of him,
And refer myself to *Thee* instead of him,
Who head and heart alike discernest,
Looking below light speech we utter
When the frothy spume and frequent sputter
Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest!"

Mr. Browning's faith, like that of all the truest-hearted men, is too deep and firm to be troubled by a passing jest, more than the depths of ocean are moved from their eternal stillness by the faint breeze that plays on its rippling surface.

There is only one more point on which I wish to speak, but that is one of the highest importance. There can be little doubt that Mr. Browning's permanent reputation rests most securely on his dramas. Now of the functions of tragedy no better definition has been given than that of Aristotle, "that its aim is to purify by means of pity and terror." But its success in this depends, not on musical lines and terse and vigorous language, not even on clearly sketched character and striking scenes, but on the one grand idea running through the whole, and the skill with which this is worked out. Hence I ought to show by examples Mr. Browning's power in the management of a plot, and his vigorous conception of a drama as a united whole. But I have already trespassed so long on the kindness of our indulgent editors, that I must content myself with a single instance, with which I shall conclude. I should have liked to have said more on Paracelsus, that strange combination, the father of modern chemistry, the boastful quack, the honoured professor at Basel, the drunken vagabond, dying in a hospital; and to have sketched however faintly the five scenes presented to us; his

departing from his loved and adoring friends Festus and Michal, when he sets out full of the proud resolve to *know*; his meeting with the Italian poet Aprile, nigh worn to death in his lifelong quest of *love*; his proud position at Basel, the idol of the students, and the visit of Festus to him there, awakening all the reminiscences of his bright early youth; the meeting again at Colmar, when Paracelsus, driven from his honoured post with scorn, once more aspires; the close in the Salzburg Hospital, with Festus watching tenderly over his ruined dying friend, who knows him not, till at last he wakes only to die with "many things growing clear," and filled with a trustful hope. I would fain have spoken of Pippa, the sunny innocent maiden, passing along the borders of scenes of sinful pleasure, treacherous deceit, wild passion and murderous crime, and with her fresh young voice of song sending into each words that break like a beam of heavenly light into their foul atmosphere, and scatter it as with the breath of God. I would have gladly told the tale of Luria, the noble-hearted Moor, filled with humble reverence for the great Christian state of Florence, and serving it with all his varied power, till his soul is tortured even to death by the treachery and falsehood of his masters. Then there is the exquisite picture of the fair young Duchess Colombe in the midst of a selfish and intriguing court, with only one true heart to lean upon in the trouble that comes upon her. Or again there is the story of the patriot fanatic Djabal, with pure unselfish longings, yet careless as to the means he uses, and so failing in the very hour of his triumph, and dragging with him in his fall those whose happiness was dearer than life to him. "We hardly know pathos more grand than that of 'Luria,' or pathos more passionate than in the 'Return of the Druses.'" But I must pass by all these. I must say nothing of the masterly manner in which we are made to see characters develope before our eyes in "King Victor and King Charles," nor of the epic grandeur of "Strafford," with its two heroes, once bosom friends, now parted by the impassable chasm of duty, across which they cast upon each other ever and anon looks of unutterable sadness; Pym with his unswerving loyalty to England; Strafford not less loyal to his faithless coward King. I must pass on to the analysis of what a critic of no mean order* has pronounced to be "one of the most finely conceived and perfectly executed tragedies in the language," 'A Blot on the Scutcheon.' The persons of the play are few; Thorold Earl

* Shirley in "The Campaigner at Home."

Tresham, Mildred his sister, and Austin his brother, who is engaged to his cousin Guendolen, Henry Earl Mertoun, and Gerard, an old retainer of the Treshams, are all. The first scene represents the interior of a lodge in Lord Tresham's Park, filled with his retainers; they are all crowding to the windows to see the cavalcade; for

"the young, rich, bountiful,
Handsome Earl Mertoun, whom alone they match
With our Lord Tresham through the country-side,
Is coming here in utmost bravery"

to ask for the hand of Lady Mildred. As the train passes, all are full of enthusiasm and delight; Gerard alone sits by himself in gloomy silence, from which the rest in vain endeavour to arouse him. Then we witness the meeting between the two nobles, the one, scholar, soldier, statesman, with his perfect courtesy and proud gentleness; the other with youth's ingenuous modesty, full of passionate love for Mildred and reverence for her noble brother. The suit is urged, and granted as far as lies in Tresham's power.

"Have you seen Lady Mildred by the way?

Mert. I... I... our two demesnes, remember, touch:
I have been used to wander carelessly
After my stricken game; the heron roused
Deep in my woods has trailed its broken wing
Through thicks and glades a mile in yours,—or else
Some eyass ill-reclaimed has taken flight
And lured me after her from tree to tree,
I marked not whither. I have come upon
The lady's wondrous beauty unaware,
And—and then—I have seen her.

Guen. [*aside to Austin*] Note that mode
Of faltering out that, when a lady passed,
He having eyes, did see her! You had said—
"On such a day, I scanned her, head to foot;
"Observed a red, where red should not have been,
"Outside her elbow; but was pleased enough
"Upon the whole." Let such irreverent talk
Be lessoned for the future.

Tresh. What's to say
May be said briefly. She has never known
A mother's care; I stand for father too.
Her beauty is not strange to you, it seems—
You cannot know the good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust, and its woman's constancy,
How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,
How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet free

As light where friends are—how imbued with lore
 The world most prizes, yet the simplest, yet
 The.....one might know I talked of Mildred—thus
 We brothers talk!

And so it is arranged that on the morrow Mertoun is to come to woo Mildred herself. We have some more of Guendolen's sprightly woman's wit, and then she promises to go to Mildred and talk to her of her new lover. So at night she goes to her cousin's chamber to relate to her the interview and describe the Earl. But Mildred listens to her impatiently, and pleading weariness, hastily dismisses her. She rises from her seat:—

"Is she—can she be really gone at last?

"My heart! I shall not reach the window. Needs

"Must I have sinned much, so to suffer. There!"

She places a lamp in the window by a purple pane. Then rises from without a soft low song of exquisite melody, the casement opens, and Henry Mertoun enters. This was the Blot on the 'Scutoheon. The boy and the girl in the guilelessness of their fresh youthful love had fallen into sin, and now they were to reap its bitter fruit. Mildred's heart is full of heaviness. The dreaded interview is over; her brother's consent is already won; yet the sense of secret guilt fills her with a foreboding that the cup of happiness already at her lips is not for her. Mertoun tries in vain to cheer her.

It will soon be over.

Mild.

Over?

Oh, what is over? what must I live through
 And say, "'tis over"? Is our meeting over?
 Have I received in presence of them all
 The partner of my guilty love,—with brow
 Trying to seem a maiden's brow—with lips
 Which make believe that when they strive to form
 Replies to you and tremble as they strive,
 It is the nearest ever they approached
 A stranger's...Henry, yours that stranger's—lip—
 With cheek that looks a virgin's and that is—
 Ah, God! some prodigy of Thine will stop
 This planned piece of deliberate wickedness
 In its birth even—some fierce leprous spot
 Will mar the brow's dissimulating—I
 Shall murmur no smooth speeches got by heart,
 But, frenzied, pour forth all our woeful story,
 The love, the shame, and the despair—with them

Round me aghast as men round some cursed fount
 That should spirt water, and spouts blood. I'll not....
 Henry, you do not wish that I should draw
 This vengeance down? I'll not affect a grace
 That's gone from me—gone once, and gone for ever!
 * * * * *

How you must

Despise me!

Mert.

Mildred, break it if you choose,

A heart the love of you uplifted—still
 Uplifts, thro' this protracted agony,
 To Heaven! but, Mildred, answer me,—first pace
 The chamber with me—once again—now, say
 Calmly the part, the....what it is of me
 You see contempt (for you did say contempt)
 —Contempt for you in! I would pluck it off
 And cast it from me! but no—no, you 'll not
 Repeat that?—will you, Mildred, repeat that?

Mild.

Dear Henry!

Mert.

I was scarce a boy—e'en now

What am I more? And you were infantine
 When first I met you—why, your hair fell loose
 On either side!—my fool's-cheek redden now
 Only in the recalling how it burned
 That morn to see the shape of many a dream;—
 You know we boys are prodigal of charms
 To her we dream of—I had heard of one,
 Had dreamed of her, and I was close to her,
 Might speak to her, might live and die her own,
 Who knew?—I spoke. Oh, Mildred, feel you not
 That now, while I remember every glance
 Of yours, each word of yours, with power to test
 And weigh them in the diamond scales of pride,
 Resolved the treasure of a first and last
 Heart's love shall have been bartered at its worth,
 —That now I think upon your purity
 And utter ignorance of guilt—your own
 Or others' guilt—the girlish undisguised
 Delight at a strange novel prize—(I talk
 A silly language, but interpret you!)
 If I with fancy at its full, and reason
 Scarce in its germ, enjoined you secrecy,
 If you had pity on my passion, pity
 On my protested sickness of the soul
 To sit beside you, hear you breathe, and watch
 Your eye-lids and the eyes beneath—if you
 Accorded gifts and knew not they were gifts—
 If I grew mad at last with enterprise

And must behold my beauty in her bower
 Or perish—(I was ignorant of even
 My own desires—what then were you?) if sorrow—
 Sin—if the end came—must I now renounce
 My reason, blind myself to light, say truth
 Is false and lie to God and my own soul?
 Contempt were all of this!.....
 Mildred, I love you and you love me!

Mild.

Go!

Be that your last word. I shall sleep to-night.

Mert.

This is not our last meeting?

Mild.

One night more.

Mert.

And then—think, then!

Mild.

Then, no sweet courtship-days,

No dawning consciousness of love for us,
 No strange and palpitating births of sense
 From words and looks, no innocent fears and hopes,
 Reserves and confidences: morning's over!

Mert.

How else should love's perfected noon-tide follow?

All the dawn promised shall the day perform.

And so they part. I have dwelt long on this scene, partly because it is the key to the whole drama, partly because I could not help it. But now I must hasten on.

Gerard the old forester has known for weeks of the nightly visits paid by some stranger to Lady Mildred; and this it was that filled his heart with care. Now he comes to tell the whole to Tresham. Nothing can be more touching than the way in which the damning words are wrung from the faithful old retainer's lips; and the bewildered maddened anguish of the brother, as his pride in the unstained family name, and his tender love for his sister, are stung to the very quick. He sends Guendolen to summon Mildred, and when she comes, meets her with the most passionate description of a brother's love (would that I had space to quote it!). He gently breaks the fatal charge to her, but as her silence shows her guilt, pity changes into sternness, and he demands her lover's name. In her deep shame and misery she dare not utter it; and sadly but firmly he orders her to countermand the letter inviting Earl Mertoun to woo her. "But, Thorold—if I will receive him as I said?" "*The Earl?*" "I will receive him!" Maddened beyond control at her apparent shamelessness, Tresham pours forth his wrath in words of bitterest sarcasm and rushes off, leaving her fainting and fallen. Guendolen alone still clings to her and by her faith and love keeps Austin there. At last poor Mildred falters out:—

"I—I was so young!

Besides, I loved him, Thorold,—and I had
No mother—God forgot me—so I fell!"

Guen. Here, Mildred, we two friends of yours will wait
Your bidding; be you silent, sleep or muse;
Only when you shall want your bidding done,
How can we do it if we are not by?
Here's Austin waiting patiently your will!
One spirit to command, and one to love
And to believe in it and do its best,
Poor as that is, to help it—why, the world
Has been won many a time, its length and breadth,
By just such a beginning!

Mild. I believe
If once I threw my arms about your neck
And sunk my head upon your breast, that I
Should weep again!

It is not long before Guendolen's quick sympathising woman's wit discovers the truth; Lord Mertoun and the secret lover are the same; Mildred is guided to her room and they await the return of their brother. Night comes on; and Tresham, who has been roaming wildly through the forest, finds himself beneath Mildred's window. Mertoun enters, murmuring to himself:—

"And so I shall no more see rise
My love-star! Oh, no matter for the Past!
So much the more delicious task to see
Mildred revive; to pluck out, thorn by thorn,
All traces of the rough forbidden path
My rash love lured her to! Each day must see
Some fear of hers effaced, some hope renewed!
Then there will be surprises, unforeseen
Delights in store. I'll not regret the Past!"

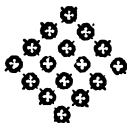
Furious with rage Tresham rushes out upon him. All attempts to speak are fiercely checked; Mertoun is forced to draw and after a few passes, falls wounded even to death. The scene that follows I cannot venture to abridge and have not space to quote at length. Mertoun's sad forgiving confession; Tresham's wild remorse, driving him to the poisoned draught; Mildred's piteous broken-hearted grief that swiftly carried her spirit with

Its depth of purity immovable
Beneath the troubled surface of her crime,
to join her loved one in eternal union, are painted with a

master's hand. The exquisite pathos that runs throughout this tragedy is carried on unbroken to the last sad close.

And so I fitly finish what I had to say of the poems of Robert Browning. For years they have been to me a source of never-failing and ever-increasing pleasure, and it is in the earnest hope that others to whom they may be now unknown, will find in them the same rich harvest of delight, that I have ventured to write this Essay.

L.





HYLAS.

THEOCR. Id. XIII.

I TROW that not for mortal hearts alone
Love had his being, whence soe'er he be,
Nor to us first, the creatures of a day,
That may not see the morrow, is it given
To feel the beauty of the beautiful.
Even he, Amphitryo's iron-hearted son,
Who faced the raging lion, loved a boy,
Beautiful Hylas of the curly locks,
And taught him, as a father would his child,
All good, and brave, and noble-hearted things
By which himself grew noble, brave, and good.
All times they were together; at high noon,
When morning's snowy steeds went up the sky,
And when the little chirping brood look up
While on her dusky perch the mother-bird
Flutters her beckoning wings; that so the boy,
Fashion'd in all things to the master's mind,
True to the yoke, might make a perfect man.

But when from rich Iolcos, Æson's son,
Jason, was sailing for the golden fleece,
And the young nobles, strong in heart and hand,
The flower of many cities, flock'd to him;
Among them came the great Alcmena's son
Of Midea, much-enduring Hercules:
He with young Hylas sought the well-bench'd ship
Argo, that touch'd not the gray jostling rocks,
But, like an eagle clave the mighty surge
Between them, and in Phasis rode secure.

And when the Pleiads rose, and growing lambs
Browsed in far fields, the spring being past its prime,
The godlike heroes set about their voyage.
They took their places in the hollow ship,

Hylas.

And came with three days' breathing of the South
To Hellespont, and found safe anchorage
Within Propontis, where the labouring ox
Brightens the plowshare in Cician soil.

And landing there at evening, two and two
The heroes hasten'd, some to serve the feast,
And some to strew the couches on the shore;
For near them lay a meadow broad, and rich
In herbage soft to lie on, whence they cut
The slender rush and lowly galingale.
But Hylas went for water for the feast
Wherewith to serve Alcides and his mate
Stout Telamon, his comrade at the board.
And quickly in a hollow-lying spot
He spied a fountain: round the margin grew
Thick rushes, and the pale-green celandine,
Green maiden-hair, and parsley clustering fresh,
And couch-grass densely spreading o'er the marsh.
And down beneath the nymphs prepared a dance;
The sleepless nymphs, dread rustic deities,
Eunica, and Nychea fair as spring,
And Malis: and when Hylas, all intent
To fill the brazen pitcher that he held,
Plunged it in deep, they clung about his hand,
For love of the fair Argive boy had drawn
Its circle round the tender hearts of all.
And sheer into the waters dim he fell
As from the sky falls sheer into the sea
A ruddy meteor, and the sailor cries
To his mates 'Let go, my lads, there comes a breeze!'

And on their knees the nymphs in gentle ruth
Took the fair boy, and sought to stay his tears;
The while Alcides, troubled for his sake,
Went with his well-bent bow and Scythian shafts
And the great club his right hand ever grasp'd.
Thrice from the full depth of his mighty throat
He shouted 'Hylas!' thrice fair Hylas heard,
And from the water came a slender voice
That seem'd, albeit so near, a great way off,
And like as when a bearded lion, fierce,
That hears the faint cry of a fawn from far,
Hastes from his lair to seize the ready meal;
So in the hungry craving of his heart
The hero crash'd thro' many a tangled wood
Pathless and dense, and traversed many a league.
O hapless lot of lovers! How he toil'd,

Roaming the trackless hill ; and what to him
Was now the heroic quest whereon he came !

But Argo floated with her sails aloft,
And at mid-night the heroes cleansed the decks,
Waiting for Hercules ; while he, afar
Went madly, as adventure led his feet
Wild with the pang of loss that rent his heart,
Thus was fair Hylas number'd with the blest.
But harshly spake the youths of Hercules
And called him base deserter, who had left
The thirty-benched ship for coward fear.
And so they left him ; but he came on foot
To Phasis and the inhospitable shore.

J. H. C.





THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD DON.

DO you think I am quite blind to all the opinions that are uttered so freely about the older Members of the College fraternity? Do you imagine that such words as Monachism, Malthusianism, Sciolism, and a hundred other invidious-isms, never reach my ears? were never used by myself in my younger days, when the great Quadratic of life had not been worked out into the solution - $\frac{1}{2}$ (and that the better one)? If you do, (and I am sure you seem to do it) you are much mistaken. Speak evil of the king, and a bird of the air shall carry it: speak evil of the college dignities, and the birds of the college (the vultures) shall whisper it to them.

The general opinion among the undergraduate world about an Old Don, is, that his main delight, nay, the chief end of his existence consists in getting up a good cellar of old wine for the next generation, (port in particular): a feast day in hall; a turn in the grounds on Sunday afternoon after the weekly grave and solemn attendance at St. Mary's: but most exquisite and supreme of all, to order young mad-caps* to put their gowns on. It is to correct such an impression erroneous as well as infamous and thoughtless, that I sit down to pen this my confession. I said erroneous, for let me ask this one question. If youngsters have grand dreams and hopes and aspirations, in their after-hall smoke, or lazy moods; if they forsooth think that a life of passion and activity, of earnestness and labour, of thoughts, bookwriting, and all the other phantasmagoria of a young brain that rails against Logic, and neglects Mathematics, and reads Homer and Sophocles for their beauties and not for the grammar, particles and allusions; if they do all this and at last turn out Senior Ops., or

* *Not* those caps, the board of which has been long shattered and gone to wreck.

Third Class Classics; what must have been the hopes, the aspirations, the mental struggles, the lofty passions of those who were high Classics and Wranglers, prize-poem writers, and prize-essayists? I throw something far higher. Talk not then of what your earthly and blind eyes cannot see. Talk not of an Old Don as an old dry stick who delights in Greek particles and mazy problems and long series. Dream not that you are the only ones who see beauties in the antique literature, or *think* the end of all science is to produce stiff problems. You comprehend us not, our mission, our high and holy purposes, or the meaning and end of our pursuits. We read you all through and through. We pity but do not despise you, for in time you will look on things with other eyes. But, as Terentius says, Verbum sap., sat—To my tale.

I was a Scholar of the College, and had worked steadily and not unsuccessfully for two years and a half. I will candidly admit that in those days I was not so particular in the matter of dress, bearing, or accent, as I now am, and I dare say (though not from Cumberland) was slightly Septentrionian. But what of that? I stuck to Mathesis, and the ardour of my devotion was only exceeded by the closeness of my application. I also read up the authorities for matters of faith—a subject on which all undergraduates are strikingly ignorant. This was the round of my life from term to term, till, in the May of my third year, occurred an event on which even now I look back with wonder and sadness. One of the few chums I had for Sunday afternoon walks and ditto evening teas, had a visit from an aunt and sister for a week during that term, and I was called into requisition as cicerone and cavalier. One afternoon of the aunt, with her sharp nose and questions, her piercing spectacles, and dry discourses, sufficed for me, and afterwards as much as possible I attended on the niece Miss Eloisa J—, and she was worthy of all the attentions I could lavish on her. All attempts at description would be useless and might lead to identification. She was not one of those every day pretty girls who wear pink in Summer and blue in Winter. There was nothing positively striking about her, except her hand which was beautifully small and neat. Her hair was dark, smooth, and well done up. Her brow was not lofty, but, if anything, broad. Her cast of face was thoroughly English, none of the Roman hauteur or the Grecian contour about it. Her complexion, features, expression were all her own. Not like those of the vain young Cantabrigian belles, of a sallow wax

and pink, regular and sadly unimpassioned: but bright, lively, arch, quaint, good humoured, with but little colour, yet with a strong glow pervading all. Her eyes and her teeth were her best points. The latter were clean set and *laughing*; the former burning-black, large and bright, and flashing like meteors. No: meteors sometimes flash like them. Though quiet, staid and decorous, even timorous before strangers, yet after an interview or two with one to her liking, she would open out like a sensitive plant. She soon began to listen with attention to my accounts of examinations, and tripos aspirations, and to the true and faithful characters of other men I drew for her, of their envy, malice, conceit, &c., &c. She gradually became interwoven into all my hopes and dreams of future comfort. It was not love in a hut. There would be no *cottages* near seas or woods for me. I did not fancy such thoughtless thriftless prospects. No. I had a bright vision of a model parsonage and a restored church in a parish, where *she* would enliven the visiting population with her sprightly and wickedly innocent sallies, and where by the force of my profound, learned, and *popular* preaching, dissenters would be few. Ah! that week! I verily believe my reading average was not eight hours a day.

It was her last evening in Cambridge. J—— had to go somewhere and left me in charge. I proposed a walk in the grounds which the aunt declined for herself under pretence of being afraid of the damp and the evening air, but in reality, I could see, to stay behind and ransack J——'s drawers and overhaul his rooms. Eloisa however was graciously consigned to my care with orders to see she did not catch cold. Off we set. In the day time there was a kind of piquante, saucy, half-sarcasm about her which naturally possessed great fascinations for a strong and vigorous mind like mine, unused as I was to the society of the other sex. But as evening drew on, when that charming calm prevails whose stillness is only rendered more striking by perhaps the evensong of a thrush, perhaps the cooing of ringdoves, or perhaps the moaning of the wind in the topmost branches of immemorial elms, then was the time when all the beauties of her nature came out. Her feelings seemed responsive to the time and the place. I had just been explaining a passage from St. Augustine to her great satisfaction. She murmured some answer, and we walked on in a mutual silence along the banks of the dark green river. A solemn stillness held the air, and we wandered on overawed by the majesty of the scene. A

last, at a quotation I brushed up from Gray or Collins, she looked with her liquid eyes right into my face. Had anything been wanting to make me lose all command of head and heart, that look was enough to do it. Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes commingled with mine, which I endeavoured to throw all into one look. She then let fall her eyes and looked away sad and thoughtful: dim memories, I supposed, floating through her brain, delicious thoughts haunting mine. At the sight of the long silken fringy lashes drooping over the humid starlike eyes my heart beat high; indeed all through that walk I felt a kind of exulting pride in the thought of being partner to so heavenly, so spiritual a creature. What I poured into her ear with low impassioned tremulous voice I do not now remember. All I know is, I wished I had studied *Byron* more than *Wood's Algebra*, and *Shakespeare* more than *Euclid*. At last the bell rang and we returned to J——'s rooms where we found the aunt hastily closing a drawer. J—— had not returned; so in the twilight she sang an old familiar song or two. The old window, the antique wainscot, dark with flickering shadows, the low voice, the dim dusk, and my feelings all harmonised well together, and I was half sorry when J—— came back, and the lamp was lit, my two cups and three plates borrowed and tea made. But in jokes and merry talk the evening flew quickly, too quickly away. Next morning we saw them away by the coach, and I noticed that she fixed her lustrous eyes on me with a wondering wandering gaze as if her thoughts were far away. After the usual leave-takings* the coach rattled off with all the attendant and often-described éclat. That night my rooms did seem cheerless, cold, dreary, desolate. In moody solitary wretchedness I sat by the fire toying unconsciously with the poker, and for the first time in my life (but not the last) began the following introduction to a grand Spenserian poem in her honour:—

The stars of heaven, bright and unquenchable,
Each like a lamp set in his sev'ral place:
When sullen night wraps in a pall of sable
The blue serenity of vaulted space;
And the pale moon begins her upward race;
Then do they gently shed their light like dew,
Down-gazing on us with mild-wond'ring face,

* The writer is ready to take oath that the pressure of his hand when taking hers was quite imperceptible.

Like angel's pitying eye that never knew
What sin or sorrow was, and melteth at the view.

What was to come after I never determined, for it took me so long to write the above, especially the last line, that I gave up in despair, and after sewing a button on my coat, darning a hole in my stockings, and learning a few Latin quotations, I took down Newton and read five hours like a man.

The above episode in my college career lent me new force and energy. I did well in the May, and a few weeks after went down to spend two or three days with J—— by special invitation *from his aunt*. I reached the house, situated in the middle of a neat garden (all old maids are good gardeners) and knocked with a beating heart. Welcomed I was, but *she* was not there, and though I was panting to ask after her, I dared not, and was miserably mute on that subject. At last the aunt vouchsafed the information, that she had gone out with Mr. L—— to do a little visiting, and they would be back to tea. My blood run cold at this announcement. I fell into a fever of jealousy. I conjured up visions of domestic tyranny and meditated elopement. When they did get home at last, I saw it all. No need of an introduction to him as Eloisa's betrothed. Mild and clerical-coated curate as he was, I could not but feel furious at him. To my astonishment she did not blush or falter, but welcomed me with her old manner, with the same smile, the same lively expression. He was the same in manner as her, quite kindly, not at all like what a rival ought to be. That night to me was one of torture. She sang and played (like a Siren I thought), and they all exerted their utmost powers to charm and please. At last Mr. L—— left and J—— went part of the way with him. The aunt left the room to scold the servants or perform some other housewifely duties, and *we* were left alone. We managed somehow to get into conversation, she doing all the talking and showing herself to be what in extremely vulgar phrase would be "very jolly." She made me her confidant about Mr. L—— and talked of her visit to Cambridge; how she was thinking of him in those dear old grounds at dusk when I so kindly took her round them, and how she wondered what he was doing. I could have killed myself! The wondering wandering look in the coach flashed on my memory. What a mistake I had made! What a fool, what an egregious fool I had been! I had had enough of it

(ἀλὺς περὰ τε), and cut short my visit. Need I say the Spenserian poem was immediately consigned to the flames all unfinished as it was: that they were married; that my success in life has been continual since then; while they have struggled on in married misery? One son is up here now, but—he rows, runs, and has been plucked for his Little-Go. I have stuck to Cambridge, and my earnest endeavours have ever been to advance the cause of science, and by the imposition of salutary restrictions on the rebelliously-inclined undergraduates in the way of enforcement of punctual attendance on early and frequent lectures, and regular chapel-keeping, to break them in like wild young colts: so that in their after-life they may perform the daily routine of their profession quietly in harness, and take the bit and wear the collar all the more patiently because they were inured to it in youth, and first driven by men of superior talent and abilities.

“SAPERE AUDE.”





THE WORM I' THE BUD.

We thought that life and health were hers
And many a year before her:
But ere another summer came
The grass was waving o'er her.

At first a short dry cough; 'twas nought
She answered, half in anger:
Then strange wild ecstasies would come
Or weary fits of languor.

She grew too fair; her dark eyes gleamed
With an unearthly splendour;
We read the truth, but told it not,
For fear we might offend her.

Her wasting form grew weak and thin,
Her pale hand hot and whiter:
The hectic flush upon her cheek
Wax'd brighter still and brighter.

But when the winter past, and spring
Came treacherously smiling,
We thought our flower would bloom again—
We knew not death's beguiling.

She died one sunny morn: but while
Our breasts with grief were heaving,
Her pure soul stooped to print one kiss
Upon the lips 'twas leaving.

The sweet lips answered with a smile;
We breathed one silent prayer,
Folded her hands upon her breast,
And placed a lily there.

"SAPERE AUDE."

A VOYAGE TO THE AUSTRALIAN STATION.

(Continued from p. 199, Vol. IV.)

Ballarat and the Gold Diggings.

I HAD but a vague and general idea that Ballarat was a town of canvas tents—inhabited by a population of diggers governed by Judge Lynch; I was sure there would be nothing like an hotel, and the best accommodation would be found in a booth like the ‘Crown and Anchor’ of Greenwich Fair.

Such was the Ballarat I expected to find. My readers may like to know what the actual Ballarat was.

We left Melbourne at 11.30, and reached Ballarat at 3.30. This gives a speed of 25 miles an hour, and as no accident has yet happened on any of the 200 miles of Victoria Railway, the government deserve honourable mention for their management. No tunnel or embankment and only one short viaduct is required, as the country is almost a dead level. For 20 miles we saw no tree, and I was reminded of the familiar dreariness of the prospect that once spread before me as I travelled by the Great Eastern, from station to station through the Eastern Counties flats. For the rest of the way the country is a little more diversified, and there are plenty of gum trees with a fair undergrowth of grass.

About 3 P.M. we passed through a track of gravel land furrowed with trenches and pools half full of water, and with mounds and embankments along their edges; this was something of the scenery I expected in the diggings. I began to look out for Ballarat. The station is finer than the average of English ones, with the usual mob of loafers on the platform. There is, however, an unmistakeable Yankee twang about everybody and everything in the colony which seems strongest at Ballarat, and strikes you even on the platform.

My idea that Ballarat could show no better hotel accommodation than a canvas tent was rather shaken when I found the ‘George Hotel’ could make up 80 or 90 beds, and had a large bar, a sitting room, a billiard room, &c., besides a dining room, where we found tables laid for 30.

One more surprise awaited us in our bedrooms, which were provided with toilet apparatus complete, razors excepted. We prefer to provide these things for ourselves in England; but the colonials seemed to approve of the arrangement, as the hair brush already stood in need of a wash, and the tooth brush was dyed pink with the dentifrice of the last guest. The cold bath does not seem to flourish as in England; "bath-room" always figures in large letters on the bills and cards of the hotels: but my experience is that it is an apartment out of repair, or just painted, or unavailable for some reason or another—probably the inhabitants are prejudiced against it on account of the untimely death of a popular Melbourne alderman, caused by an unwise use of a cold bath: a thing so contrary to his usual habits, that he never recovered the shock.

Curious to see what Ballarat was like, we sallied out next day on a voyage of discovery, and found that like all towns in Victoria, the streets ran east, west, north and south. A few doors down the street we passed a group of five banks, all built of a dark blue stone that abounds here. Each building rose to the height of three stories, and in each the words "Gold Office" glittered on the blinds of one or two windows. As may be expected, I know no town in England that could surpass Ballarat in the character of its banks.

About 100 yards further down the street stands the Mechanics' Institute, which we entered. Proceeding down the passage to the reading room, we passed on one side a small lecture room, capable of holding 300 or 400 people; on the other, two rooms for evening classes, which, I was sorry to hear, did not answer well. The reading room, however, was well filled with attentive readers; upstairs is a really fine lecture room, in which, when platform and area are filled, 1000 people can find room.

There are few places of public amusement at Ballarat. A French colony seems to start with a theatre; whilst an English one begins with a warehouse, and follows it up with a church, trusting to the law of supply and demand to provide theatres and other recreations.—At least in Ballarat this expectation has proved a vain hope. I did not visit the theatre or dancing room, but a friend informed me that he was once the sole occupant of the boxes, and had considerable difficulty in hearing the actors on account of the din in the pit; whilst in the dancing saloons, full dress consisted of shirt sleeves, and trousers tied up at the knee.

Leaving the Mechanics' Institute, we pass the intersection

of the two main streets: here is the pedestal on which a monument to the explorer, Wills, is to stand; here also does stand the Ballarat Shop. The front of that shop must be 100 feet at least, and seems to offer for sale everything a man can want for house furnishing or body clothing.

We pass many streets branching off to the right and left, noticing that all of them begin with much show, but fall quickly into the decay of wooden houses and sheds. This convinces us that we are in the "main artery" of traffic, so we follow it on. After walking some distance we came to a place where the ground began to sink a little, and the size of the houses a great deal. Stone houses became the exception instead of the rule, and even the wooden ones dwindled in size, until the front was barely large enough to frame door and office window, on which was written, in seven cases out of ten, the words "share broker," "land-agent," "attorney," &c. This is the most Americanized part of the town; the streets also are a little more irregular, and as you walk under the piazza that is built from each house, little can be seen but the glaring white paint on the opposite house fronts; whilst along the front of the piazza is fixed a huge board with the tenant's name and business in the largest letters of deepest black.

We passed several churches; in some the iron building that first served for a church is converted into a school, and by its comparison with the present larger stone church, which is not without architectural pretensions, gives an idea of the rapid increase of the parish in numbers and wealth.

In these parish schools, which receive government aid, religious differences are ignored; indeed I believe all religious instruction is prohibited. Every one knows how the government has endeavoured to introduce this system into the National schools at home. A strong proof of the impossibility of ignoring the religious difficulty in treating the subject of education is afforded by these schools, for they are as sectarian as in England. For instance, if a school is attached to a Wesleyan chapel, it is filled with Wesleyan children; if to a Roman Catholic chapel, with Papists, &c.

I have previously praised the broad streets of Melbourne, the result of making the roads that pass between the huts of the first settlers of the same magnificent breadth that is so striking in Burke street, or Elizabeth street. The final result is satisfactory: but the intermediate stage of small buildings and small traffic passing through the enormously wide roads of this part of Ballarat is very dreary. The very small houses

on the opposite side of the way seem almost thrown into perspective by the breadth of the street, and to walk across the road seems like crossing a desert. However we contrived to get as far as the Hospital and Benevolent Asylum: the former is a two-storied building, with ten large windows in the front of each story, built in 1856; it is a sign of the surprising growth in wealth of the community, as gold was not discovered until 1851, and Ballarat was by no means the first gold field. As might be expected in a mining district, we found that a large proportion of the cases were casualties from explosions, and other mining accidents. The Benevolent Asylum (our workhouse) is a pretentious building with many pinnacles and oriel windows. It contains 203 inmates: 103 are deserted children; most of the rest are bedridden; considering the length of time this colony has been in existence, I was surprised to find that with hardly an exception these last are from the old country.

As yet the poor of the colony are relieved by voluntary contributions: we should suppose the colony rich enough to do this easily, but it is here generally admitted that paupers are becoming so numerous that voluntary efforts must be supplemented, if not altogether superseded, by government aid.

These buildings formed the limit of my walk; I could now form a more correct idea of Ballarat. Brought into existence originally by the rush for gold, it has outlasted that excitement, and settled down into the great inland mart of the colony—though even now gold mining, gold selling, &c., are the occupations of thousands.

The importance of the agricultural interest may be gathered from the 1864 prize list of the annual show of the Ballarat Agricultural Society, founded in 1858. There are three classes of horses, comprising twenty-eight sections; there are twenty sections in the cattle class, fifteen in the sheep, thirty-one in implements, and thirteen in machinery. To each section two prizes are allotted, and in three cases silver cups of the value of £10 or £15. In the early days of the colony gold was obtained, as is well known, by washing the sand and mud deposited in the beds of rivers whose streams had gradually worn down and carried away the gold dust formed in the quartz. It is generally known that this kind of work was soon exhausted, and explorers naturally turned their attention to getting gold direct from the quartz itself. This is still a principal way of obtaining it; the other plan is on the whole more remunerative and requires rather

less capital. For its discovery the colony is indebted to a common sense application of the simple principles of geology. Ballarat is built in a wide valley between two ranges of hills: one of these is quartz, and in the streams proceeding from it quantities of gold were found: the other range is composed of basaltic rock, and for sometime was not supposed to contain gold. To one explorer however it occurred that in former geological ages this unproductive range must have been quartz also; that the sands of the streams running from this range into the sea, must have been impregnated in like manner with gold dust, and that the waters must have washed away nuggets of gold from the quartz; that the beds of these streams with their golden treasures must still exist under the flood of basalt, which had poured over the range and choked up the streams—so that, if the basalt was pierced through, the streams would be reached and the washings from the beds prove to be rich. At 400 feet below the surface, these results were verified; a rich bed was hit upon, and large quantities of gold obtained. Most of the companies at Ballarat obtain gold in this way; their works are called alluvial.

Only one spot, called Black Hill, is mined for quartz crushing,—Sandhurst being the great centre for this kind of mining.

Our first visit was paid to the Black Hill works.

After a few words with the manager, we walked up the hill side to the tunnel which leads to the excavations. Standing at its entrance we had a capital view of Ballarat: it seemed to extend over a length of nearly two miles, having a breadth never exceeding a quarter of a mile. I was informed that two or three high circular brick towers, conspicuous in different parts of the town, are watch stations for observing the first signs of a fire and giving notice to the fire-engines. As near as I could guess, we walked about seven or eight hundred yards before reaching the scene of operations. Starting from the level we were on, the miners had worked upwards, until to save props, they had broken out to the light, and we found ourselves on the floor of a large pit or excavation some two or three hundred yards square, and averaging a depth of thirty from the surface. A large extent had evidently been worked out and presented nothing but heaps of profitless mullock, much resembling white chalk. Following a train line leading towards a part of the pit sunk deeper than the rest, we came upon a party of miners at work. The white clay which formed the hill, seemed here broken by firmer and darker bands of earth, whilst a

vein of quartz, in some places a pure white, in others stained red, ran down the cutting. Whilst looking about for a few moments, I saw the glitter of gold in the clay; quickly extricating my prize, I set up a shout of triumph, but was disgusted to find I had been deceived by a small fragment of spar, to which a yellowish lustre was imparted by the clay in which it was imbedded. My guide assured me that the clay contained no gold whatever: and although the quartz paid very well for stamping, yet it was useless to expect to see the gold in the rock. We now followed to the mouth of the pit a train of trucks loaded with quartz; here the ore was tilted down a shoot which at once brings it under the hammer of the crushing machine: this consists of sixty hammers, (each 7 cwt.), alternately rising and falling into a closed chest or trough, the front of which is composed of plates of metal, perforated with holes of different sizes: these chests contain mercury to form an amalgam for the gold: the hammers incessantly falling with a crash that shakes the wooden sheds and offices, crush the quartz and send it flying in all directions; the waters and the particles small enough to escape through the perforations fly out and escape, the rest falls back and is thus passed again and again under the hammer until crushed into an impalpable powder, from which all the gold has been drawn by the action of the mercury. The quartz, now reduced to powder, mixes with the water and flows out from the chest down an inclined plane and so escapes; ledges are fixed at different parts of the incline to break the flow of the stream, and the plane is laid with baize to entangle any finer particles that may have escaped. The deposit is collected several times a day, and exposed to the action of mercury; after which it may fairly be concluded very little gold escapes.

In some works the quartz is calcined before being crushed, but this is the only process I have omitted to mention in the foregoing account.

We now proceeded to the Band of Hope alluvial diggings, which lay upon the other side of the town. We drove through a bare plain with nothing but the unsightly sheds of the different workings to relieve the view; each shed was of wood with a great lop-sided tower, also of wood, rising out of the midst. Our guide introduced us to the manager, who asked us to liquor before seeing the works. This is an indispensable preliminary to all colonial business. Thus in the course of our visit, we liquored on this our first introduction; we afterwards drove some miles to another

working where we again liquored; upon our return to the Band of Hope we again liquored; we inspected the works and again liquored, and one of the party told me he had had a private liquor on the sly. A liquor is conducted after this manner: the party walk up to the counter and one says "I shout; What will you take?"—then you ask for brandy and water, sherry, &c. (never for beer) as you feel disposed.

Our guide now took us up a rickety set of steps.

At the top we found ourselves on a raised part of the floor of a long shed with the mouth of the pit a few feet before us, whilst beyond was the machinery for hoisting up the men and ore (if the wet masses of dirty blue sand and pebbles that came up in the buckets can be called ore). The process of cleansing was very summary. The most prominent objects in the large room we were in were three large cisterns like mash tubs; the ore was tipped into these, mixed with water and stirred by harrows drawn round and round by horse power; the lighter sand was carried away and the whole well washed. After a certain time the water is drawn off and the mud scraped out and thrown into a trough or shoot. A strong stream of water is directed down this shoot and carries away the pebbles and much of the sand, the larger pebbles are carried different distances down the trough, whilst the gold immediately sinks to the bottom in consequence of its great specific gravity.

This process is carried on for six hours: by that time the trough is filled with quartz pebbles and white sand, whilst at the top of the shoot a light yellow spot gleams through the water. In this spot is collected nearly the whole result of the work of the mine for the last six hours.

The mass of pebbles is vigorously raked over and over to get rid of all the sand and mud, the water is then turned off, and the contents of the trough shovelled into a pierced iron plate which acts as a sieve to retain all the larger pebbles: little escapes but gold and a metal, called mundick, of nearly the same specific gravity as gold. The mass is now stirred about by a magnet to which any particles of iron &c. adhere, and the remnant is taken to a furnace to be thoroughly dried. We followed to see the final process: in a few minutes the result of six hours mining in the shape of a number of drops of gold about the size of shot reappeared shining in virgin beauty. Even now it is not quite purified: a vessel, like a frying-pan with wide sides and a deep lip going right to the bottom is produced. The metal is shaken in this until the mundick (being of less specific gravity) is collected on the

outside of the mass; from time to time the workman blows out the refuse over the lip of the vessel until nothing but gold is left. The yield is then weighed, registered, sealed up, and taken to the bank. The Band of Hope employed 250 men, and the yield for the day was £400: the largest nugget, in size and shape not unlike the top of a man's little finger, was worth about £20 or £25; the cost of raising the gold was about £250, leaving a very fair profit which enabled the company to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. per mensem. This was an instance of a fair day's work on a successful mine;—we afterwards visited another where all the visible result of the expenditure of £18,000 was a tall engine-house and an unceasing stream of brackish water.

There is not much to be seen by descending into the mine: we met one party who had been exceedingly fortunate, for they had just hit the moment when a rich pocket of gold had been discovered, one of them described the narrow seam which had once been the bed of the river running like a band along the side of the working; and at one particular spot the nuggets stood so thickly clustered together in the clay, that, in the liberality consequent upon the first moments of surprise, the manager scratched them out with the point of a clasp knife and presented one to each of the party.

Round each mine an extensive piece of land is always covered with the sandy refuse from the workings: round its edges are pitched many small gipsy tents, whilst near at hand are crowds of Chinamen hard at work re-washing the refuse. So careless is the process of separating the gold that many of these fellows make a comfortable livelihood out of the gold they get in this way, whilst some are lucky enough to find a prize: still oftener however a poor fellow is found dead in his tent of starvation and hope deferred. Still crowds of Chinese flock to the gold metropolis. One of the most interesting street sights of Melbourne is a number of the fellows just after they have left the emigrant ship; away they go, their bright beady eyes glistening; their tails knotted up round the head; their tongues jabbering in spite of the single file they march in. All their goods are slung in a couple of square lidless boxes hung at the ends of a stout bamboo resting on the right shoulder, and giving to the spring of their motion as they trot along. We now returned to Ballarat, and having left a valuable deposit in gold, in payment of our hotel bill, we returned to Melbourne by the last train.



IN MEMORIAM G. A. P.

HE has gone to his grave in the strength of youth,
While life shone bright before him :
And we, who remember his worth and truth,
Stand vainly grieving o'er him.

He has gone to his grave ! That manly heart
No more with life is glowing ;
And the tears to our eyes unbidden start,
Our sad hearts' overflowing.

I gaze on his rooms as beneath I pace,
And the past again comes o'er me,
For I feel his grasp, and I see his face,
And his voice has a welcome for me.

I gaze on the river, and see once more
His form in the race competing ;
And I hear the time of his well-known oar,
And the shouts his triumph greeting.

Flow on, cold river ! Our bitter grief
No tear from thy waves can waken :
Thy whisp'ring reed, and thy willow leaf
By no sad sighs are shaken.

Thy banks are thronged by the young and gay,
Who dream not of the morrow ;
But thou hast no ear for a mournful lay,
No sympathy with sorrow.

Flow on, dull river ! Thy heedless wave,
As it echoes shouts of gladness,
Bears forms as stalwart, and hearts as brave,
As his whom we mourn in sadness.

But an arm more strong, and a heart more bold,
And with purer feelings glowing,
Thy flowing waters shall ne'er behold,
Till time has ceased from flowing.

" MEMOR."



OUR CHRONICLE.

SINCE the appearance of our last number, death has carried away G. A. Paley, Esq. M.A., of this College.

Those of us who remember his athletic figure, and his genial countenance, will find it hard to believe that we shall see him no more. We believe that his death was caused by Typhus fever. Mr. Paley graduated in 1860 as a Senior Optime. He was well known as an eminent oarsman, in the days when Cambridge boats were generally successful. He rowed as No. 2 in the Lady Margaret 1st boat (1857), when it kept its place at the head of the river: he was bow of a winning Cambridge crew at Henley, in 1858; and he was No. 7 of the crew which sunk at Chiswick in 1859. In the same year he won the Colquhoun Sculls, and was 1st Captain of the L.M.B.C.

But we would not speak of him here merely as an eminent oarsman. No man in his day has ever been more loved and respected in this College than George Paley. No one ever heard a harsh or ungenerous word come from his lips; no one ever heard him speak or act in a manner unworthy of a gentleman and a Christian.

High and noble qualities like his ought to be as great a source of pride to a College, as the achievement of the highest intellectual honours; and in these days, when perhaps undue importance is attached to mere intellectual ability, it may be well for us to be reminded that a man may pass his time up here without gaining any very high distinctions, and yet, by the example which he sets, produce a good influence amongst us, and be held in remembrance and honour by all who have known him.

The events of the past Term which call for notice here have been but few. The first which we have to chronicle is the unexpected death of the Master of Trinity. Away from the University, his name was that which was always referred to as the representative one of the place, and his death will leave a gap which will not easily be supplied. The Rev. W. H. Thompson, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek, and Canon of Ely, has been nominated by the Crown

as his successor. The vacancy caused in the council of the Senate has been filled up by the election of the Master of Clare College.

A Professorship of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology having been founded by the University, A. Newton, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Magdalene College, was elected to the chair by the Electoral Roll; his opponent being Dr. Drosier, M.D., Fellow of Caius College.

A proposal by Mr. H. Y. Thompson, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, to endow a lectureship at the University on American literature and institutions, the lecturer to be appointed by the Senate of Harvard College, near Boston, United States, was submitted to the Senate during the present Term, and was rejected, there being 106 non-placets to 75 placets.

The Rev. E. H. Perowne, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

We are happy to announce that the Craven Scholarship has been adjudged to Mr. Thomas Moss, of St. John's College.

The new College Chapel is advancing steadily. The roofing of the nave has commenced, and throughout great progress has been made.

In the Mathematical Tripos in January last, the performance of the College was hardly up to the usual average. Mr. Hill was bracketed fifth Wrangler, and there were besides, eight other Wranglers from St. John's.

We omitted to chronicle last term the death of a distinguished member of the College—The Right Hon. Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, the first Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury. In supplying the omission it may be interesting to state that he was the seventh Johnian who had filled that high position, the others having been

1. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

2. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, in the reign of King James I.

3. Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, in the reign of George I.

4. Charles Watson Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham, under George III.

5. Frederic John Robinson, Viscount Goderich, (afterwards Earl of Ripon), under Georges III. and IV.

6. George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, in the reign of Her present Majesty.

The first Classes in the several years in the College Examination, in December last, were composed as under :

THIRD YEAR.

Charnley	{ Carpmael, E.	Beaumont
Groome	{ Chaplin	Hope
Blunn	Green	Thornley
Landon	Gwatkin	Sandys
Thorpe, C. E.	Fiddian	Poole, T. G. B.

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer :

Fisher	Alford
Laycock	Tunnicliffe

SECOND YEAR.

Moulton	Laidman	Lloyd
Smales	Marshall, F.	{ Haslam, S.
Griffith	Watson, A. M.	{ Sparkes
Watson, F.	{ Holditch	Lester
Verdon	{ Obbard	Ellis
Bourne	Wilkins	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer :

Braithwaite	Luck, R.	Almack
Fynes-Clinton	{ Gannon	Ashe
Brook Smith	{ Jesson	
Osborne		

FIRST YEAR.

[Arranged in each Class in order of the Boards.]

Routh	Reynolds, C. L.	Hodges
Bennett, J. R. S.	Ibbetson	Eustace
Cassells	Norton	Goodwin
Cochrane	Robinson	Giles
Boutflower	Watkins	Mansfield
Barnes	Squires	Reed
Simpson	Bennett, G. L.	Drake
Hart, W. E. Junr.	Howlett	Elliott
Chamberlain	Pridlen	Hodgson
Hallam	Bousfield	Oxland
Benson	Capel	Fitzgerald
Cotterill, H. B.	Griffiths	Smith, G.
Hewison	Preston	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer:

Mr. Coape	Stokes, G. F.	Betts
Welsby	Ledgard	Steele, R. U.
Cowie	Hey	O'Grady
Carpmael, C.	Adams	Reece, A. D.
Percival	Bakewell	Reece, J. F.
Orr	Gillespie	Macdona
Stoney	Horne	Hill, B.
Lee-Warner	Scott	Vinter
Sykes	Gilderdale	Proud

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the next Term are:

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer, A. Forbes.
Secretary, F. G. Maples.
1st Captain, F. Andrews.
2nd Captain, W. Bonsey.
3rd Captain, A. Low.
4th Captain, J. M. Collard.

The Second Division race began on Wednesday, February 28th. The following is the list of Bumps:

Wednesday, Feb. 28.

1 Emmanuel 2	12 Emmanuel 3 }
2 Catharine	13 Pembroke 2 }
3 Corpus 2	14 1st Trinity 5 }
4 Queens' }	15 2nd Trinity 2 }
5 1st Trinity 4 }	16 Jesus 2
6 Christ's 2	17 Lady Margaret 4
7 Caius 2 }	18 1st Trinity 6
8 Lady Margaret 3 }	19 Downing }
9 3rd Trinity 2 }	20 Sidney }
10 Clare 2 }	
11 Trinity Hall 3 }	

Thursday, Mar. 1.

1 Emmanuel 2	11 Clare 2
2 Catharine }	12 Pembroke 2
3 Corpus 2 }	13 Emmanuel 3 }
4 1st Trinity 4	14 2nd Trinity 2 }
5 Queens' }	15 1st Trinity 5 }
6 Christ 2	16 Jesus 2 }
7 Lady Margaret 3	17 Lady Margaret 4
8 Caius 2 }	18 1st Trinity 6 }
9 3rd Trinity 2 }	19 Sidney }
10 Trinity Hall 3	20 Downing

Friday, Mar. 2.

1 Emmanuel 2	11 Clare 2
2 Corpus 2	12 Pembroke 2
3 Catharine }	13 2nd Trinity 2
4 1st Trinity 4 }	14 Emmanuel 3
5 Queens'	15 Jesus 2
6 Christ 2	16 1st Trinity 5
7 Lady Margaret 3	17 Lady Margaret 4
8 3rd Trinity 2	18 Sidney
9 Caius 2	19 1st Trinity 6
10 Trinity Hall 3 }	20 Downing

The crews of the 3rd and 4th Boats in the races this term, were composed as follows:

3rd Boat.

1 A. G. Cane
2 C. W. Bourne
3 J. W. Hodgson
4 W. H. Simpson
5 J. Musgrave
6 S. Haslam
7 J. Watkins
A. J. Finch (<i>stroke</i>)
A. Q. Bros (<i>cox</i>)

4th Boat.

1 H. R. Beor
2 E. W. M. Lloyd
3 C. A. Hope
4 E. L. Pearson
5 J. W. Horne
6 E. Miller
7 W. H. Green
H. Radcliffe (<i>stroke</i>)
R. Bower (<i>cox</i>)

The Lady Margaret Scratch fours for the present term were rowed on Wednesday, March 1st. Seven boats entered, and after three bumping races, a time race was rowed between three boats which came in in the following order:—

FIRST.	SECOND.	THIRD.
1 J. Toone	1 J. Musgrave	1 A. G. Cane
2 R. Hey	2 H. R. Beor	2 A. M. Watson
3 W. Bonsey	3 W. Almack	3 E. L. Pearson
E. W. M. Lloyd (<i>st.</i>)	F. G. Maples (<i>st.</i>)	A. Low (<i>stroke</i>)
R. K. Prichard (<i>cox.</i>)	J. W. Hilton (<i>cox.</i>)	A. S. Wilkins (<i>cox.</i>)

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the fact that there were five Johnnians in the first class of the Classical Tripos this year; of whom four were among the first eight, Mr. W. F. Smith being second. There were also seven in the second class, and five in the third.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Tuesday, March 13th.

The winner was Private H. Ashe.

A match was shot against No. 1 Company, at the same time No. 7 Company proving victorious by 28 points.

The Officers' Pewter for the present Term has been won by Private Ashe.

A Challenge Cup for recruits has been presented to No. 2 Company, by Corporal Roe, to be shot for every Term. The first holder is Private J. E. Reece.

The University boat is now in training at Putney, and with more hope of success than for many years past. We are glad to find that our College is represented by two of its members Mr. H. Watney rowing 7 and Mr. A. Forbes being coxswain.

The St. John's College Athletic Sports were held on Monday, February 26th. The following is the list of the races:—

	Winner.	Second.	Distance or Time.
High Jump	R. Fitzherbert		5 ft.
100 Yards	W. O. Boyes	T. W. Brogden	11 sec.
Putting the Weight	W. Charnley	R. Hodges	29 ft.
Hurdle Race, 120 Yards }	R. Fitzherbert	R. Hey	19 sec.
Graduates Race, 200 Yards }	W. H. H. Hudson	A. F. Torry	22 sec.
Quarter of a mile	W. O. Boyes	D. L. Cowie	59 sec.
Long Jump	R. Fitzherbert		19 ft. 3 in.
One mile	R. Atkinson	C. Hoare	5 m. 12 s.
Hopping Race, 80 Yards }	R. Hey	W. Lee Warner	
Walking Race, 2 miles }	G. C. Whiteley	W. Charnley	17 m. 30 s.
Consolation	E. Braithwaite	G. Osborne	
Strangers' Race }	Cheetham, Trinity Hall	Gibbs, Jesus	55 sec.
quarter-mile, for £20 Cup			

The University Athletic Sports took place on the 3rd, 5th, and 6th of March. The only representative of the College who succeeded in winning a University Prize was Mr. W. Doig, who won the walking race of 7 miles in 62 m. 20 s.

The inter-University Sports took place at Oxford, on Saturday, March 10th. Oxford was successful in the mile race, in the hurdle, and the 100 yards; Cambridge in the long jump, the high jump, putting the weight, throwing the

hammer, and the quarter-mile race, while the two mile race was undecided, Mr. Long of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mr. Laing of Oxford, running a dead heat.

The Officers of the Cricket Club for the present season are—

President, Rev. A. F. Torry, M.A.

First Captain, F. A. Souper.

Second Captain, W. Almack.

Secretary, A. C. Skrimshire.

Treasurer, E. W. M. Lloyd.

The following gentlemen have during the present term been unanimously elected members of the Stained Glass Window Committee:

T. Benson.

T. de C. O'Grady.

H. H. Cochrane.

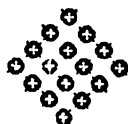
W. Lee Warner.

H. B. Cotterill.

A further list of subscriptions and donations will be given next term.

We are requested to inform those who are about to leave Cambridge, that it will be a great convenience to the Committee, if they will pay their subscriptions before they go down.

The vacancy in the editorial committee of *The Eagle*, at the commencement of the present term, for which there were three candidates, was filled up by the election of Mr. T. Moss.





PROFESSOR ADAMS' RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

BY an old rule of the Editors, the technicalities of science are excluded from the pages of the *Eagle*: and if this article should appear to any of our readers to trench on this rule, we must make the importance of the subject, the interest it will have to many resident and non-resident subscribers, and our peculiar pleasure in the success of our eminent fellow-collegian, our apologies, if such indeed be needed. Many, we hope, of the scattered members of our college, as they read this paper, will be pleasantly reminded of the hours they have spent on Godfray's *Lunar Theory*, or Herschel's *Astronomy*, or Laplace's *Exposition du Système du Monde*; and many more, to whom these pleasant recollections are denied, will read with interest an account of one of the most remarkable and pregnant discoveries of modern times.

Professor Adams, director of our Cambridge Observatory, at the beginning of the present year, received from the hands of the President of the Royal Astronomical Society the Gold Medal for his valuable contributions to the Development of the Lunar Theory. I propose in the present paper to give a short sketch of the nature of these contributions, and to point out their importance, and their position in the splendid History of Astronomical Discovery. It will be possible, I trust, to present this subject in a manner that shall be intelligible to an attentive reader, even if he is unversed in the mysteries of mathematical representation.

If a careless person were to note the position of the moon among the stars on a succession of fine evenings, he might suppose that, during the intervals of twenty-four hours between his observations, the moon moved over equal distances. A more careful observer would see that this is

not quite the case; but that sometimes it moved faster, and at other times slower. If now his attention were arrested by this irregular motion, and he were accurately to observe what the motion of the moon really is at all times, and express it in such a manner as to enable him to predict its motions and position for the future, and assign it for the past, he would be constructing by observation a Lunar Theory. The astronomers before Newton, by means of observation alone, made progress in this direction which will always strike the student of the subject with admiration and astonishment. They discovered that the position and motion of the moon depended upon the relative position of the sun; and found means of expressing this dependence. To show how they discovered this, and how they expressed it, would be to write an historical account of the Lunar Theory, which is not my purpose; it will suffice here if it is understood that they discovered that the distance of the moon in front of, or behind the position which it would have occupied had it moved uniformly in a circle round the earth, could be represented by adding to and subtracting from that position a long series of small distances, each of which depended ultimately in a simple manner on the relative position and distances of the three bodies, the sun, the earth and the moon. These small distances are called terms, equations, variations, &c. In the discovery of the existence, and accurate establishment of the magnitude of more and more of these small terms, and thereby predicting more accurately the moon's position, resides the development of the Lunar Theory.

Newton's hypothesis of the law of gravitation, that all bodies attracted all others with a force proportional to the mass and inversely proportional to the square of the distance, altered the aspect of the Lunar Theory. If the law were true, (and the evidence for it was overwhelming,) the motion of the moon might be deduced from this law, by tracing its consequences when applied to the mutual action of the three bodies: and, conversely, the truth of the law might here be submitted to the most rigorous test. Newton began this great work with unrivalled sagacity, and the great mathematicians of the age succeeding him, applying the powerful instrument of analysis to the problem, raised the theory by successive approximation to an extraordinary pitch of perfection. The highest stimulus was given to the observers and to the mathematicians; any deviation of the observed place of the moon from the place predicted for her by the mathematicians, sent them to their work again: the inexorable moon

travels on in her orbit regardless of the efforts that are being made to account for her eccentric motions; and if she is not where the mathematicians say she ought to be, either their calculations or the law of gravitation must be wrong. Lunam quis dicere falsam audeat.

Now discrepancies of this kind have several times occurred; and the importance of Adams's discoveries is well illustrated by some of them. In any single revolution, it may be well to observe, of the moon round the earth, her path will be nearly an ellipse; cutting the plane in which the earth moves round the sun, in a line which is called the line of nodes; and the axis major of which is called the line of perigee and apogee, from its passing through the points at which the moon is respectively nearest to and furthest from the earth. But the path is not quite an ellipse; it is distorted by the action of the sun on the moon, and at the end of the month the moon has not exactly returned to the spot where she was at the beginning. Hence she sets out for the next month in a new ellipse differing slightly from the previous one; and the new line of nodes or line of perigee will be in a different position from the old one; and this is expressed by stating that the line of nodes advances or is retrograde. Now it will be understood that such motions as these admit both of being observed, and of being calculated, on Newton's hypothesis; and Newton's hypothesis is tested by its results agreeing with observation. The most famous discrepancy was in the motion of the line of perigee. The theory of Newton, in his own hands, gave only half the motion actually observed. And moreover when the higher calculus was applied by the skilful hands of Clairaut, it gave the same result. Clairaut did not hesitate to suggest that Newton's law might be an incomplete and approximative representation of the law of nature; but he was fortunate enough to discover afterwards that it was his own calculations which were incomplete and approximative; they were soon advanced to a level with observation; the agreement was complete, and Newton's law established more securely than ever.

Once more, the smaller planets Juno and Pallas and Vesta were affected with perturbations of unaccountable magnitude. They seemed from their character to be due to Jupiter, but Jupiter's mass was inadequate to produce them. Bessel suggested that the attraction which Jupiter exercised on them might be not in proportion to his mass, but be *elective*, like magnetic attraction: an extraordinary solution,

which has been happily rendered unnecessary by Airy's discovery that the mass of Jupiter had previously been wrongly determined, and that when the right mass was used the disturbances of the little planets were all *en règle*.

So when a discrepancy is found to exist between calculation and observation, it has been always the herald of fresh discoveries.

Now when the solution of the great problem about the moon's motion was first effected, and was awaiting the verdict of the future to test its powers of accurate prediction, it was an obvious thought to verify it by an appeal to the past. If the shortness of life forbade these early mathematicians to verify their calculations in future ages, they could at least shew that the position of the moon at any past epoch could be accurately ascertained. And the accuracy of these predictions respecting the past, if I may be allowed the expression, could be examined by means of the records of eclipses. Would or would not their theory assign such a position to the moon on June 21, B.C. 399, that her shadow should be thrown on Rome just before sun-set, and on January 23, A.D. 883, that her shadow should be thrown on Antioch?

Halley seems to have been the first who considered this question. With astonishing clearness he seized the conditions of this question, saw that the knowledge of the elements, on which the solution was to be founded, was as yet incomplete, and saw also the probability that, when the accurate knowledge was obtained, it would appear that there was a peculiarity in the moon's motion entirely unforeseen by others, that it was now moving faster, and performing its revolution in a shorter time than it did in past time. If the longitudes of Bagdad, Antioch, and other places were accurately known, "I could then," he says, "pronounce in what proportion the moon's motion does accelerate; which that it does, I think I can demonstrate, and shall (God willing) one day make it appear to the public." Newton adds to his second edition of the *Principia*, the words, "*Halleius noster motum medium Lunæ cum motu diurno terræ collatum paulatim accelerari primus omnium quod sciam deprehendit.*"

This is the first chapter in the History of the discovery by observation of the amount of secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion. The next chapter should contain an account of the detailed examination of all the ancient eclipses, and the inferences as to the acceleration finally deduced. The details are however too complicated for introduction here: I can only observe that in order that an ancient eclipse

should be valuable for this purpose, its date, its hour and the place of observation are required: and to ascertain these requires often a minute historical and geographical investigation, besides elaborate mathematical work.

If the place and date are given, and the tables in which the moon's motion is minutely described, are used to calculate the path of the eclipse of that date, if the tables are in error ever so little they will make the path of the eclipse pass not over the given place, and it may thence be calculated what change must be made in the moon's mean motion as given by the tables, to bring its shadow at that particular date to that particular place. Such are the two eclipses observed by Ibn Junis at Cairo in A.D. 977, and 978, "*quæ in astronomiâ lunari,*" says Mayer, "*auro argentoque omni pretiosiores, meo quidem iudicio sunt habendæ.*"

And again, if the place is given, the date is not given exactly but is known to be within certain limits, even this record can be made use of. For it must be recollected that total eclipses of the sun are not common at any assigned spot. In London, for example, only one has been seen since A.D. 1400. If then a calculation from the tables of the moon's motion, assuming a certain amount of secular acceleration, is made about the eclipses which have been visible at that spot, it may happen that none took place within the assigned limit of time which was total at that spot, but that there was one eclipse which would have been total at that spot if we make a slight change in the assumed acceleration. And thus the amount of the acceleration and the date are simultaneously fixed with a certain degree of probability. The degree of this probability depends of course on the previous accuracy of the tables and on the tolerable correctness of the amount of acceleration first assumed; for if they were far wrong more than one eclipse might be forced into identity with the historical eclipse, by making suitable hypothetical corrections in the moon's mean motion. And thus the eclipse which Thales is said to have predicted was identified by Bailey and Oltmann, with the one which took place on September 30, B.C. 610; but by Airy with that of May 28, B.C. 585.

Hence it will be understood:

(1) That observation indicates a secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion.

(2) That eclipses furnish the means of ascertaining the amount of the acceleration with a considerable degree of accuracy.

(3) That the amount of the secular acceleration deduced

from observation is not less than 10", and the latest works on the chronological eclipses raise it to 12", and even to nearly 13".

Now for a long time theory was entirely unable to account for this. It seemed as if the law of gravitation was inconsistent with a secular acceleration. Euler and Lagrange pledged themselves to this assertion. Laplace tells us somewhere that he at first thought the *motion* of the moon might affect the influence which the sun's attraction exercised on it. But at last he discovered the true cause. Some account of this must be given before Adams's discovery can be appreciated.

There is one term in the expression for the moon's motion discovered by observation by Tycho Brahe, which indicates that during half the year the moon is a little ahead of its mean place, and during the other half of the year a little behind it. This he called the annual equation. It was shewn by theory to depend on the varying distance of the earth and the sun, that is on the eccentricity of the earth's orbit: and it depends on it in this way. The average effect during a month of the disturbing influence of the sun on the moon is to diminish the gravitation of the moon to the earth, so that the moon is sustained in space, and describes her orbit, at a somewhat greater distance, and with somewhat less angular velocity than she would do if abandoned by the sun. This average diminution of her gravitation to the earth is proportional to the mass of the sun, the radius of the moon's orbit, and the inverse cube of the mean distance during the month of the earth from the sun; and may be shewn to be to her total gravitation to the earth in the ratio of the squares of the periodic time of the moon and earth, or as 1:179 nearly.

Now this gave to Laplace the key to the mystery. The inverse cube of the mean distance during the month of the earth from the sun involves the eccentricity (e') of the earth's orbit; and on examination it appeared in fact that in the expression for the mean diminution of gravitation of the moon to the earth there was a term $\frac{3}{8}e'^2$. Now this would alter if e' alters; and e' *does* alter, in consequence of the attraction exercised on the earth by the other planets. Here then *might* be the key to the problem which had puzzled the world for nearly a century.

When Newton tested, by the newly obtained value of the earth's diameter, his idea that terrestrial gravitation might be the force that retained the moon in its orbit, he became so excited, it is said, that he was unable to finish his calculations.

Laplace's hand may well have trembled as he proceeded with his problem.

The diminution of the square of the eccentricity (e^2) between the years 1700 and 1800 A.D. &c. was known to be $\cdot 0000015325$, and since the mean diminution of gravitation of the moon contained the term $\frac{1}{175} \times \frac{3}{2} e'^2$, it would diminish by $\frac{1}{175} \times \frac{3}{2} \times \cdot 0000015325$ or $\cdot 0000000128425$ of itself. Now the moon moves through nearly $\frac{100 \times 365}{27\frac{1}{3}} \times 360 \times 60 \times 60$

seconds in the century; and hence the theoretical diminution of the diminution of the mean angular velocity, or the secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion is equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ the product of these two numbers, or a little more than $11''$; and thus agreed very nearly indeed with the observed acceleration.

Once more theory and observation completely accorded, and many have been the pœans sung on this triumphant verification of the law of gravitation. Strange indeed that the slow and small influence of the planets on the form of the earth's orbit should thus manifest itself in an increased velocity of the moon, and be detected by a study of the ancient records of eclipses.

And now at last the reader is in a position to appreciate Adams's discovery. If there had still remained a discrepancy between theory and observation, it would be easy to anticipate that Adams had reconciled them. He has done no such commonplace thing. He has done what is far more important; he has shewn that the theory, though it agrees with the observation, is in error. He has shewn that Laplace overlooked a certain cause of disturbance. I cannot express this in other than mathematical language. Laplace assumed that the tangential disturbing force would have no effect on the mean angular velocity, and took into his calculations only the central disturbing force. But by a method of great intricacy, and one that avoids all possible sources of error, Adams shewed some years ago that the secular acceleration due to this change of eccentricity of the earth's orbit is only $5''\cdot 7$. He observed that the differential equations which implicitly contain the solution of the problem of the moon's motion had been integrated on the supposition that the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was invariable; and that when its slight variation was recognized, and the eccentricity was treated as depending on the time, terms of a non-periodic or secular character were introduced into the expression for the moon's mean motion which

had been overlooked by all previous astronomers; and whose effect was to reduce the amount of calculated acceleration from $10''$ to $5''.7$. Then began the famous controversy which has occupied so much of the attention of astronomers. At first Adams stood alone, with Laplace, Damoiseau, Plana and Carlini ranged against him: and not only so but his result did not agree with the actual acceleration as inferred from the eclipses, and theirs did. It was not only Adams contra mundum but Adams contra lunam also. Soon however Delaunay, the distinguished French mathematician, recalculated the term by a fresh method, and his result agreed exactly with Adams's. Then Pontécoulant indignantly repudiated these "*nouveaux termes*," and speaks of Adams' method as "*une véritable supercherie analytique*." The contest was becoming exciting; and at this moment Hansen's tables of the moon appeared in which the coefficient was taken at $12''$, which was found to agree very well with observation. Leverrier, on presenting a paper on the subject to the Academy of Sciences, adds "*M. Hansen, dans sa communication de ce jour, démontre nettement et sans réplique possible et sérieuse qu'avec cette valeur de $6''$ on est absolument incapable de satisfaire aux observations de la lune, et notamment à celles des éclipses.*"* Nous conservons donc des doutes et plus que des doutes sur les formules de M. Delaunay. Très-certainement la vérité est du côté de M. Hansen."

During all this time Adams maintained a dignified silence. His reasoning had been published. The question is purely a mathematical one in fact, and soon fresh mathematicians entered the lists. Plana, Main, the late Sir John Lubbock, and Professor Cayley, have in succession grappled with the formidable difficulties of the analytical question, and the coefficient when calculated to an extraordinary degree of accuracy, retaining even terms of the eighth order, is decided unanimously to be $6''.11$. This then is the amount of the secular acceleration produced in the moon's mean motion by the perturbing action of the planets on the eccentricity of the earth's orbit.

Let us pause for one moment to reflect on the minuteness of the discovery. It has been discovered that the moon's motion is being accelerated; that it is travelling faster during the present century than during the past century; and that it will continue to travel faster and faster. How much faster

* This has been verified by M. Marth.

does it move now than it used to do? In the present century it will advance by 10" or 12" more than it did in the century preceding. Or in other words if any one had observed the motion of the moon from A.D. 1600 to 1700, and then again from A.D. 1700 to 1800, he would have discovered that in the second interval of 100 years the moon had travelled further than it had done in the first interval by the 150th part of her own breadth. And the discovery of Adams is, in plain words, that we know why she has advanced $\frac{1}{150}$ th of her breadth, and do not why she has advanced the other $\frac{149}{150}$ th.

It is unspeakably wonderful that the genius of man should have discovered such a fact as this. Wonderful that this very small amount of acceleration should ever have been discovered: wonderful that its cause should ever have been found; and scarcely less wonderful that now the cause has been found to be not quite adequate, and that the unaccounted for portion of this very small quantity should be regarded with such interest, as the possible key to the solution of problems of cosmical importance.

The importance of this discovery, in fact, can scarcely be over estimated. The resources of mathematical analysis as applied to the Lunar and Planetary series have been taxed almost to the utmost. The time is past for calling into question the law of gravitation. There lurks some cause for the unexplained acceleration of 6".45 per century. It is due to Adams that the action of this unknown cause is known. Once before the unexplained perturbations of Uranus led him to the discovery of Neptune; he has now set the world to seek for the unknown cause of the remainder of this secular acceleration of the moon. It would be easy to illustrate from the history of the sciences how the search for the causes of residual effects has always led to novel and important truths.

To what source are we to look for the cause? It may be traced perhaps to the direct actions of the planets in spite of Euler's dictum. It will probably bring into reconsideration the action of gravitation. The supposition that this is instantaneous is profoundly difficult. It will be well to calculate what the effect of a progressive transmission of gravity would be on the mean motion of the moon, and of her nodes and perigee.

Laplace shewed, if I remember right, in an appendix to his *Mécanique Céleste*, that this velocity must be at least 8,000,000 times as great as that of light: but this result was

based on the hypothesis that there was no acceleration in the moon's mean motion unaccounted for; and the question must therefore be reopened.

Another possible cause is the existence of a resisting ether through which the earth and moon move. Laplace, in another appendix, was led to deny its existence because his calculations for the accelerations of the moon, and the line of perigee and nodes gave the numbers $11''$, $-37''$, $7''$ which agreed so well with observations; and a resisting ether would alter these proportions, because, as he there shewed, it would accelerate the moon's mean angular motion, but not affect the lines of perigee or nodes. It remains to be examined whether his calculations of the accelerations of the lines of perigee and nodes are equally vitiated by his erroneous method of treatment; and to examine whether the true values for these derived from this cause agree with the observed values. If they do, and so far as they do, while the acceleration of the moon does not, it will furnish obviously a most important argument in favour of the existence of a resisting ether.

A third cause may be detected: it is possible that the earth's period of rotation is diminishing. Laplace has stated indeed, that it cannot have altered by the hundredth part of a second since the time of Hipparchus; but this famous dictum rests, it will be seen, on the supposition, now disproved, that there is no unaccounted for acceleration of the moon's mean motion, and with it the above falls to the ground. Now it is obvious that if the day were becoming longer, other motions referred to it, while they remained actually the same, would seem to be becoming faster. Hence the moon may only *seem* to be moving faster, because our day is longer, and the unexplained secular acceleration of $6''$ be an apparent acceleration only. Newton had this in view in writing above "*cum motu diurno Terræ collatum.*"

If our century were longer by $27\frac{1}{2} \times 6''$ or $164''$, we should first discover it by this amount of apparent acceleration of the moon. Delaunay has already investigated this question mathematically. It had indeed before been pointed out by Mayer that the law of Conservation of Force, a law that now dominates over all physical research, shewed that the action of the tides necessarily retarded the earth's rotation. The tides *do work* on the earth, and this work must be at the expense of some other form of *vis viva*, and that can be none other than the *vis viva* of rotation of the earth. But Delaunay has been the first to shew that this retardation is

probably a measurable quantity, though extremely small, and indeed he has shewn that 164" per century is not a very improbable value.

So this discovery of Adams will lead, we hope, to a renewed investigation of that most difficult of subjects, the tides. Here theory lags far behind observation. And if this retardation of the earth's rotation be established, it is curious to speculate on some of the inferences and speculations that must follow. The year ought to seem to shorten proportionally; and inferences may be made as to the increase of the sun's bulk on the meteoric theory. And if the earth is being retarded in its rotation, the last stronghold of the doctrine of the unalterability of our solar system will be taken. It taxed the imagination to conceive, amid a system of perpetual orderly change ruling over all other motions, that the earth should go on from age to age rotating in one ever invariable period. It is a sameness that seems to conflict with the variety around it. A very slow retardation is going on, how slow we do not yet know, and the same causes that are now in operation will tend constantly in the same direction, till our day becomes as long as our month. It is impossible not to see in this a probable explanation of the strange coincidence in the periods of rotation and revolution of the moon. Had she once tides, either when fluid, or in her now invisible oceans? If she had, their retarding influence, mighty as they would have been, from the size and proximity of the earth, and her own small mass, would have gradually reduced or increased her period of rotation till it coincided with her period of revolution round the earth.

And if the movement of rotation of the moon is not accelerated *pari passu* with its movement of rotation, will not the moon in some far distant age present to the earth another face from that with which we are so familiar? Perhaps it will be impossible to predict this with certainty. Laplace has not left even this speculation quite untouched, and has assigned reasons for believing that the acceleration of revolution will be propagated into the motion of rotation of the moon.

We have run on unwittingly into speculations further than we intended: but in truth this discovery of Adams is pregnant with the materials for speculation and study and discovery. And while we thus raise our humble voices to congratulate our great Cambridge Professor and fellow collegian on his discovery, unparalleled in its kind in the

past history of science, we value it mainly as opening the way to fresh discoveries in the laws of the universe. Laplace regretted that there was but one universe, and Newton had discovered its laws. Some of our mathematicians have doubtless regretted that there could be but one *Mécanique Céleste*, and Laplace had written it. But now Adams has shewn that there is something yet unknown where all was supposed known; and has made it possible for some other name to be enrolled in the brilliant list of discoverers in Astronomy. Let us indulge a hope that this honour too will be won by an Englishman, a Cambridge man, and a Johnian.

* * *

JOY AND SORROW.

WHAT is sorrow but a spring,
 Ever flowing, ever full?
 Joys are transient, and can fling,
 O'er its waters deep and dull,
 But a ray that serves to shew
 The depth and darkness of the woe.

Joy may like a bubble rise,
 From the chilly depths below,
 But too soon it breaks and flies,
 While the gloomy waters flow
 On for ever, and they seem,
 But the darker for the gleam.

Sorrow's springs will never dry,
 Joy is but a shallow stream,
 Glist'ning if the sun be high,
 Bright while waning 'neath its beam.
 Joy is of to-day, but sorrow
 Like a cloud o'ercasts the morrow.

E.



THE MAN IN GRAY.

THE little town of Aston was in a fever of excitement. For the good people of Aston, feeling the full force of their great poet's adage, that

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,”

determined not to give the old gentleman a chance against themselves, but to keep their hands fully employed—with other people's business. And so it came to pass that when Mrs. Toddy, the landlady of the Aston Arms, received a letter desiring her to prepare a bed for “hers truly, Ruffe Ryder, S.G.”, the inhabitants of Aston rose as one man to settle the matter entirely to their own and Mrs. Toddy's satisfaction. Not that there was anything out of the way in anybody taking up his quarters at the hotel in Aston; for Aston, being one of those central country towns in a hunting district, received many passing visits from strangers; but there was a mystery about the letters S.G., after Mr. Ryder's name, which every Astonian felt in duty bound to clear up to the best of his ability. To be sure, old Admiral Pigsed told them it only meant silly goose, like themselves, and asked what on earth it mattered to anybody else who he was, as long as he behaved himself whilst he was at Aston, and paid his hotel bill when he went away? But no one minded what that old seabear said. So it was settled that Mr. Ryder must be a somebody, (or why should he have any letters after his name?) and must be treated accordingly. It was even suggested that a deputation of influential townsmen should be sent to present an address to him on his arrival at the station, and Mr. Oxide the chemist was mentioned as the fittest person to read it, for he had once been at a school where they taught Latin, and still retained enough of that language to be able to read the names of the drugs on the drawers in his

shop. But this idea was afterwards dropped. In the meantime Mrs. Toddy got all things ready for the arrival of the illustrious stranger, for as she said to Mrs. Peepaskew the postmistress who brought her Mr. Ryder's letter, "you know, my dear, he'll have to pay for it all, whoever he is, so we may as well have the best room ready for him, in case he should turn out to be a prince in disguise." You see Mrs. Toddy's ideas were rather romantic, but her imagination had been early cultivated at a genteel school, where they taught extras. So after arriving at such a satisfactory conclusion, these two good ladies assumed an air of the utmost importance whenever the strange gentleman's name was mentioned in their presence. For wasn't Ruffe Ryder, Esq., S.G., about to take up his abode with Mrs. Toddy? And hadn't Mrs. Peepaskew carried the letter announcing his intention over to the Aston Arms with her own hands, and been present when it was read?

On the day fixed for his arrival, there was quite a crowd at the railway station, every one intent on getting the first peep at the mysterious stranger. When the train drew up at the platform, out got a short man in gray leading a small dog by a chain. As he was the only passenger, there could be no doubt that he was the "long expected one," especially as he personally superintended the transference of two portmanteaus, each marked R.R., from the luggage van to the top of a cab. He seemed at first rather taken aback at finding himself the object of such general attention, and seeing old Miss Smilkin gazing fixedly at him, he mechanically raised his hat to her, and then jumping into the cab was soon lost to the sight of the wondering Astonians. "A very well-bred gentlemanly young man," said Miss Smilkin drawing herself up. She evidently thought our hero had recognised her high birth in the contour of her bony nose, and the set of her undeceptive false front. "He must be made much of," continued the lady. And as her maternal aunt's grandfather had married into Sir Newgate Ketcher's family, who was himself fourth cousin to the great Lord Calcraft of Hemptie, Miss Smilkin was naturally looked to as the setter of fashion at Aston, particularly in the matter of settling who was to be called on by those who wished to be considered as "society."

"He only came second class!" said Mrs. Peepaskew in an injured tone to Mrs. Toddy. "So he did, my dear," answered that lady, "but then you know the truly great are ever the least ostentatious." This was a sentiment Mrs. Toddy was very fond of airing on every possible occasion.

It came with several others from one of the copy books in which Mrs. Toddy learnt to write, ("practised caligraphy," she would have said,) at the genteel seminary. Miss Smilkin was as good as her word, and introduced Mr. Ryder into the tip top Aston society. He was visited and feasted and entertained in every possible way. And all the young and middle aged ladies assiduously set their caps at him. For though rather unpolished, or a little *negligé* as they termed it, yet he was a good enough looking young fellow. And as Miss Smilkin said in a mysterious manner that he was "a *bon parti*, and had evidently moved in the highest circles," it was obviously the thing to do to try and secure him to Aston for ever. With the men he was a particular favourite, as he abounded in "tips" about the coming races, and was a very fair hand at billiards. But still the mystery of the letters S.G. was not cleared up, and many and various were the theories current about them. Old General Tellagoodun said he remembered him well in the Peninsula, where he had held a high rank in the Spanish Army, and that S.G. meant *Sanctissimo Generalissimo*, a title of honour conferred only on the most distinguished officers. As the General was very rich, gave good dinners, and had no relations, this explanation was the generally received one in Aston. To be sure, Admiral Pigsed, when he heard it, observed in a voice like an Armstrong gun with a quinsy, that if that were the case, Mr. Ryder must have worn uncommonly well, as he didn't look above thirty. But nobody cared for what the Admiral said, as he made a point of always differing from the General on every subject, and had nothing besides his half pay. So Mr. Ryder continued to live on the fat of the land.

One day the General gave a grand dinner party, and of course Mr. Ryder was there. After the ladies had left the room, and the gentlemen were beginning to grow confidential, little Mr. Chirp the attorney sidled up to our hero and said, "do pray, my dear sir, tell me what is the meaning of those letters that every one is talking about."

"What letters?" said Mr. Ryder, taking a huge bite out of an orange and letting the juice run down his chin.

"Why that mysterious S.G.," answered Mr. Chirp.

"S.G.?" said his friend wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "O, it only means stud groom. I am Lord Epsom's stud groom, and I have just come down here to look after a horse he has training for the Derby"—

O dear! what a commotion there was in Aston after this! Every one suddenly remembered he had often noticed how

that man smelt of the stables, and ate with his knife. Little peculiarities explained at the time as being eccentricities of the aristocracy, but now——! It was a sad come down for our hero though. Instead of the smiles and bows that used to greet him at every turn, he now only met noses so rigidly turned up that he began to fear they would stay turned up like his bull dog's. The only person who thoroughly enjoyed the joke was Admiral Pigsed, who roared and chuckled and turned so purple in the face that his heir-at-law began to look anxiously for an apoplexy. But it didn't come, and the Admiral lived long enough to enjoy many a hearty laugh at his old foe the General. As for poor Miss Smilkin, she had to go away for a month to the sea side, she was so upset!

E.





ADONIDIS EPITAPHIUM.

From BION (Id. I.).

I WAIL the fair Adonis—he is dead,
Dead fair Adonis! with me wail the Loves.
No longer, Cypris, sleep on purple trains:
Rise wretched sable-stoled, and beat thy breasts,
And tell to all that fair Adon is dead.

I wail Adonis; with me wail the Loves.
The fair Adonis on the mountain lies,
His white white flank gashed by a whiter tooth,
And grieveth Cypris fainting out his soul;
And o'er his snow-white flesh weeps down black blood
And underneath his brow his eyes are glazed,
And his lip's rose is gone; and e'en the kiss
That Cypris ne'er will leave, dies out on it,
Him, though he lives not, Cypris loves to kiss,
But he knows not who kissed him in his death.

I wail Adonis; with me wail the Loves.
A cruel cruel wound has trench'd his groin;
A deeper heart-wound Cytherea bears.
For him, that boy, his dogs howl'd forth lament,
Ceaseless lament: him weep the Oread nymphs.
But Aphrodité with her tresses loos'd
Roams sad, unkempt, unsandaled, through the brakes,
And as she walks the briars tearing her
Drink in her sacred blood; but she goes on
Through valleys long with her shrill sad laments,
Calling her boy, her dear Assyrian spouse.
But round *him* by his navel gushed dark blood,
His breast dyed scarlet from his wounded thigh,
His bosom erst snow-white was purple-stained.

"Ah Cytherea!" with me wail the Loves.
She lost with her fair lord her form divine,
For while Adonis lived her form was fair,
But ah! her beauty with Adonis died.
Alas for Aphrodite, say the hills;
"Alas Adonis!" is the oaks' response,

The rivers weep for Aphrodité's woes,
 The fountains mourn Adonis on the hills,
 The flowers with grief are purpled; dirges sad
 Swell through Cythera's groves, through all her glades.

Ah Cythera, fair Adon is dead;
 And echo answered "fair Adon is dead."
 Who had not wept for Cypris' mighty love?
 Ah! when she saw Adonis' stanchless wound,
 When she perceived it, when she saw his blood
 All purple-hued upon his failing flank;
 Unfolding wide her arms she made her plaint:
 "Stay, stay, Adonis, luckless Adon stay!
 "That I may meet thee for the last last time,
 "That I may clasp thee and join lips with lips.
 "Adonis, wake a little, kiss thy last,
 "Kiss me so long but as a kiss may live,
 "Till from thy soul into my mouth and heart
 "Thy spirit ebb, and I thy sweet charm draw
 "And drain thy love; this kiss I'll sacred keep
 "As Adon's self; since thou, ill-starr'd one fliest,
 "Thou fliest far and com'st to Acheron
 "And its grim dreadful king: but I, alas,
 "Live, am immortal, cannot follow thee.
 "Receive, Persephonè, receive my lord,
 "For thou art much more mighty: all that's fair
 "To thy lot falls, but I am all accurst,
 "Accurst and suffer woe insatiable,
 "And wail my dead Adonis, fearing thee,
 "Diest thou thrice-yearn'd for? my love-dream is gone
 "And Cythera's widow'd; through the halls
 "The vain Loves flit; with thee my charms are gone.
 "Why huntest, bold one? Thou, who wast so fair
 "Wert mad enough to combat with the beasts?

Thus moanéd Cypris; with her wail the Loves,
 Ah Cythera! fair Adon is dead.
 As much in tears sheds Paphia, as in blood
 Adonis: on the earth from both spring flowers,
 From blood the rose, from tears th' anemone.
 I wail the fair Adonis—he is dead.
 No more in thickets, Cypris, wail thy lord,
 Not for Adonis is the leafy bed,
 Let dead Adonis rest upon thy couch,
 The dead Adonis, beautiful in death,
 In death, yet beautiful as though he slept.
 On soft robes lay him where he went to sleep,
 On which with thee he used to pass the night
 In holy slumber on a couch all gold:
 There mourn Adonis, though sad-visaged strew

Chaplets on him and flowers; all with him,
As he died so did all the flowers fade,
Rain myrtles on and unguents, rain perfumes:
Perish all perfumes! thine Adon is gone,
On purple vestments daintily he lies,
And round him weeping wail aloud the Loves;
Their locks are for Adonis shorn; and one
His bow, another brings his arrows; this
His well-winged quiver; this one looses off
Adonis' sandal; this in golden urns
Brings water: and another laves his side;
This fans Adonis with his wings behind.

For Cytherea's self the Loves lament,
On ev'ry door-post Hymen quenched his torch
And scattered to the winds his marriage wreath.
No longer "Hymen, Hymen" is the song;
"Alas, Alas" is chanted, and yet more
"Ah for Adonis" than the Hymen song,
The Graces mourn the son of Cinyras,
Telling each other "fair Adon is dead,"
And shriller far than thou, Dionè, mourn.
The muses also for Adonis weep
And call upon him, but he heeds them not,
Not but that he is willing; Proserpine
Will not release him.—Cytherea cease,
Cease thy laments, to day thy woes refrain,
Another year thou must lament again.

μς.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

(*A Lecture.*)

NOTE. The following was delivered as one of a Parochial Course of Lectures in one of the suburbs of Manchester, and its character was of course determined by the character of the audience. Had the lecturer been writing for classical students, he might have taken up other branches of the subject, but he ventures to hope that these more general reminiscences may prove interesting at any rate to the non-classical subscribers to *The Eagle*.

NOT very long ago, an American took passage in one of the Messageries' steamers from Marseilles, to Alexandria. The steamer called at Civita Vecchia to take in cargo, and, as usual, remained there for the greater part of the day. Now Civita Vecchia is not the most amusing place in the world. It is a small seaside town, hardly more indeed than a village, and not a fashionable watering place. The only excitement which the place knows is caused by the arrival of the steamer and by the daily manœuvres of the garrison. The former, of course, was over, and the latter do not last for ever, and if they did, would become tedious after half an hour. So our American, being moreover one of those thorough travellers, who never lose a chance of seeing what comes in their way, went to the Railway station, and finding a train just starting took a ticket for Rome. When he reached the city he called the first vetturino that he saw, and said to him—"I've got just fifty minutes before my train goes back, and you must shew me Rome." Not a very easy task you will all admit; yet it is this task which I have before me to night. Nay, I may say, even a more difficult one—for the cabman was only expected to show the outside of Rome—while I, if this lecture is to interest you, must show you something also of the people, their character, and their customs. With such a task before me, I may fairly ask every indulgence at your hands.

On the 19th of December, 1864, I found myself with three companions at the office of the Messageries Impériales at Marseilles. The weather was not very calm, so that it

was not without some secret satisfaction that I, for one, found that all the berths on board the Civita Vecchia steamer were engaged. All that we were anxious for was to reach Rome before Christmas eve, and this, we found, could be done by taking the land route to Genoa, and the coasting steamer from that port to Leghorn and Civita Vecchia. This plan enabled us further to see Marseilles, Nice, and Genoa, and part of the famous Corniche road.

There are few views prettier than that of Marseilles harbour. On a rising ground a little outside the town towards the sea, is a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Guard, the patroness of the Marseillais sailor. Hither his wife, his sister, or his sweetheart come with offerings and prayers for his return; hither he himself, if he has any devotion in him, comes offer thanks for his safe arrival in port. But the chief attraction of the place to the traveller is the view that it commands of harbour and bay, and town. Look to seaward, and you have the blue waters of the Mediterranean gently washing the curving line of coast, or fretting the rising cliffs, and dotted over with three or four islands, one of them crowned by a dismal castle, another by a long low white building that glistens in the sun. The castle is the prison, famed wherever Monte Christo's name is known, the Chateau d' If; the low white building is a prison hardly less dismal, though the confinement in it is reckoned by days and not by years: it is the house of quarantine. Look to landward, and far away up to the low hills, which, like an amphitheatre, surround the place, the whole space is dotted over with substantial villas, rising from amid gardens and vineyards. At your feet lies the town thronged with a busy swarm of workers, or, if it be a summer's evening, of happy families enjoying the air after a hard day's work. Everywhere signs of prosperity. We were fortunate enough to reach the top of the hill just as the sun was sinking into the sea, an orb of burning gold. It was all that was required to complete the beauty of the scene.

But I must not stop to tell you of the haps and mishaps of the way—how the door of the diligence would fly open as we were just dropping off to sleep—how we had to turn out at 1 o'clock in the morning for "the custom-house gentlemen," and at 4 "because the bridge is broken down"—how we got to Genoa at 3 o'clock the next morning after thirty hours of diligence—how we admired the filagree-work and the ladies of Genoa—how we resolved not to be cheated of our breakfast on board the steamer at Leghorn, and in

consequence, missed the train to Pisa—how all the bonnets in the place could not make it endurable—how we tried vainly to amuse ourselves for one half hour by a visit to a barber's, two of our number to be operated upon, the other two to look on—how we, the lookers on, came to the conclusion that being shaved with a blunt razor and cold water may be amusing to the spectators, but does not tend to smooth either the chins or the tempers of the patients: all this is written in the diaries of the company, but can only be hinted at here. Let me land you and our party at Civita Vecchia.

It was the boast of the old Romans that every road led to Rome. There is now one way by which every traveller must pass. The ancient dramatists of Rome would have called it the *Via Nummaria*, the Money-way. The pontifical government is not so unreservedly attached to the pence of St. Peter as to neglect those of St. Matthew. The adventures of a passport for and in the Papal States, might, in good hands, make a little book. Firstly, you must obtain the *visa* of the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris—*fee*. Secondly, when you reach Civita Vecchia, your passport is given up; if it is *en règle* you receive a permission to land, and your passport stamped again is returned—*fee*. Thirdly, when you wish to leave Rome, you require the *visa* of the British Consul, and the permission of the police to depart—*fee*. Fourthly, this permission is again examined and registered at the Station. Fifthly, it is confirmed at the frontier—*fee*. Sixthly, if you return even the next day the same process must be gone through, and the same fees paid; whereas in other countries, even in Austria, a *visa* once given is good for a year.

From Civita Vecchia a couple of hours of a very slow railway brought us to the yellow Tiber and the eternal city. The first sight of it is disappointing. You must spend some time there before you get thoroughly to love the place. It is one of those coy beauties that require a long acquaintance before you can appreciate and analyse their charms. It is not hard to see why. The antique is veiled under a modern covering, and judged as a modern city, Rome is a long way in arrears of civilisation. The streets are narrow, the shops poor; sanitary laws are entirely set at defiance. Indeed it would seem as if man had done his best to aid, instead of counteracting the natural unhealthiness of the site. To one who is fresh from Paris, or Marseilles, or Turin, the contrast is too striking to leave a good impression.

But I must remember that if our friend the vetturino was to show Rome in fifty minutes, he would be obliged to use

some systematic arrangement. First in order of time during my visit came churches and church ceremonies. Let me say at starting that I went to Rome for its antiquities and its art, and that consequently, I did not give so much time to Papal Rome, as I should have done had my visit been longer. What I did see I will tell you. Luther, I imagine, is not the only visitor of Rome whose simple-hearted piety has been shocked by the carelessness, the irreligion, the immorality which he has seen there. I am not what is called an ultra-Protestant. I have seen more than once, earnest, simple devotion, and attentive worship in Romish churches, and that even in Italy; I have known Swiss guides who have refused to start on expeditions till they had been to early mass: but nothing of this did I see in Rome. Fat, over-fed priests, dirty Capucin monks in their gowns of brown serge, changed once in three years, men, many of them, whose faces would hang them, as the saying is, met one at every turn. I cannot but think that a great part of this is due simply to the continuance of the temporal power of the Pope. When Victor Emmanuel gets to Rome there will be no doubt a grand clearance.

We reached Rome on Christmas eve, and at 8 o'clock presented ourselves in full evening dress at the door of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. This is another of the results of the temporal power. Wherever the Pope is expected to be present, even if it be in church, every one must appear in court dress; the ladies, in black silk, with black fans, black gloves, and black lace veils worn mantilla-wise: and the gentlemen in ordinary evening costume. At Christmas there is not a very great pressure of visitors, so we obtained admission without any difficulty. The next half-hour was spent, as at a concert, in watching the arrivals. The Pope was not present, but there was a fair muster of Cardinals and Monsignori, each accompanied by his secretary, whose chief work seemed to be to act as lady's maid, and let down Monsignor's robes which had been tucked up out of the way, and then to hold his missal till such time as he should require it. Then snuff-boxes were pulled out, and Cardinal chatted with brother Cardinal, and Secretary with Secretary, till service began, and even after. One man, however, was an exception to this rule. This was Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's prime minister, whose name is a byword for crafty diplomacy.

At half-past eight the service began. For more than an hour and a half it consisted of psalms sung to the most monotonous of Gregorian chants, alternating with short

lessons intoned on a peculiar cadence, the music of which any one who is curious, may find in Mendelssohn's letters. Then came the mass itself, one of the most florid specimens of the modern soulless style of Italian music. All this time we were standing, and tired enough I assure you. About half past ten I quietly withdrew, quite satiated with what I had seen and heard.

We were not much more successful in our next attempt. We were informed by our guide-books that there was a solemn military mass, with fine music, at eleven at the church of St. Louis, patron saint of the French. Thither we went, and found ourselves in a moderate sized church, pretty well filled. At the altar was a splendid trophy, one of the most successful pieces of decoration I have ever seen. It was composed chiefly of lustres of glass, and lit up by some hundreds of candles of different sizes arranged like the pipes upon an organ. The priest's part of the service was scarcely audible, the rest only too much so. Murray's description seemed a mere travestie. The "solemnity" was shown by a constant succession of visitors coming in and out, occupying chairs for a quarter of an hour, and then departing; the military were represented by some half score French soldiers scattered about—but only as private worshippers; the fine music was produced by a choir singing out of tune, each to his own time, and an organist whose sole object seemed to be to insert a fine *floritura* in each verse of the chant without any regard to the existence of such things as bars in music, and who consequently in the second half of every verse was about a couple of bars behind the last of the choir.

The next event on the programme was a mass, with the Shepherd's Hymn, in St. Peter's, at 3 o'clock on Christmas morning. I have often regretted that I did not go to it. It is performed in a side chapel of St. Peter's, the rest of the church not being lighted up. The effect must be very peculiar if the music is good. But I was so disgusted with the experiences of the evening, that I did not feel inclined to give up a good night's rest for it.

Next morning, profiting by our experiences of the Sistine the night before, we did not appear at St. Peter's till 11 o'clock, the service beginning at 9. The Pope was officiating at the high altar. Here I must say a word about the church. The original plan, Michael Angelo's, gave it the shape of a Greek cross, that is, a cross with arms of equal length, directed to the four points of the compass. This plan was afterwards enlarged, the Eastern arm prolonged and ter-

minated by the facade which is seen in all views of the church.

This alteration, while it entirely mars the symmetry of the exterior, throwing the dome so far back from the front, that the latter hides it and prevents your realising its height, adds at the same time to the grandeur of the interior. The high altar is at the centre of the cross, under the dome, and the effect of the lengthening of the eastern arm is that the minister, officiating at the high altar, while his back is turned upon the congregation in the choir, faces the crowd in the nave. The crowd on this occasion was not great, but sufficient to line thickly the way which was kept clear down the middle of the nave. The transepts were almost clear of people. As we came up the nave we could see over the altar a kindly, benevolent face, and could hear at times a silvery voice feeble but clear. We had taken the precaution to come in full dress, and so by the courtesy of an officer of the pontifical guard, obtained admission to the choir which forms the western arm of the cross. At the eastern end, as I have said, is the altar, and at the western was a raised dais, supporting the pontifical throne. In front of us were the cardinals, and behind them some distinguished visitors; opposite were the ex-king and queen of Naples, and several dignitaries in uniform. At our right was a raised gallery, occupied by ladies, who here sit apart.

The music was very good: the two choirs and two organs, north and south, keeping up the song uninterruptedly. The men's soprano voices, which the night before in the small chapel of the Vatican had appeared to us even disagreeable, lost all their harshness, as their notes rolled up the vast dome. And after the consecration of the host, a strain of sweetest music, such as one would think none but angel's trumpets could produce, came floating down upon the ear. Never but once have I heard sounds so ethereal, so heavenly, and those were produced by no human voice or instrument, but by Nature's echoes that took each note and purged it of all alloy, leaving only the pure melody. The music of St. Peter's is produced by silver trumpets, aided of course by the construction of the building, but where they are, the ear can scarcely discern. All that you feel is that such strains must and *do* come from heaven.

This over, the Pope proceeded, bearing the Host, to his throne at the other end of the choir. There the consecrated wafer was distributed to a number of the diplomatic corps, and the whole service concluded by the chairing, if I may so call it, of his Holiness. He was carried on a chair of state

above the heads of the people, wearing the triple crown, which is far less ugly by the way than it is generally made out to be, and bestowing his benediction upon the people. The cardinals, monsignori, bishops, &c., lead the procession, which goes down the nave and out by the door which communicates with the Vatican, where it is to be hoped the Holy Father enjoys his Christmas dinner after the twenty-four hours' fast.

It would be impossible for me to say much of the churches in Rome: their name is Legion, and there are very few of them which do not contain some object of interest, artistic or otherwise. But there are two or three, which may claim notice in particular. First among these is the church of the Ara Cæli or altar of Heaven. It stands on the site of the old temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the supreme god of pagan Rome. All around breathes of Rome in its highest grandeur. Hard by is the temple of Concord where the Senate deliberated, where Cicero spoke, where Cæsar sat—below is the Forum, the scene of so many struggles for liberty—the temple itself was the goal to which Rome's victorious generals in triumphal pomp directed their way. Now the only processions are those of monks and priests—now another Cæsar, one of that nation whom Julius in part subdued, lays down laws for Rome—now Rome's manly eloquence is hushed. He must be insensible indeed who could fail to be struck by and to meditate upon such a contrast. To such impressions, to such meditations we owe one of the grandest works in our own or in any language, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

This church of the Ara Cæli owns a miraculous Bambino, or image of the infant Saviour, a wooden doll carved, as the legend says, by a Franciscan pilgrim from a tree on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke while the pilgrim slept (nothing like a good anachronism!) This doll has perhaps the best medical practice in Rome; in all serious cases he is called in, and a cure not unfrequently follows his visits, "but," suggests Mr. Story in his interesting book *Roba di Roma*, "as the regular physicians always cease their attendance upon his entrance, and blood-letting and calomel are consequently intermitted, perhaps the cure is not so miraculous as it might at first seem." This it is which is carried in the processions that have taken the place of the old Roman triumphs. Now let us look at the substitute for their manly eloquence. It is a custom in many churches at Rome to shew from Christmas to Twelfth-day a Presepio, a kind of stage representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the

shepherds or the eastern kings offering their gifts. Of course that at the Ara Cæli is one of the most sumptuous. The Bambino and the Virgin are covered with diamonds and other jewels, and poor St. Joseph is the only one who seems to need the gifts which the magi bring. Against one of the pillars on the other side of the church a small stage is erected, and from this little children, chiefly girls, recite, with all an Italian's action, short speeches or dialogues in explanation of the scene. There is something trivial about it, something of childish vanity, and yet something grand,—the tale that can come from the mouth of babes has borne the palm from the eloquence of this world.

Attached to the Ara Cæli is a Franciscan convent. I will next ask you to accompany me to the church and convent of Santa Maria dei Capuccini, the head-quarters of the order. It contains one or two fine paintings, but its chief attraction is a strange charnel-house, which is attached to it. Passing through a court-yard, in which groups of French soldiers are standing about, we are admitted by a low door to the crypt. It consists of four vaulted chambers, the floor of which is covered for some depth with soil brought from the Holy Land, which has the peculiar property (so they tell you) of sweetening decay. The interior of each vault contains a number of graves, while at intervals along the walls are reared the skeletons of monks departed, all clad in their monastic robes. The walls and roofs are covered with human bones, arranged in fantastic patterns or piled in orderly heaps. The effect is peculiar, and there is nothing, save the grim skeletons in their brown serge gowns, to make it ghastly. Whenever a member of the convent dies, he is buried here in his brown frock without a coffin. The oldest occupant of the graves is removed to make place for him, and takes *his* place, for he is by this time reduced to bone and fibre, among the skeletons on the wall: there he remains till fibre too decays, and then his bones are added to the heap.

These Capucins are, if I may use a rather slang word, one of the institutions of Rome. They swarm in the place. They live entirely upon alms, and it is no unfrequent thing for a visitor to be startled by hearing an alms-box rattled in his ear, and on looking round to see a dirty but goodnatured face or sometimes a rascally sensual looking piece of humanity, offering his own and his fellows' necessities to your charitable consideration. Those whom you thus meet are the lay-brothers of the order, who do the begging and other menial services, while the priests give themselves up to prayer and

study. They have after all no easy life of it. They have no other clothing, than the brown serge robe, a piece of rope for a girdle and a pair of sandals, with occasional stockings by doctor's orders. The cloth is woven at a factory of their own, and every three years a piece cut in the requisite shape is given to each of the brotherhood who sews it up once for all, and never gets out of it till the next distribution. They sleep on blankets, and at midnight are summoned by the convent bell to attend matins. At six the services of the day begin, and the rest of the day is mostly taken up with them. Their fare too is meagre, so that it is hard to see what is the inducement to join the order. Mr. Story tells an anecdote illustrating this. A young Roman whose fortunes were become desperate, declared to his friend that he could stand it no longer, and that he meant to throw himself into the Tiber, "No, no," said the friend, "don't do that. If your affairs are in so bad a state, retire into a convent, become a Capucin." "Ah no!" was the indignant reply, "I am desperate, but I have not yet come to that pitch of desperation."

There is one other church of which I must speak, because of the beautiful legend of which it preserves the memory. It is called the "*Domine quo Vadis*," and stands about a mile beyond the gates on the famous Appian way. The legend is this. St. Peter during one of the persecutions which harassed the church at Rome, had been induced by some of his friends to seek safety in flight. He had escaped from the city, and reached the point where this church stands, when he saw before him the well known form of his Lord and Master. Startled at the sight, he exclaimed "*Domine quo Vadis?*"; Lord, whither goest thou? "I go to Rome," was the answer, "there again to be crucified"; and the vision vanished. But to prove its reality the stone on which our Lord had stood retained the imprint of his feet. St. Peter, awed by the rebuke, turned his steps back to the city, and met the death which his Lord before him had suffered, but deeming himself unworthy after his weakness and flight to die exactly the same death, was crucified head downwards. The stone is preserved in the church to this day; it is true it is of marble, which is queer, and the sceptical do say that a keen eye may see traces of the chisel about it, but the legend remains, and I think you will agree with me that no sceptic's doubts can take away its beauty.

A little beyond this church begin some of the Catacombs. There is little in Rome which excites greater curiosity and

interest than these memorials of early Christianity, and but little I think which more disappoints the actual visitor. You have a dreary walk with a thick candle in your hand through long galleries cut in the sandy soil, just wide enough for one man to pass at a time, and flanked by rows of recesses one above the other, of the size of an ordinary coffin. Here and there the galleries converge to an open space, which, you are informed, is one of the chapels used by the proscribed Christians. On the walls are sundry inscriptions, and in some cases, portraits of our Saviour or of some of the Apostles, which do not give one a very exalted idea of early Christian art. After a quarter of an hour of this, you again emerge into the light of day, and are told you have seen the Catacombs.

Near these memorials of the life and the death of Christians hunted from the world are the principal sepulchral remains of Ancient Rome. It was a touching and, I cannot but think, an ennobling custom, which, instead of gathering together its dead in some common cemetery, laid them there where, going out and coming in, their sons could have before them the remembrance of their virtue and their greatness. No burials were allowed within the walls of Rome, but all the chief roads were lined for some miles with the monuments of the dead.

On the Appian way they still exist for five or six miles out, here a tower, there a pillar, here a stone. No place is better fitted for musing on the contrasts of ancient grandeur and present ruin. Let us pause here a while. It is a still, peaceful afternoon—the sun, westering fast, bathes the desolate Campagna with its golden-silver light. The Alban hills some ten or twelve miles distant stand out against the pale clear sky, a mass of purple that changes soon to gray. The western horizon is lucid with a yellow light, almost the only sign of winter. A few stray clouds rose-tinted by the setting sun give change of bright and dark to the wide plain (no place surpasses the Campagna for atmospheric effects). Before us lies the straight line of road—stretching away with its double row of tombs and mounds to the foot of the Alban hills, the old pavement laid bare here and there. On our left are two lines of broken arches, extending far as the eye can see, here a long unbroken line, here a solitary arch, standing, as a modern author has said, like “shadowy troops of mourners, passing from a nation’s grave,” the wide plain that stretches between, scarce cultivated, and if you stay too late, breeding pestilential vapours: scarcely a

sign of life, save where a solitary shepherd in his sheepskin coat, comes forward to cheer his solitude by the sight and the voice of one of human kind.

Such is it now. Everything speaks of desolation and of a glory departed. Eighteen hundred years ago and more, another traveller, short of stature and of weak bodily appearance, landed at Appii Forum, with an escort of Roman soldiers, and travelled along this queen of ways to the capital of the world. After skirting the Alban hills past La Riccia with its steep ascent and its swarm of beggars (*they* are there still) he crossed this same Campagna. Then the monuments were still entire, and at every step some stone told the tale of valiant deeds ended, or of domestic happiness and affection blighted too soon. Here the two traditional mounds of the Horatii and Curiatii told of Rome's infancy, and marked the former limits of a territory which then comprised the whole civilised world: there a massive tower told of names famed in later conquests, entwined with the loved memory of womanly virtue.* The two aqueducts stretched unbroken

* A stern-round tower of other days,
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
 Standing with half its battlements alone,
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
 The garland of eternity, where wave
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
 What was this tower of strength? within its cave
 What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid? A woman's grave.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
 That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
 Heaven gives its favorites—early death; yet shed
 A sunset charm around her, and illumine
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red,

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
 On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
 It may be, still a something of the day
 When they were braided, and her proud array
 And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
 By Rome—But whither would conjecture stray?
 Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
 The richest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride.

across the plain, and brought their supplies of health to the city. The road was crowded with passengers and vehicles, swift curricles, or lumbering waggons. There is but one thing, if even one, which St. Paul would find unaltered now, and that is, the ignorance and superstition of the peasant who maybe came, as to us the solitary shepherd, to see the prisoner that passed by.

As we come nearer to the old walls, we meet with sepulchral remains of another character. They consist of small chambers which are now under the ground, but possibly were once not so. They are called *columbaria*, or pigeon-cotes, from the way in which the walls are marked out in rows of small triangular recesses, each large enough to contain a funeral urn with the ashes of some one departed. These columbaria belonged to noble houses which had a large family of dependents and servants. One of those recently discovered is the resting place of the familia of Pompey the Great.

But we have lingered too long over these death monuments of the past. They have for me a strange charm. I seem to hear the voice of antiquity from them far more clearly than from its life monuments. Let us now glance rapidly at some of the latter. We will start from the place we occupied just now, outside the old Appian gate. As we enter the city, we see on the left, a massive ruin. It is the largest of the old Roman baths, the baths of Caracalla. It formed a square, each side of which was 1100 feet long. The walls and part of the roof still remain, and the plan of the building can be clearly traced. The floor and the vaulted roof are covered with mosaic. These baths were quite a feature of Ancient Rome; if any man of note wished to curry favour with the people, he would build and, I suppose, endow one of these huge establishments, where any one might enjoy a cold bath, or what we call a Turkish bath, gratis, or at a merely nominal charge. The old Romans must have been fonder of cold water than their descendants.

A little further on we turn off to the right, and make what haste we can, for the street is occupied by some fifty novices who at intervals of a dozen yards are taking the first steps towards maintaining the reputation of the French of being the best drummers in the world. At the end of this street, the Via di San Gregorio, is a fine massive arch, the arch of Constantine.

Beyond this is the Colosseum; a vast amphitheatre, as you know, in the shape of an ellipse, or oval, which would

hold 87,000 people. It is hard to realize its size. One reason is that the materials of it have been so freely stolen that in no place can you trace the tiers of seats from top to bottom. And it requires a vast effort of imagination to picture it, one vast mass of human faces all bent upon one poor slave or martyr in hopeless conflict with some beast of prey in the arena. Its greatest length is 620 feet, its greatest breadth 513 feet, and it rose in three stories to the height of 157 feet, a majestic monument of the downfall of the Jews, for it was by Vespasian and Titus that it was built after their return from Judæa. The workmen were probably Jewish slaves.

Here, as everywhere in Rome, the form of Christianity has been imposed upon the remains of heathendom. The arena where Christian martyrs fought with lions is now a temple dedicated to their memory. Round it stand the fourteen stations, commemorative of our Saviour's death, and ever and anon some procession of priests and monks comes in pilgrimage to the spot. Within it once stood an altar. When a Christian was brought in, he received the option of sacrificing on this altar to Jupiter, or being "butchered to make a Roman holiday." M. Michelet in his history of the French Revolution, alludes to another custom connected with it. I give it on his authority, and in his words. He says "when there had been in the Colosseum at Rome a great show, and a great butchery, when the arena had drunk in its store of blood, when the lions, glutted with human flesh, lay down tired and satiated, then to divert the people's minds and make them forget what has passed, a little farce was given to follow. An egg was put into the hands of some wretched slave who had been condemned to the beasts, and he was turned into the arena; if by good luck he could manage to carry his egg as far as the altary, he was safe. The distance was not great, but how great it seemed to him. The beasts, sated, and sleeping or soon about to sleep, did not fail at the slight noise of his tender tread, to lift their drowsy eyelids, they roared terribly, and seemed to ask themselves whether they should abandon their repose for such a ridiculous prey. Never clown, or mime so stirred the laughter of the people." The altar is now a cross, and whoever kisses this cross saves, not his life, for that is not now in peril, but seven years of purgatory.

The Colosseum by moonlight is one of the sights of Rome which are to be done, and is one of the very few such sights, which leave no disappointment behind. The old amphitheatre

is now not only a church, but a sentry station of the French garrison, and it is only by presenting a permit signed by the commandant that admission can be procured. In the good old times previous to the French occupation, the arches of the building were not unfrequently the haunt of robbers and brigands, so that visitors were scarcely safe. Now you can roam about in perfect security. The extent of the place can best be realised as the moonlight comes streaming through the many arches, veiling all that is ruined, and mellowing decay. Here and there a gleaming torch, moving along the upper galleries tells of some party of visitors that are going over the building, and the faint echoes of a merry laugh give you some notion of the distance between you and them.

Imagination sees the place again peopled with its 80,000 occupants. Let us try to picture to ourselves the scene. It is a bright summer's day, the forum and all the approaches to the amphitheatre are crowded with sight-seers in their holiday attire, the men in gay parti-coloured robes, or in white togas, for no one may appear at the games in black. Here a group of gladiators, marshalled by their trainer, elbow their way good-humouredly through the crowd; there a band of soldiers, their pikes flashing in the sun, push unceremoniously along, their heavy hobnailed boots coming down on the feet of any one who is unlucky enough to stand in their way. We reach the building. Thanks to the numerous and capacious passages, for every alternate arch is a separate entrance, we have no difficulty in making our way to the seat for which we hold a ticket. And what a sight meets our view! Thousands and thousands of human faces, twenty times as many as at the most crowded meeting in Exeter Hall; rising row above row far as the eye can reach. Over the whole sways a huge awning stretched from side to side, and keeping off the too fierce rays of the sun. The place is arranged in three tiers or stories, with a gallery running round the top. The lowest, consisting of fourteen rows, is devoted to the senators and patricians, who occupy the first four, and the knights, all, that is, who have a certain income (about £300 a year), the second to ordinary people who do not reach this income, the third to slaves and persons who do not possess a rateable income, (those who do not pay income tax) who are bound to wear cloth of a dingy subfusc hue. The gallery is given up to the women, though some of them have encroached upon the cushioned seats below. But hark! while we have been looking round, the din and hubbub of these thousand voices are hushed, and

all eyes turned towards that box which faces the main entrance. Soon a general murmur of *Ave Imperator!* Hail to the Emperor! greets the entry of the conqueror of Jerusalem. His appearance is the sign for the games to begin. The doors of the arena (which is fifteen feet lower than the lowest row of seats) open, and a band of gladiators come forward two and two. They have been trained specially for this occasion, and are in point of physical strength and vigour, some of the picked men of the world. They walk once round the arena and draw up beneath the Emperor's chair, with the mournful cry, *Ave! Imperator! Morituri te Salutant* "Health to thee, and greeting from them that go to their death." Then they station themselves on different sides of the arena, for their part in the day's programme is not yet come. Again on either side of the ring an iron grating opens, and from one a rhinoceros, from the other a tiger* are let into the arena. They have both been kept on short commons for some days, to whet their appetite for the combat. The rhinoceros soon spies his enemy and trots clumsily across the ring, 'mid the laughter of the audience, while the tiger cowers still against the bars, his keen eye watching his antagonist. As he comes within reach the tiger makes a spring, but his claws do not hold well in the thick rhinoceros hide, and the next moment he is pinned to the ground by his adversary's tusk, and lies there a mangled carcase. The pent up breath of the spectators finds relief, and the buzz of conversation is renewed while the victor is enticed and the tiger dragged from the arena. Some are commenting upon the last performance, others are betting upon the next event in the programme, which is the combat known as that of the netsman and his pursuer. Presently these appear, and after the usual obeisance to the emperor, stand facing each other, each carefully watching his opportunity. One of them is armed with helmet, shield, and sword, the other is clad simply in a linen tunic or shirt reaching to the knees, and carries in one hand a sharp three-pronged fork, in the other a long net. The man in armour, the pursuer, creeps in nearer and nearer to his opponent, till he is just beyond the reach of his net, then darts forward so as to come to close quarters; at the same moment the net is thrown, but no! it has missed its mark, and the netsman, having evaded his pursuer's thrust, is running as fast as his legs will carry him round the arena, his pursuer after him at

* The reader who is familiar with Mr. Melville's novel, "The Gladiators," will see that I have here borrowed from him.

full speed. Woe to him if he be overtaken before he has gathered together his net for another cast. But see! he suddenly swerves from his course; his pursuer is close behind, and before he can turn to follow, again the net flies out, but still in vain. Again the same scene of flight and pursuit, the two combatants watching each other with careful eyes, and dodging about to make or to avoid attack. But the third throw is more successful, the net drops on the victim's head and is quickly gathered round his form, and soon he lies helpless on the sand. Over him stands his adversary, brandishing his trident in air, and looking round to the spectators waits to see the effect of the appeal of the vanquished. The people are in a lenient mood, and the pursuer has shown good fight, so the thumbs of the outstretched hands are turned downward to the earth, and the man's life is spared. The two leave the arena together.

It is now the gladiators' turn. A picked body of them, matched in pairs, are to fight to the death; there is to be no appeal to the spectators. Now the excitement begins—for it needs blood to whet the jaded appetite of a Roman crowd. With straining eyes they watch the progress of the fight: and with unblenched cheeks and unquivering lips tender women and children look on the death-agonies of the vanquished. And I may remark by the way, that there must have been some strange fascination, to us unintelligible, in these sights. St. Augustine tells us of a fellow-student of his, who came to Rome, and was pressed by his friends to go and see the gladiatorial shows. After refusing for a long time he at last consented, but determined not to open his eyes to any of the horrors which he knew took place. But a shout of the people at some clever feat done in the arena, made him open his eyes, and it was all over with him. He was soon loudly shouting with the rest, and from that time was carried away by a passion for these games, amounting nearly to madness. To return: when these duels are over, and the victors have retired, the gratings are opened, and a number of wild beasts, lions and panthers, are let out—for the day's proceedings are to close with a *venatio*, or hunt, in which the remainder of the men who came in with the gladiators are to take part, and that no very easy one. There is no appeal from the lions to the spectators, and so it is not generally the regularly trained gladiators, but slaves just trained for the occasion who are pitted against the wild beasts.

At last this too is over—and the people stream out. In a

few minutes the place is empty, for everything is contrived to give easy egress. It is stated that the amphitheatre at Nîmes, which would hold according to different calculations 17000 to 25000 persons, could be cleared in five minutes. The architects of our public buildings might take a lesson from them.

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world!

Such was the prophecy of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, eleven hundred years ago, and there are no other remains of antiquity in Rome so typical of its grandeur. All else seems paltry after it.

Of modern Rome, what shall I say? It is a city of fountains and dirt. In every square is a large fountain—in almost every house which possesses a courtyard is a small one, and with all this, no town could well be dirtier. The large fountains form in the day-time quite a busy scene; around their basins is a row of laundresses, washing after the continental fashion—each with her board before her, on which the unfortunate linen is spread and rubbed and scrubbed, a good clouting being now and then administered to the board therewith, by way of improving the colour. And you can guess how the women's tongues go all the while. Then there are the groups of girls and women who come with their copper vases, and stay to gossip while they are filling; and the ragged little urchins climbing on to the lions' or dolphins' backs, and trying within how near of a ducking they can go, and the carter's horses with their jingling bells that stop to plunge their noses into the cool water, and here and there a peasant in his sheepskin dress stopping to fill his gourd as he returns to his country home. And with all this the pleasant gurgling and gushing of the water, cooling the air.

And at night what a contrast. The night before I left Rome, we went down, a large party, to the Colosseum. It was bright moonlight, and we rambled up and down the ruins, peering out of the upper arches upon the city that lay below, or pacing the arena which so many a ghost of the past might haunt. Then we went through the Forum, whose strange solitude gave the fancy full play, while its ruined columns here and there were marked faintly but distinctly against the sky, beautiful in their ruin. Then we went to the Fountain of Trevi, the largest of those of which I have

spoken. It is built against the wall of a large house. Neptune sits in his car surrounded by tritons and dolphins, from whose mouths the water pours in a perennial stream into the huge basin below. This basin is surrounded by a paved border below the level of the street. Now not a person was to be seen there—not a sound to be heard but our own voices and the peaceful murmur of the water. You had only to shut your eyes to fancy you were far off in the country, 'mid green leaves, under the shade of ilex and olive where the water of the fountain springs.

Any notice of Rome which passed over its art collections would be incomplete, and yet there is no subject on which it is so difficult to speak. The ground is so wide and the choice is so embarrassing. The galleries of the Vatican alone contain sufficient material for many a course of lectures, but when in addition to these, every palace, every villa, every church, contains some treasures of its own, where shall I begin?

The museum of the Vatican contains several galleries of ancient sculpture, four rooms of paintings every one of which is a treasure in itself, four rooms whose walls are covered with Raffaele's frescoes, colonnades adorned with smaller frescoes done by his pupils from his designs, and the Sistine Chapel whose east wall and ceiling are adorned by the hand of Michael Angelo. I cannot go into details, but will speak of one or two of these works.

First we will go into the second room of the picture gallery. It contains only three pictures, but two of them are pronounced by painters the first and second in the world. The first is Raffaele's last work which was carried still wet in his funeral procession. It represents the Transfiguration; most of you know the engraving of it. And were it only for the one head of our Saviour, it is worth the pilgrimage to see it. Surely never did infinite love, and infinite pity, joined with human foreboding of the decease which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem, find such a representation. With Him are Moses and Elias, two somewhat uninteresting figures. Below are the three disciples. St. Peter with upturned awestruck face, but closed eyes and a half deprecating gesture, ("Depart from me, for I am a sinful man") as once he boldly started to join his Lord on the water, and then sank. St. John in reverential posture, shading his dazzled eyes with his hand, as able still to bear the manifestation of his Master's glory. Such is the upper half of the work. With this is joined another group, the nine other disciples,

to whom parents and friends bring the demoniac child. Every figure in this group is full of power—the frenzied boy, the heart-stricken but still hoping mother—the father whose face seems to glare at the disciples as impostors and deceivers, and the Apostles, from the attentive face of Andrew to the upturned lip and nose of sneering Judas.

The second is the “Last Communion of St. Jerome,” by Domenichino, in which the gaunt death-like figure of the Saint stands out from the rest. Long fastings and mortifications have marred that weary frame, but the light of faith burns still in the sunken eye. The attendant figures form a group which is perfect in composition, but none of them draws away the eye from the centre figure of the picture.

The third painting is one of the most beautiful of Raffaele’s Madonnas.

With Michael Angelo’s works in the Sistine I was somewhat disappointed. The Colossal figures which support the arches, and the figures of prophets and sibyls which fill the recesses between are exceedingly fine, because in them there is place for the muscular developement of which the great master is so fond. But in the groups which adorn the ceiling, descriptive of scenes from early Scriptural history, and in the great painting of the “Last Judgment” it is to my mind a blemish rather than a beauty. When I look at the last named picture with all its wondrous power, the feeling that first occurs to me is that if the martyrs and apostles of the Christian faith had possessed thews and sinews like that, they must have shown fight before they went to their death.

But with all its treasures of painting, it is its sculpture which forms Rome’s greatest artistic ornament. There are galleries of painting elsewhere which may vie with those at Rome, but none of sculpture. Indeed the wonderful power of the chisel is almost a revelation to the visitor of Rome. Works like the Dying Gladiator, the Laocoon, the Faun of Praxiteles, the Capitoline Venus, the Belvedere Apollo, or the recently discovered Statue of Augustus make us conscious of a power unknown before, and tempt us to linger still. But I must leave them.

There are many features of modern Rome over which I could linger—its Ghetto or Jews’ quarter, its caffès, its theatres, its palaces, its villas—but time, tide, and the railway train back to Civita Vecchia wait for no man. There are its games too and its lotteries; and of one of these I will say a word or too—it will give you a good idea of the Roman

character, little altered since the time when "Bread and games" was the people's only cry. It is a very simple but very ancient game, older even than odd and even. It is played thus in its simplest form. Two persons sit or stand opposite each other—with their left hands held immovable at the height of the shoulder. The players flash out suddenly any number of fingers of the right hand, shouting out at the same time a number which they guess to be that of all the fingers held out by both. If one of the two guesses right, he counts a point, which is registered on the left hand. If neither or both guess aright, nothing is counted. Five points, or sometimes ten make the game. This game has the advantage that it can be played anywhere, and under some old ruin the traveller is often startled by a loud cry of *Tre! Cinque! Sei!* three, five, six. The excitement of the players is intense, and each watches his antagonist lest he should play unfairly. For in this game of *Morra* or *Flashfingers* there is a certain unruly member called the *thumb*, and it is at times hard to tell whether it is extended or not. An unscrupulous player will make use of this, and suppress his thumb on occasion. And then ten to one a quarrel will ensue, which may not impossibly end in blood.

Here you have an epitome as it were of the Roman character—happy, simple, easily contented, but impressible, easily excited, and keenly resenting any injustice. The simplicity of the Roman character has, however, not been improved by the French occupation. The beautiful costumes of the Roman women are being banished by French fashions, and with them are introduced other vices that go in their train. But this will soon be over—the question is what will take its place. The wishes of the Roman *people* (I do not say of the aristocracy) will be for a union with the Italian kingdom, and for the overthrow of the priestly power. "The priests" (I quote the words of a Roman artist) "are the causes of all the misery of Rome. Not content, unless they have everything here in their power, they have destroyed all independent industry—there is now no commerce at Rome—and should two seasons fail to bring the usual swarm of visitors, a famine must be the result. And then we must support them, and the crowds of monks, their attendants, in idleness, nay often in luxury and debauchery." The history of this young artist is a fair specimen of the influences which have been at work to keep the spirit of liberty alive in the young men of Rome. In 1848, a mere child, he saw his brother shot down in the outbreak which led to the French occupation, his father and

family proscribed. Afterwards, his uncle, the keeper of a restaurant in Rome, was thrown into prison for sixty days, and afterwards banished with his family, because during the Carnival some of the liberal party after a good dinner at his house, hung out the device "*Italia Unita.*" *Italy one.* He himself was only allowed to stay as a student in the University, looked upon as harmless. Stories like these make one fear that the day of revolution may be not only a day of reform, but a day of grave reckoning and revenge.

But when it comes, what a noble future may be that of Rome! The city whose earliest annals are a history of struggles for liberty, may at length become its noblest throne. And then no longer shall class strive with class, the subject with his rulers, only to bow the necks of his oppressors in his turn with a heavier and more oppressive yoke; no longer shall liberty at once degenerate into lawlessness, each doing what is right in his own eyes; no longer shall the luxury and the splendour of a few cover in, but only for a time the burning crater of misery that lurks beneath, whose fumes rise daily to heaven; no longer shall the stranger take the city under his protection; but the rule of law, impartial law, the only true liberty, the only true commonwealth, shall dispense its gifts alike to all with unfavouring hand—and the city, to whose early conflicts many a struggling and oppressed class has looked for encouragement—the city from whose gates poured forth the legions that subdued the world, carrying the principles if not the practice of law and order in their train: the city, which, in these latter days, has stretched over all Europe the gentle refining sway of the artist's hand, as it once stretched the iron hand of power, will stand a sevenfold beacon on its seven hills, to send the rays of Liberty far as its imperial armies trod.

And, nobler prospect still, from the arena where Christian martyrs bled—from those dingy catacombs, where the first simple loving faith of Christian brethren found its home, shall go forth once more the soft voice of religious freedom, proclaiming liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to souls whom for so long priestcraft and superstition have bound. "But the end is not yet."



A ROMAUNT OF NORMANDY.

THE "Long" had passed, with all its toils and joys
Commingled sweetly, and with bubyant hearts
We left old England's shores, awhile to roam
From town to town, where storied fame delights
Still to rehearse the valorous deeds of those
Whose fiery spirit, wedded to the stern
Hard Saxon nature, pours through English veins
The floods that stir to deeds of high emprise.
My friend and I; he passing skilled to wield
The mystic symbols of Urania's art,
Versed in the wildering laws of x and y ;
I loving more the strains of olden days,
The woodland pipings of Theocritus,
Pindar's tempestuous might, or regal grace
Of Sophocles, or Plato's visions fair.
Not such our present care; our sole essay
Was but to chase the hours with joy and mirth,
To dream beneath the sylvan shade at noon,
Or flash forth echoing thoughts beneath the stars.
And so it fell, that once in dewy prime
Leaving the woods of Mortain, where the hills
On either side stand clad in tall abeles
Beeches and chestnuts; and the cascades fall
Hurriedly tumbling downwards to the plain,
Far spread with plenteous crops; we came at noon
Unto the clear cold springs of Sourdeval;
And with the sinking sun we saw afar,
Set on the swelling bosom of a hill
That faced the west, the snowy walls of Vire.
Then spoke my friend:—"You asked me for the tale
Found in the quaint old ballad-book I bought
At Avranches: listen now; for here's the place
The rhymer sings of: yonder ruined wall
Is all that now remains of Tancreville."
And so we sat us down. The sinking sun
Sped forth his levelled shafts of ruddy gold

Athwart the forest; till the topmost leaves,
 Already glowing 'neath the Autumn's hand
 With that strange beauty that presages death,
 Seemed all aflame, with never flickering fire.
 The winds were lulled, and silence reigned around,
 Save where with few faint notes the nightingale
 Essayed a prelude to the plaintive flood
 Of melody, which soon the charmed woods
 Should echo back from every far recess.
 And then he drew the old black-letter tome
 Forth from his pouch and read: and if it were
 That something in the weird and mournful tale
 Chimed with the silent hour; or that the old
 Quaint language of the poet suited well
 Our wanderings in the historic land that tells
 Not of the Present but the Past in all,
 Or that I loved it only for his sake
 That read, I know not, but it pleased me well:
 And now I write it as he read it then,
 And leave it in its rude and olden dress.

FYTTE Y^e FYRSTE.

THE nighte it was chill and dreare,
 And St. Martin's eve was nigh,
 When a mayden, clad in russet weedes,
 To the lonelie woodes did hie.

The raine fell fast, and loud the winde
 Thro' the shivering trees made mone,
 But the mayden recked nor wind nor raine,
 And she passed on alone.

Her weedes were sadde, but never in hall
 Was seen a fayrer face;
 And never had high-born damosel
 Such bonnie and winsome grace.

Ah me! what did that mayden there
 In the gruesome houre of night,
 When never a fere was standing nere
 To guard from caityffe spight?

Fierce flashed the levin; the thunder roared;
 But never a prayer said she;
 And a name she named, and a vowe she vowed,
 But not to our Deare Ladye.

She hung her heade, she bent her browe,
 As one in doleful tene,
 And shuddering ever and agayne,
 She sterte the brake within.

The waie it is rough, and there shyneth not
One starre in all the skie ;
But on she goes, till the levin shows
That a cottage-doore is nigh.

She knocketh once, she knocketh twice,
She tirlleth at the pinne ;
And she hears the raine, and the wayling winde,
But never a sound within.

With doulorous plaine she knocks again,
And her quaking harte beats high,
When an eldritch dame unopes the doore,
And gives her entery.

"Now saye thy hest at this houre of reste ;
Fayre mayden, say what cause
Hath made thy wearie feet to rome
Beneath the greenwood shaws."

"Oh mother!" quoth she, "I come to crave
Thy spelles of grammarye ;
For my love he has grat me sore to weepe,
And a fause, fause loon is he.

"He spake me soft and he spake me swete,
And my lemman he vowed to be ;
But now he has given his plighted troth
To a mayde of the north countrie.

"In her father's byre is many a kye,
And ours is toome and bare ;
And so he has left his own true love,
To woo a richer fere.

Now rede me a spelle of muckle might,
To till my love to me,
And my mother's chayne of good red gold
I'll presentlie bringe to thee."

But the eerie beldam's glowering eyne
Were burning like a glede ;
And stour she looked in the mayden's face,
And thus she read her rede.

"Do off that kirtle of russet hue,
For I know thee, damosel ;
Such sorrie weedes beseeme thee not,
Fayre Elsie of Tancreville.

"No carlish hind hath wonne thy love,
But a knichte of high degree :
Ne nobler childe than bold Sir Hugh
May be found in Normandie.

"Thy landes are wide and fayre; and thou
 Hast broad bezantes in store;
 And bold Sir Hugh hath passing few,
 But he loves thee never the more.

"Yet here I bringe thee, an thou liste,
 A spell of muckle might;
 A carkanet of the rubies red
 Shall till to thee thy knyghte.

"Now claspe it round thy snowy necke,
 But keepe my spelle with care;
 And see that to our Ladye's grace
 Thou never breathe a prayer.

"Ne yet unto her Blessēd Sonne
 Who dyed upon the tree;
 Or on thy head a banne shall light,
 By my eldritch grammarye."

Fayre Elsie she raised her hande to take,
 But she thought on the Holye Rood;
 And shuddering sterthe from the beldam hoar,
 And in woeful dree she stood.

But then she thought on bold Sir Hugh,
 That true and scaythelesse knight,
 And she took the eerie carkanette
 With rubies all y-pight.

FYTTE Y^e SECONDE.

Merrie is the lavrock's carol,
 On the dewie greenwood spraies;
 Merriely the wanton mavis
 Chanteth shrill his roundelaies.

Merriely the broade sunne shyneth
 Over Vire and Tancreville;
 Merriely the bells are ringing
 In our Ladye's faire chapelle.

From north and sowth and east and weste,
 They are coming in bright arraie,
 For the fayrest flour in Normandie
 It is her weddyng daie.

Oh the bridegroom's looke it is gladde and high,
 And a prowde prowde man is he;
 But there sitteth a smyle on Elsie's face
 More sadde than teares to see.

And now the lordlie companye
 To our Ladye's shrine is boune,
 And at the holy altar-grece
 Sir Hugh and his bryde knele down.

The prieste he readeth the hallowed rite,
And giveth his benison :
They knele as two ; for wele or wo
Together they rise as one.
But ever as ofte as the holy manne
Would utter our Deare Lorde's name,
His voice it fayleth tremblinglie,
And he wepeth sore for shame.
And ever as ofte as the mayden quier
Doth praye oure Ladye's grace,
Fayre Elsie shudders and bends her lowe,
Fayre Elsie hides her face.
And ever as ofte as she looketh on
The roode on the altar sette,
Lyke a fierie glede, the rubies burn
In that eerie carkanette.

FYTTE Y^e THYRDE.

Burd Elsie she sittes in her bower so fayre,
But ah ! she is sadde of blee ;
For a yere and a daie have past away,
And her barne is on her knee.
But ever he greeteth piteouslie,
And eke he maketh mone,
Would draw the teires from a salvage manne,
An his harte were harde as stone.
And his little bodie it wrytheth sore
As of one in bitter teene ;
In soothe it was a sadde sadde syghte
To come to hys mother's eyne.
"Deare Ladye, pitty me," then she cried,
For the love of thy Blessèd Sonne ;
And assoyle my bonnie barne from bale,
That on the tree He wonne."
She hadde not spoken a worde of prayer,
A worde but only two ;
When a payne that brente like an arowe keene
Did pierse her fayre halse through.
Eache gemme in that eerie carkanette
With jewels all y-pight,
Did scorche her lyke a fierie glede,
A-shene with ruddie light.
She shrieked alowde ; she didde it offe ;
She flung it on the floore :
The reek arose around the gemmes,
And she saw it never more.

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FYTTE Y^e FOWRTH.

Full soone the gyftes of grammarye
 Like a fleeting wraith are gone;
 And soone, I wis, doth passe the blysse
 That a synneful spelle hath wonne.
 The barne that pyned piteouslie
 Ere morne was colde and dead:
 And they beare it forth from Tancreville,
 To reste, in the kirkyarde layde.
 Sir Hugh he erst was blyth and hende,
 And of lovyng courtesie;
 But now hys voyce is sterne and stoure;
 But now he is sadde of bree.
 It fell on a daye that forth he fared
 To hunte the fallowe deere;
 With hys red-roan stede and his prowde meyné
 He rode by the walles of Vire.
 And now he is boune to the greenwood shaws
 With all his companie;
 The houndes they bay, and the hornes they blow,
 And the donne deere fast they flee.
 Fast rydes Sir Hugh, the forest through
 As one at the morte would be;
 Then in the brake all suddenlie
 A warlock fowle doth see.
 An eldritch laugh she laughed alowde;
 The fryghtened stede it sterte;
 And downe from the selle the good knyghte fell,
 And moned in mickle hurte.
 They lyfte him up from the cruel grownde,
 They beare him tenderlie;
 And with pacing slowe, and teeneful brow,
 They wende to hys castle high.
 Burd Elsie she sittes in her bower so fayre,
 And she weepeth sore alone;
 For her sinne she hath tinte her bonnie barne,
 And her trewe knyghte's love is gone.
 They knock alowde at the castle gate,
 They wind alowde the horne;
 And the crie of the waylers on the ayre
 To the bower on high is borne.
 Fayre Elsie ranne, and she never stint
 Before the gate she wonne;
 But when she came to the yeomen there,
 They bare a corse alone.

"Woe worth the day!" fayre Elsie cried,

"I ever saw God's lyght;

For now by sinneful grammarye,

I have slayne my own trewe knyght."

And then she brought hys bodie in,

And she kist the clay-cold bree;

And to the Blessèd Virgin thus

She spake right piteouslie:—

"Deare Ladye, of thine endlesse grace

Have pitty on me now;

Assoyle me of my fowle fowle shame,

And heare my stedfaste vowe.

My fayre estates, my broad bezants,

I give them all to thee,

To build thee here in the forest drear

A statelie nonnerie.

And there among the holy maydes,

For all my coming daies,

I'll pray thee every houre a prayer,

And ever syng thee prayse:

That so I may purge my synneful soule

From all its fowleness clere;

And pure at laste, in the worlde above,

May mete my barne and fere."

L.





TENNYSON'S ENOCH ARDEN.

CONSIDERABLY more than a year has already elapsed since the Poet Laureate presented his last volume to an enthusiastic and admiring public. But as yet no review or criticism on it has appeared in our magazine. No apology for this delay is needed. For it is a notorious fact that poetry, more than anything else, requires a careful study before any just criticism can be attempted. And the saying of the greatest of Historians *τάχος γὰρ μετὰ ἀνολας φιλεῖ γίγνεσθαι* applies with unusual force to the works of Mr. Tennyson. The reason for this lies in the wonderful familiarity with which most of us regard the writings of the Laureate. We become so accustomed to the beauties and imperfections of his style that we are in danger of confounding them; and so attached to the friend of our pleasantest hours that we are almost unable to analyse his poems with the calm and unimpassioned feeling of the critic.

It would be quite impossible to speak at length on each of the poems which are contained in the volume before us: but I shall endeavour, though imperfectly I fear, to touch on some of the most prominent. The poem which stands first, and which gives its name to the volume, is called *Enoch Arden*. It is clearly a work of much labour, and its whole style and refinement mark it as one of the finest and most complete of Mr. Tennyson's works. But before anything is said about its component parts and the working out of its details, some few remarks may be made upon the plot.

To begin then, the plot is dramatic, and bears a somewhat close resemblance to the great classical models. Take for instance the story of the *Labdacidæ* which forms the basis of so many of the most celebrated Greek Tragedies. There, as in the poem before us, the whole story is one of unintentional guilt. The different steps and gradual development of the plot are much the same in both cases. In ignorance both victims approach the precipice that is hidden from their view

and the fatal slip is made. But there the bond of resemblance between the plots of the ancient and modern poets is snapped. Thenceforth the two stories pursue a different path. In the former case bitter remorse seizes upon the unfortunate victim. Wherever he flies the hounds of hell dog his foot-steps. Images of blood and slaughter rise up before him, and strange phantasies haunt him day and night. And at last he is either forced to kill himself, or remorse drives him to madness. The evil does not stop here. Posterity inherits the evil fruits of crime; and generation hands down to generation the cruel destiny.

Who shall absolve thee from the guilt
Of that red blood so foully spilt?
How, how the Alastor would'st thou name
Accomplice in that deed of shame?
Ancient hereditary foe
Of all that house of guilt and woe
Borne on the overwhelming flood
Rushing amain of kindred blood.

The modern poet, however, having reached the climax, feels a difficulty which was unknown to the Classical writers. Christianity has spread over the world a new morality and new ideas of justice. Hence neither of the above solutions of the difficulty would harmonize with the spirit of the age. Mr. Tennyson feels his position acutely, and being unable to solve the question, he throws a veil over it and leaves his readers to follow out their own imaginations.

The story itself is briefly told. In a small sea-side village lived a rough sailor's lad, the hero of the story, whose two constant companions were Philip Ray the miller's son, and Annie Lee. In course of time Enoch Arden managed to save money enough to make a home for Annie, and for seven years they passed a happy time of "mutual love and honourable toil." At last came a change, and while clambering up a mast Enoch slipped and broke a limb. As soon as he recovered he found that most of his savings were spent: and accordingly he went out on a voyage in the ship *Good Fortune*. Meanwhile troubles began to thicken round his wife; her baby died, and all Enoch's savings were gone. It was then that Philip's nobleness of character began to show itself. In her time of sorrow he gave her support; and at last thinking that Enoch must be dead, he persuaded her to marry him. Annie showed some reluctance at first, and

continual fears and doubts hovered round her; but at last they were dissipated by new cares

Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all in all.

Meanwhile the ship in which Enoch is returning is wrecked, and he is cast upon a Tropical Island, where he lingers for years in hope of revisiting his native village. At length he is taken up by another ship which was driven from its course by adverse winds, and finally returns to his home. But what a change awaited the unfortunate man! No fond wife hastened to welcome him: no children rushed forth to bring their father home in triumph. To no purpose had all his life been spent in endeavouring to procure them a good education and careful bringing up. "Enoch poor man was cast away and lost." But notwithstanding all this bitter disappointment, his courage remains unshaken. Nay, the heroism of his nature appears in all the more brilliant light because it is set off by misfortune. Too fond of his wife to give her pain by making himself known to her, he returns to his solitary home in the village. And there gentle sickness gradually removes him from the world of sorrow to which he has returned. Such is the touching and beautiful story which Mr. Tennyson has told in his own exquisite language. Throughout the whole of it he has shown a great dramatic power, and to the very last our interest is well kept up. No part in short has an undue prominence attached to it: while the principal character is never lost sight of for a moment.

Of the two male characters, Enoch Arden and Philip Ray, the Laureate has certainly bestowed the greater pains on the latter. His character is most carefully developed. Intense affection for Annie, and a rare delicacy and softness, mark its chief characteristics. When Enoch spoke his love boldly and impetuously, Philip loved in silence. Again when Annie and Enoch were sitting together in the wood, Philip did not rush in upon their solitude, and passionately implore them: still less did any feeling of anger or revenge come over him. But he quietly withdrew and bore his own sorrows alone rather than mar *her* happiness. But no act has brought out the delicacy of his character so much as the present of fruit and flowers which he sent to Annie from time to time in her distress, and even

With some pretext of fineness in the meal,
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

What exquisite taste the poet has shown in this anecdote! And how proud must we feel of an age that can produce sentiments so entirely unknown to the classical poets! So much for the soft delicacy of Philip's character. Enoch's character on the other hand is cast in a firmer and manlier mould. He is a God-fearing man, of strong purpose, and inflexible will. Thus when he has once decided that it will be best for himself and his wife that he should sail for foreign lands, no fears or gentle expostulations turn him from his purpose. He roughly sermonizes and bids her cast all her care upon God who will always be near to help her. The same spirit of manliness and heroism is observable when he returns home after many years absence. Conscious that it would only be pain to her to know of his existence, he resolutely refuses to make himself known to her; and persists in his determination even to his death.

In looking at these two characters, the one remarkable for delicacy and soft devotion, the other for firmness and heroism, no one can fail to observe a strong phase of resemblance to the other ideal characters of humanity which the poet has portrayed in king Arthur. Now it has often been observed that while Mr. Tennyson's imagination is peculiarly rich and fertile in pictures of female characters, yet he has only conceived one type of manly excellence. At first therefore the public welcomed this new volume as a step forward. But on closer scrutiny the lines of individuality which at first seemed to distinguish king Arthur from Enoch Arden begin to fade, and the two characters almost imperceptibly to melt into one. For in both there is the same chivalrous devotion to woman, the same manliness and heroism. No one in short can read the story of Enoch Arden, and his severe contest with his own feelings, without being reminded of Mr. Tennyson's earlier poem.

I remarked before that the plot of *Enoch Arden* reminded one very strongly of the Tragedies of Sophocles. But the resemblance between the two poets is carried to a still further extent in the details and working-out of the poem. The Greek Tragedians employed a contrivance known as the *εἰρωνεία* in order to excite the interest of their hearers. This 'irony' consisted in putting into the mouths of their characters dark sayings which had a double meaning. The chorus, for instance, used frequently to utter words which, while they really alluded to the crisis of the plot, yet admitted of a second interpretation. Thus the reader was no sooner startled by hints at some awful impending calamity,

than his fears were lulled by a new interpretation which he had not expected. Mr. Tennyson employs this contrivance no less than three times in the first poem of the volume before us. Thus when the two lads were quarrelling about Annie he makes her weep

And prayed them not to quarrel for her sake
And say she would be little wife to both.

The same idea is also brought out when Enoch's children, accustomed to the kind face of Philip, played with him and called him "father Philip." And lastly, just before Annie married Philip, the poet makes her open a Bible at the words, "Under a palm tree." The reader who suspects the plot seems at once to understand the allusion. But then his fears are for a time calmed by reading the interpretation which Annie puts upon it. Certainly Mr. Tennyson has used this contrivance with considerable effect, and it adds much to the interest of the story. Again the language itself is often highly classical, and we find instances of that '*curiosa felicitas*' for which Horace is so highly celebrated. I could select many instances of this, but time and space prevent my doing so, and I shall therefore content myself with taking two which seem to me almost inimitable. Speaking of Philip's agony when he saw Enoch and Annie sitting together, the laureate says of him—

He slipt aside and like a *wounded life*
Crept down into the hollows of a wood.

And again he calls Annie's little boy

The *rosy idol* of her solitudes.

What a world of thought is contained in these exquisite expressions! What countless images and associations do they call up before the mind's eye! And *this* certainly is the greatest praise a poet can win. For in such expressions consists the magical influence of poetry.

The volume before us also marks progress in another direction. For while the mechanism of its language is brought to an exquisite degree of perfection it is not so overburdened with alliteration as some of Mr. Tennyson's former poems. There is a certain point after which frequent alliteration begins to be tedious, and to sound heavily to the ear; and I am inclined to think that Mr. Tennyson has sometimes crossed the boundary line. But in *Enoch Arden*

he has kept himself quite free from this fault, and it is not too much to say that every word is in its right place. Change the form of one sentence; substitute one epithet for another, and the whole charm and ring of his verses is lost. His command of language is truly wonderful, and the way, in which he makes the rhythm of his verse serve his purpose, baffles all description. Take for instance the grand sonorous line about the sea which appears in his description of the Tropical Island.

The league long roller thundering on the reef.

Who can read this billowy verse without picturing to himself the lazy 'force of ocean' rolling against the rocks that bar its onward course. The beauty of such a verse is, that it suggests far more than it says. For it opens to the imagination a long vista of grand scenes and objects of contemplation. In short, to borrow an expression of Macaulay, it strikes as it were a key note, and the melody follows as a matter of course. Other lines might be quoted which produce the same effect, as

The lustre of the long convolvuluses.

And again

The silent waters slipping from the hills.

So too

The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.

A line composed entirely of monosyllables and therefore well calculated to express the feelings of a man who is viewing nature with the disconsolate eye of despair. Indeed the whole poem, while it teems with the melody and richness of language which marked what is generally called the Classical period of English Literature, yet contains a depth of tone, with a fire and force in narrative, as well as an insight into the more delicate feelings and sensibilities of human nature which were entirely unknown to Pope and his contemporaries.

Before I leave the poem of *Enoch Arden*, a few remarks about the last two lines will not be out of place. After describing the touching death of Enoch, the poet, as I endeavoured to show above, evidently experienced no small difficulty. How was he to dismiss the characters in whom the reader had been led to take such a keen and lively interest? Would not every one wish to hear how Annie bore the news of her husband's heroic life and death? These

then were questions, the solution of which was beset with peculiar difficulties; and if the laureate had only consented to leave them unsolved, his readers would have recognized their difficulties and pardoned the poet for not treading on such delicate ground. But instead of acting thus he proceeds as follows:

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him, the little port
Had seldom seen a *costlier* funeral.

The first line is well enough, and it would have been fortunate for the poet if he could have stopped there: but the idea contained in the last two lines is nothing less than ignoble. In fact, nothing could be conceived more completely out of place, or more contrary to the whole spirit of the poem. Now the word 'costlier' is perhaps the most unfortunate epithet that Mr. Tennyson could have applied. For it suggests the pomp and pageantry that attends the funerals of wealthy men. Here however was no wealthy nobleman. On the contrary Enoch was an ideal man who had suddenly been cut off from the rest of the world, and plunged into the deepest misery. Alone he battled with his bitter destiny, and just when he had hoped to receive the "fair guerdon" and to be rewarded for his life of self devotion and heroism, he was again torn from the object of his dearest longings even while it was within his grasp, and consigned to darkness and solitude for ever. And all these sorrows he had voluntarily taken upon himself to avoid giving pain to another. Surely then a funeral veiled with mysterious darkness would have more befitted such strong heroism. Who, for instance, in comparing Wolfe's description of the burial of Sir John Moore, can help feeling the grandeur which naturally surrounds such a simple but interesting scene?

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud they wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

This is the only blot, and it must be confessed that it is a serious one, on a poem which in other respects must rank among the finest of Mr. Tennyson's productions. For while it is remarkable throughout for simplicity of narrative and richness of imagery, it is more even and regular than any of its predecessors.

In my endeavour to criticise Enoch Arden I have been carried on to speak at greater length than I had intended. And I find that I have already exceeded the time and space allotted to me. I am therefore reluctantly compelled to leave my task unfinished for the present: but I hope soon to be able to say something about the rest of these poems, which, though inferior to Enoch Arden, are still full of interest to all Mr. Tennyson's admirers.

W. L. W.

A MAY TERM MEMORY.

SHE wore a sweet pink bonnet,
The sweetest ever known:
And as I gazed upon it,
My heart was not my own.
For—I know not why or wherefore—
A pink bonnet put on well,
Tho' few other things I care for,
Acts upon me like a spell.

'Twas at the May Term Races
That first I met her eye:
Amid a thousand Graces
No form with her's could vie.
On Grassy's sward enamelled
She reigned fair Beauty's Queen;
And every heart entrammell'd
With the charms of sweet eighteen.

Once more I saw that Bonnet—
'Twas on the King's Parade—
Once more I gazed upon it,
And silent homage paid.
She knew not I was gazing;
She passed unheeding by;
While I, in trance amazing,
Stood staring at the sky.

A May Term Memory.

The May Term now is over;
 That Bonnet has 'gone down';
 And I'm myself a rover,
 Far from my Cap and Gown.
 But I dread the Long Vacation,
 And its work by night and day,
 After all the dissipation
 Energetic of the May.

For *x* and *y* will vanish,
 When that Bonnet I recall;
 And a vision fair will banish,
 Newton, Euclid, and Snowball.
 And a gleam of tresses golden,
 And of eyes divinely blue,
 Will interfere with Holden,
 And my Verse and Prose imbue.

MORAL.

These sweet girl graduate beauties,
 With their bonnets and their roses,
 Will mar ere long the duties
 Which Granta wise imposes.
 Who, when such eyes are shining,
 Can quell his heart's sensations;
 Or turn without repining
 To Square Root and Equations?

And when conspicuous my name
 By absence shall appear;
 When I have lost all hopes of fame,
 Which once I held so dear:
 When "plucked" I seek a vain relief
 In plaintive dirge or sonnet;
 Thou wilt have caused that bitter grief,
 Thou beautiful Pink Bonnet!

MENALCAS.



OUR CHRONICLE.

THE Term that has just past has been most uneventful, calling for but few records in our usual Chronicle, which is thus scarcely more than a list of the results of the sports which occupy so much of every May Term.

The College living of Murston (Kent,) is vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Poore, who had held it for fifty years; and that of Great Warley (Essex,) by the death of Dr. Hastings Robinson, who was presented to it in 1827.

Our College seems to be in a fair way of recovering the Classical reputation which some years ago appeared to be passing from her. The brilliant successes which we were able to chronicle in our last number have been worthily followed up during the present term. Of the eight chief University prizes open to undergraduates, no fewer than five have been won by Johnnians, having been awarded as follows:—

Chancellor's English Poem—W. Elliker Hart.

Sir W. Browne's Medals for Greek Epigram—T. Moss.

Latin Ode—T. Moss.

Porson Prize—J. E. Sandys.

Members' Prize for Latin Prose—J. E. Sandys.

The First Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship has just been awarded to Mr. James Snowdon, A.I., of this College.

The vacancy in the Editorial Committee of *The Eagle*, caused by the retirement of Mr. C. C. Cotterill, after a contested election, was filled up by the appointment of Mr. W. Elliker Hart.

The following prizes have been awarded during the present term :

English Essay Prizes.

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
None adjudged	Wilkins	Ibbetson

Voluntary Classical Examination.

FIRST CLASS	SECOND CLASS.
Fynes-Clinton	Almack
Gwatkin	Beaumont
Haslam, S.	Brogden
Lloyd	Cox
Moss	Griffith
Sandys	Souper
Wilkins	Sparkes
	Verdon

Moral Philosophy.

BACHELOR'S PRIZE.	THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.
Da. Hewitt	Scarlin	None adjudged

HONOURABLY MENTIONED.

Hamond.

The following donations and subscriptions have been promised to the Stained Glass Window Fund since our last notice :

DONATIONS.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
W. H. Allhusen	1	1	0	F. G. Gretton	10	0	0
W. L. Barnes	1	1	0	R. Hey	1	1	0
G. L. Bennett	1	1	0	H. Hibbert	10	10	0
H. T. Bousfield		10	0	H. Howlett	1	1	0
E. V. Casson		10	0	W. L. Parrott	1	10	0
J. E. Congreve	1	1	0	R. H. A. Squires	6	6	0
W. O. Dawson	3	0	0				

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(to be paid in three years.)

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
J. W. Horne	3	3	0	S. J. Boulton	6	6	0
G. H. Adams	3	3	0	W. N. Boutflower	3	3	0
J. W. Bakewell	3	3	0	W. H. Bradshaw	6	6	0
J. R. S. Bennett	6	6	0	A. F. Q. Bros	6	6	0
T. Benson	6	6	0	F. Burnside	3	3	0
J. A. Bostock	3	3	0	C. Carpmæl	6	6	0

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
J. W. Cassels	2	2	0	H. T. Norton	3	3	0
J. S. ff. Chamberlain	6	6	0	T. de C. O'Grady	6	6	0
H. H. Cochrane	6	6	0	W. Oxland	3	3	0
D. L. Cowie	6	6	0	J. A. Percival	3	3	0
E. M. Fitzgerald	1	10	0	D. Preston	3	3	0
R. Fitzherbert	6	6	0	J. Pridden	3	3	0
F. G. Gilderdale	3	3	0	W. Reed	3	3	0
R. Giles	3	3	0	R. W. Reece, B.A.	6	6	0
R. A. Gillespie	6	6	0	C. L. Reynolds	3	3	0
G. H. Hallam	6	6	0	G. Robinson	3	3	0
W. E. Hart, junr.	6	6	0	R. C. Rogers	6	6	0
J. E. Hewison	3	3	0	W. Routh	6	6	0
H. Hoare	30	0	0	W. H. Simpson	3	3	0
A. E. Hodgson	3	3	0	G. Smith	3	3	0
H. Humphreys	3	3	0	W. C. Stoney	3	3	0
J. D. Inglis	3	3	0	J. Thomas	3	3	0
W. Lee Warner	6	6	0	J. Watkins	3	3	0
F Macdona.	3	3	0	C. Welsby	6	6	0
H. M. Mansfield	2	2	0	R. Y. Whytehead	6	6	0
J. Musgrave	6	6	0				

Of the money already received about £575 has now been invested in the Indian five per cents.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present Term have been:

President, E. W. Bowling.
Treasurer, A. Forbes.
Secretary, F. G. Maples.
First Captain, F. Andrews.
Second Captain, W. Bonsey.
Third Captain, A. Low.
Fourth Captain, J. M. Collard.

The following are the crews of the College boats in the late races:

1st Boat.	2nd Boat.
1 C. W. Bourne	1 W. F. Barrett
2 A. Low	2 F. A. Macdona
3 C. F. Roe	3 H. R. Beor
4 F. Andrews	4 J. E. Congreve
5 J. Watkins	5 W. H. Simpson
6 J. M. Collard	6 E. L. Pearson
7 E. Carpmæl	7 J. W. Hodgson
W. Bonsey (<i>stroke</i>)	W. H. Chaplin (<i>stroke</i>)
A. Forbes (<i>cox.</i>)	J. W. D. Hilton (<i>cox.</i>)

3rd Boat.

- 1 J. W. Bakewell
- 2 H. T. Norton
- 3 R. J. Ellis
- 4 H. H. Cochrane
- 5 J. W. Horne
- 6 C. Taylor
- 7 W. Covington
- W. H. Green (*stroke*)
- A. F. Q. Bros (*cox.*)

4th Boat.

- 1 C. E. Graves
- 2 T. G. Bonney
- 3 A. G. Cane
- 4 F. C. Wace
- 5 G. Richardson
- 6 E. W. Bowling
- 7 A. Marshall
- W. P. Hiern (*stroke*)
- A. F. Torry (*cox.*)

The following also rowed in one or more races: H. Watney, F. G. Maples, H. Radcliffe, J. Musgrave, W. R. Fisher, and S. Haslam.

The fourth boat having been challenged for its place by the Peterhouse Second Boat, the following crew rowed a successful time race.

- 1 A. G. Cane
- 2 T. Moss
- 3 J. Snowdon
- 4 W. Charnley
- 5 J. Musgrave

- 6 F. G. Maples
- 7 S. Radcliffe
- S. Haslam (*stroke*)
- R. Bower (*cox.*)

The Lady Margaret Sculls for Freshmen were rowed on Friday, May 25. There were four competitors, the winner being J. W. Bakewell.

The Pearson and Wright Sculls were rowed on Saturday, May 26, with the following result:

FIRST RACE.

- 1 C. F. Roe
- 2 F. Andrews }
- 3 A. J. Finch }
- 4 J. W. Bakewell

TIME RACE.

- 1 A. J. Finch
- 2 C. F. Roe
- 3 J. W. Bakewell

Won by A. J. Finch; C. F. Roe, second.

The following is the result of the races during the present term. It will be seen that our College Boat kept its place throughout.

*Thursday, May 10.**FIRST DIVISION.*

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 1 3rd Trinity | 8 Caius } | 15 2nd Trinity |
| 2 Trinity Hall } | 9 Pembroke } | 16 Sidney |
| 3 1st Trinity } | 10 Christ's | 17 1st Trinity 3 |
| 4 L. Margaret | 11 Trin. Hall 2 | 18 St. Peter's |
| 5 Emmanuel | 12 Magdalene | 19 L. Margaret 2 |
| 6 1st Trinity 2 } | 13 Clare } | 20 King's |
| 7 Corpus } | 14 Jesus } | |

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's	8 L. Margaret 3 }	15 Jesus 2
2 Emmanuel 2 }	9 3rd Trinity 2 }	16 Emmanuel 3
3 Corpus 2 }	10 Trinity Hall 3	17 1st Trinity 5 }
4 1st Trinity 4 }	11 Caius 2	18 Sidney 2 }
5 Catharine }	12 Pembroke 2	19 L. Margaret 4 }
6 Queens' }	13 Clare 2 }	20 1st Trinity 6 }
7 Christ's 2 }	14 2nd Trinity 2 }	21 Downing

Friday, May 11.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity }	7 1st Trinity 2 }	13 Jesus
2 1st Trinity }	8 Pembroke }	14 Clare }
3 Trinity Hall	9 Caius	15 2nd Trinity }
4 L. Margaret	10 Christ's	16 Sidney }
5 Emmanuel	11 Trinity Hall 2	17 1st Trinity 3
6 Corpus	12 Magdalene	18 St. Peter's
		19 L. Margaret 2 }
		20 King's }

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Emmanuel 3 }
2 Corpus 2	10 Trinity Hall 3	17 Sidney 2 }
3 Emmanuel 2	11 Caius 2	18 1st Trinity 5
4 Catharine	12 Pembroke 2 }	19 1st Trinity 6 }
5 1st Trinity 4 }	13 2nd Trinity 2 }	20 L. Margaret 4 }
6 Christ's 2 }	14 Clare 2 }	21 Downing
7 Queens'	15 Jesus 2 }	
8 3rd Trinity 2		

Saturday, May 12.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	8 1st Trinity 2 }	15 Clare }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Caius }	16 Jesus }
3 Trinity Hall	10 Christ's	17 1st Trinity 3
4 L. Margaret	11 Trinity Hall 2	18 St. Peter's
5 Emmanuel	12 Magdalene }	19 King's
6 Corpus }	13 Sidney }	20 L. Margaret 2
7 Pembroke }	14 2nd Trinity	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 L. Margaret 2	8 3rd Trinity 2	15 Clare 2 }
2 Corpus 2	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Sidney 2 }
3 Emmanuel 2	10 Trinity Hall 3 }	17 Emmanuel 3
4 Catharine }	11 Caius 2 }	18 1st Trinity 5
5 Christ's 2 }	12 2nd Trinity 2	19 L. Margaret 4 }
6 1st Trinity 4 }	13 Pembroke 2 }	20 1st Trinity 6 }
7 Queens' }	14 Jesus 2 }	21 Downing

Monday, May 14.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	7 Corpus }	15 Jesus
2 3rd Trinity	8 Caius }	16 Clare }
3 Trinity Hall	9 1st Trinity 2	17 1st Trinity 3 }
4 L. Margaret	10 Christ's	18 St. Peter's
5 Emmanuel	11 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 King's
6 Pembroke	12 Sidney }	20 L. Margaret 2 }
	13 Magdalene }	
	14 2nd Trinity }	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 L. Margaret 2	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Clare 2 }
2 Corpus 2	10 Caius 2	17 Emmanuel 3 }
3 Emmanuel 2 }	11 Trinity Hall 3 }	18 1st Trinity 5
4 Christ's 2 }	12 2nd Trinity 2 }	19 1st Trinity 6 }
5 Catharine }	13 Jesus 2	20 L. Margaret 4 }
6 Queens' }	14 Pembroke 2 }	21 Downing
7 1st Trinity 4 }	15 Sidney 2 }	
8 3rd Trinity 2 }		

Tuesday, May 15.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	7 Caius }	14 Magdalene
2 3rd Trinity	8 Corpus }	15 Jesus
3 Trinity Hall	9 1st Trinity 2	16 1st Trinity 3 }
4 L. Margaret	10 Christ's	17 Clare }
5 Emmanuel	11 Sidney	18 St. Peter's }
6 Pembroke	12 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 L. Margaret 2 }
	13 2nd Trinity }	20 King's }

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's	8 1st Trinity 4	15 Pembroke 2 }
2 Corpus 2 }	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Emmanuel 2 }
3 Christ's 2 }	10 Caius 2	17 Clare 2 }
4 Emmanuel 2 }	11 2nd Trinity 2	18 1st Trinity 5 }
5 Queens' }	12 Trinity Hall 3	19 L. Margaret 4 }
6 Catharine }	13 Jesus 2	20 1st Trinity 6 }
7 3rd Trinity 2 }	14 Sidney 2	21 Downing

Wednesday, May 16.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	8 Caius	15 1st Trinity 3
2 3rd Trinity	9 1st Trinity 2 }	16 Jesus
3 Trinity Hall	10 Christ's }	17 St. Peter's
4 L. Margaret	11 Sidney	18 Clare
5 Emmanuel	12 2nd Trinity	19 King's
6 Pembroke	13 Trinity Hall 2	20 L. Margaret 2
7 Corpus	14 Magdalene	

The Company Challenge Cup has been won this term by Private H. Ashe. The same gentleman has also won the Cup which is given annually for competition by the three winners of the Challenge Cup during the year.

The Officers' Pewter has been won by Private Boulton. The only Member of the Company who is among the selected to represent the Battalion at Wimbledon is Corporal Roe.

This year has been on the whole a very flourishing year for Cricket in the College; the First Eleven matches began with

April 25. St. John's v. Perfect Cures. Won by St. John's by 6 runs only, Mr. Torry scored 60, and Mr. Skrimshire 33.

April 26. St. John's v. K. T. A's. Score, St. John's 217, K. T. A's 100. In this match Mr. Lloyd scored 52, Mr. Hey 29, Messrs. Almack and Pitman 28 each.

May 1. St. John's v. Clare. St. John's 40 and 77, of which Mr. Taylor made 22. Clare 51 and 27 for one wicket.

May 12. St. John's v. Ciphers. St. John's 143, Mr. Skrimshire scoring 33, Mr. Souper 22. Ciphers 166.

May 17. St. John's v. Ashley. St. John's 179 for 9 wickets, Mr. Lloyd scoring 62, Mr. Osborne 24, Mr. Souper 23, Mr. Skrimshire 21. Ashley 147.

May 18. St. John's v. University bar Trinity. University 398. St. John's 24 for 1 wicket.

May 19. St. John's v. Perambulators. St. John's 142, of which Mr. Lloyd scored 37, Mr. Torry 29, not out. Perambulators 170 for 5 wickets.

May 23 and 24. St. John's v. Trinity. Trinity 80 and 206. St. John's 392, Mr. Lloyd 90, Mr. Bennett 70, Mr. Souper 42, Mr. Torry 28, Mr. Pitman 27, Mr. Osborne 26, Mr. Cotterill 23.

May 26. St. John's v. Caius. St. John's 135 and 126 for 9 wickets. Mr. Carpmael 27, Mr. Souper 34 and 28, Mr. Hey 21, Mr. Bennett 13 and 34, Mr. Boulton 25. Caius College 102.

May 30. First Eleven with broomsticks, v. Crews of the first two boats with bats. First Eleven 59 and 36 for 8 wickets. Mr. Pitman 22, Mr. Almack 20. First two boats 185. Mr. Barrett 49, Mr. Carpmael 40, Mr. Hodgson, 23.

May 31. St. John's v. Kings'. King's 167. St. John's 139, of which Mr. Pitman scored 24, Mr. Almack 19, Mr. Lee Warner 18, not out.

The Second Eleven matches began with

April 18 *v.* Sidney College. St. John's 165, of which Mr. Bennett made 51. Sidney 138.

April 21. *v.* Ciphers. St. John's 103, of which Mr. Forbes scored 29. Ciphers 126.

May 5. *v.* Corpus College. St. John's 49 and 38 for 2 wickets. Corpus 64.

May 9. *v.* Trinity Second Eleven. Trinity 118. St. John's 56 and 58 for 9 wickets.

May 19. *v.* Queens' College. St. John's 132 and 44 for 2 wickets. Mr. Almack 29, Mr. Congreve 20, not out, Mr. Carpmael 20, not out. Queens' 132. It was therefore a tie on the first innings.

May 23. *v.* St. Catharine's. St. Catharine's 63. St. John's 243, of which Mr. Lee Warner scored 77, Mr. Inglis 44.

The Head Mastership of Shrewsbury School having become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. B. H. Kennedy, D.D., the Master and Seniors have nominated as his successor the Rev. H. W. Moss, B.A. Those who are acquainted only with Mr. Moss's University distinctions will be able to conceive but very partially, residents alone will fully understand, and that perhaps not as yet, the loss that the College will sustain by his removal.





THE CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

THE most careless observer cannot be blind to the fact that the present time is an age of great and startling discovery, and rapid advance in the pursuit of truth. Even those sciences, which like logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, had attained some measure of completeness a century ago, are now pursued with greater vigour and more success; while others have started into being, or been changed from a few hasty and uncertain generalizations to the assured certainty of deductive truth. Consider for instance the progress in physiology, botany, and in short all natural science. Geology and chemistry cannot be said to have even had any existence; it is only within the last two or three years that Tyndall has laid a sure foundation for the science of thermotics, while comparative philology and social statics are as yet but in their infancy, and promise large results. And I dare not even except theology from the list of those branches of human knowledge, in which the progress of the years is leading us to purer, wider and nobler views.

“For I doubt not thro’ the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of
the suns.”

Why then is history to be the only exception to this law of universal advance? Since our knowledge of the present and the future is ever increasing, why should we not be able to survey with a truer appreciation and a livelier interest the events of the past? I venture to assert that history too has had its share of triumphs and success. Within the last few years Niebuhr, Arnold, Mommsen and Merivale have altered the whole aspect of the history of Rome, while Thirlwall and Grote have revolutionised our ideas on the affairs of Greece.

In English history it is the same; Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and his yet more able successor Mr. Spedding, have scattered for ever the cloud of infamy that hung over the fair fame of

one of England's twin-giants, the illustrious Bacon; while Mr. Carlyle has won tardy justice for the memory of one of her greatest rulers. These and many similar examples which will readily recur to every one are abundantly sufficient to show how difficult it is to reach the pure historic fact; and how for centuries a slanderous lie may pass current, till it withers beneath the touch of the Ithuriel spear of honest criticism. It is indeed no easy matter to enter fairly into the spirit of a by-gone age, so as to judge with discernment of the motives of the actors in it. To quote the words of an able historian: "As the old man forgets his childhood, as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other, as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties do not reason to the same conclusions—so is the past a perplexity to the present; it lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy alike in those who read and those who write." But when the truth has been at last discovered, it is our bounden duty to accept it readily, despite all previous prejudices. Is truth the less true, because it has been long concealed? I am well aware that in maintaining that view of the character of Henry VIII., which I defend in this essay, I shall have to contend against a large amount of prejudice. Every one has some knowledge of the period of English history which I propose to glance at now, and has formed his opinion upon the character of the ruler who played so distinguished a part in it. I suppose that Hume represents the idea that most persons have of the character of Henry VIII., when he describes him as follows:—"A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature; violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether destitute of virtue. It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their hatred: he seems even in some degree to have possessed to the last their love and their affection." A little extraordinary! does he say? Why, if this picture of his character be the true one, the whole history of his reign appears to me one of the most mysterious problems in the annals of mankind! I can safely defy Hume's followers to produce one single instance of such

complete devotion of a great and noble nation to a monarch who, according to them, so openly and shamelessly outraged their most precious principles. On the contrary I am prepared to maintain that their description of his character is most unfair, and that though certainly not without faults, and some of a grave nature, Henry is on the whole for his truthfulness, integrity, generosity, uprightness, honesty of purpose, and devotion to his country, truly deserving of our admiration.

Before I proceed to lay before the reader the positive evidence on which I ask him to agree in my view, I must briefly set forth some of the causes which have produced the popular, but as I hold, utterly erroneous opinion. In the first place it is greatly owing to the influence of Hume, to whom no small proportion of the common errors in English history may fairly be attributed. When reading his work, we must never forget the order in which it was composed. He started first with a violent and deeply-rooted bias towards the worthless, perjured house of Stuart, and wrote their history in a spirit that has most grievously tended to obscure the truth, and cover some of the noblest souls in England with unmerited disgrace. And *after* he had done so, he turned to the earlier ages of our history, resolved to find precedents for the tyranny, and palliation for the crimes of the unworthy objects of his admiration. And even had he been utterly unprejudiced, how was it possible for one who lived in the time so graphically described in that most amusing yet saddest of books, Mr. Thackeray's *Lectures on the Georges*, to enter into the spirit of that glorious century between Henry VIII., and Cromwell? As easily could Tom Moore rival the *Inferno*, or Jeremy Bentham finish *Christabel*. And yet in consequence of the sparkling grace and exquisitely pellucid clearness of his style, this history has been accepted as that from which we may best learn the struggles of our fathers and drink in the spirit of their noble deeds! Can we wonder that the history of our nation is too often regarded as a dry school-lesson, and not, as it surely should be, the story of God's dealings with his people, whence we may draw wisdom and strength for our present need and faith for time to come? Can the blind lead the blind and not both fall into the ditch?

But another main reason, I believe, of the prevalent error concerning Henry is, that historians instead of employing contemporaneous authorities, the only ones of the slightest worth in history, have drawn their facts and the colouring

they gave them to a great extent from writers a generation or two later. At the time of the Reformation England was passing through a terrible crisis; at such periods nations, like individuals, live fast; and a man writing fifty years after the events would as little be able to conceive the motives, hopes and fears of the actors in them, as our children will be able to enter into the spirit of our fathers' death-grapple with Napoleon. During the later years of Elizabeth, and the subsequent reigns of the Stuarts, the English nation had settled down peacefully into the two great parties of Anglicans and Puritans, with still a considerable remnant of Romanists; but throughout the reign of Henry men's minds were in a state of progress. They had burst the bonds that united them to Rome, and were drifting, they scarce knew whither, on a tempestuous starless ocean. Their only hope in union, there was yet mutiny in the ship; above them the murkiest storm-clouds, around and beneath the hungry billows; while right a-head were the iron-bound crags, whereon the vessels that bore the peace and happiness of nations had already been dashed to fragments. How little then were those, whose sky was unclouded, whose sea was unruffled, able to conceive the fierce struggles, the passionate prayers, the daring deeds of those who had wrestled with the wildest storms! How little could they understand the skill, the valour and the faith unshaken of that captain who had guided the vessel committed to his care, safely through the raging seas to peaceful and untroubled waters!

Hence, I believe, arose the unfavourable view of Henry's character that has been common since the Great Rebellion. But I have myself examined all the English chroniclers of Henry's reign who wrote before that time; and I can only add the witness of my own researches to the truth of Prof. Kingsley's assertion that, "with the exception of a few ultra Protestants, who could not forgive that persecution of Reformers which Henry certainly permitted, if not encouraged, during one period of his reign, *no one* adopted the modern view of his character till more than one hundred years after his death, when belief in all nobleness and faith had died out among an ignoble and faithless generation." To this explicit declaration of so brilliant a genius and so distinguished an historian, it is hardly needful to add anything; but for the satisfaction of the reader, I will give extracts from the principal chroniclers. Hall, writing in the year of Henry's death says, "His Grace hath done a great and

infinite number of most prudent and beneficial things both for the quietness of his realm and the wealth of his subjects." Grafton twenty years after, speaks of "this most noble and excellent Prince," and says again: "This Prince of all others that ever reigned over this realm, was most renowned and famous, and whatsoever he attempted, the same had most prosperous success, as well in wars as in all other matters of great importance; wherein he dealt far above all other princes, as may appear throughout the whole discourse of his history. Of personage he was tall and mighty, in wit and memory most excellent, of such majesty tempered with humanity and gentleness, as was comely in so great and noble a prince." Holinshed in 1577 uses almost the same words, and adds: "sufficient cannot be said in his high-merited commendation." We must notice at the same time that both these chroniclers freely censure some of his actions, so that their praise cannot fairly be ascribed to flattery or servility. This freedom is especially conspicuous in the way in which Grafton speaks of the execution of his friend Surrey, and the condemnation of Norfolk. Again, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his history written under a king who hated the very name of a Tudor, yet writes: "He was one of the most glorious princes of his time, insomuch that not only the chief potentates of Christendom did court him, but his subjects in general did highly reverence him," observe—a man alleged to "have been disgraced by the worst vices incident to human nature"—"did highly reverence him, as the many trials he put them to sufficiently testify. His most bitter censurers agree that he had all manner of perfection, either of nature or of education; that he was besides of a most deep judgment in all affairs to which he applied himself; a prince, not only liberal and indulgent to his family and court, but even to strangers, whom he willingly saw; and one that made choice both of able and good men for the clergy, and of wise and grave counsellors for state affairs; and above all, a prince of royal courage." These testimonies, as I have said, I have myself collected; the following, from Ulpian Fulwell, a writer towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, I owe to Mr. Froude: "To write at large of all his worthiness and incomparable acts would fill a volume, and were too great a charge; but he was a prince of singular prudence, of passing stout courage, of invincible fortitude, of dexterity wonderful. He was a springing well of eloquence, a rare spectacle of humanity, of civility and good nature, an absolute precedent, a special pattern of clemency and modera-

tion; a worthy example of regal justice, a bottomless spring of largess and benignity; he was to the world an ornament, to England a treasure, to his friends a comfort, to his foes a terror, to his faithful and loving subjects a tender father, to innocence a sure protector, to wilful malefactors a sharp scourge, to his common weal and good people, a quiet haven and anchor of safe-guard, to the disturbers of the same a rock of extermination. In heinous and intolerable crimes against the commonwealth a severe judge; in like offences committed against himself, a ready port and refuge of mercy, except to such as would persist incorrigibly. A man he was in gifts of nature and of grace peerless; and to conclude, a man above all praises." These quotations are all made from English writers, but many opinions of foreigners to the same effect may be found in Sharon Turner's *History*; which I refrain from transcribing, because they are accessible to any who really wish to study the subject. Those which I have already transferred to the pages of *The Eagle*, are abundantly sufficient to prove my point. Assuredly I do not venture to ask any one to accept these panegyrics just as they stand, as historic truth; but I do mean to assert that no man would dare write such words within thirty years of Henry's death, if, as some historians would have us believe, his every action gave them the lie. We cannot conceive of a writer of the present day describing George III. in sober earnest, as a ruler of wide and liberal views, or George IV. as a man of pure and ascetic morality. The eulogies I have quoted need not be accepted in their entirety, but I maintain that they completely prove my first position, that Englishmen, at all events in those days, looked upon Henry as a clement, wise, and virtuous prince, whom living or dead they delighted to honour. How comes it then, that this opinion has been of late so entirely reversed? Julius Hare, in his wise and beautiful *Guesses at Truth*, has reminded us that two powers are scarcely less mighty in our intellectual, than in our moral and spiritual life—faith, and love. What he applies to poetry is no less true of history. Surely the sneering sceptical spirit of Voltaire, Hume, and Gibbon is far less likely to reach the truth as to by-gone ages, than the loving, trustful sympathy of Arnold, Kingsley, Stanley, and Milman. But in this feeling, as necessary in studying the life of a great nation, as in comprehending that of a great man, our historians have hitherto been strangely deficient. It was as true then as now, that (as our great laureate sings),

It is the land that free men till,
That sober-suited freedom chose:
The land where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will.

A land of settled government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

This freedom of the country under the Tudor kings has been called in question by those who, like Hume, had some ulterior object, but it is placed beyond all question by the whole history of the times. Hallam explicitly declares that the kings never possessed either of the two great sources of power, the right to levy taxes, and to enact laws. But the condition of the nation is still more strikingly shewn by the fact, that all the statutes on which our liberties are founded were passed before this time, and that none enacted since do more than explain and confirm them. I shall have occasion again to allude to this freedom of the people, because it is the very keystone of my argument; but I trust I have said enough to prove my point for the present. And yet historians have not scrupled to teach us, that this free and noble nation submitted to be ruled at the arbitrary will of a cruel tyrant who, though daily shocking their dearest principles, though daily venturing on some new act of oppression and injustice, still retained to the last their reverence and love. But recently an historian has arisen who to admirable powers of narration unites that reverence for the virtues of the past, that charity for its failings, and that sympathy with its trials and difficulties, which must ever be cherished by one who wishes to write a faithful history. Mr. Froude has refused to believe "that English judges, English parliaments, English clergy, statesmen whose beneficent legislation survives among the most valued of our institutions, Prelates who were the founders and martyrs of the English Church, were the cowardly accomplices of abominable atrocities; and had disgraced themselves by a sycophancy which the Roman senate imperfectly approached, when it fawned on Nero." He has preferred in discussing points of obscurity the deliberate opinion of the representatives of the nation, as expressed in the Acts of Parliament, to the careless inaccuracies and malignant slanders of later historians. Which method, I ask, is the more likely to lead us to the truth? Whose results may we the more readily and entirely trust? Yet Mr. Froude's

method must lead us inevitably, as it has led him, to the acquittal of Henry.

It is evidently impossible for me to attempt to go through the whole of Henry's reign, and defend his every action. The space allotted me will only allow me to lay down (as I have partly done already), the principles which I think ought to guide us in judging him; and apply them to the points in which his conduct has been most mis-represented. And here I must first discuss a question on which, did the readers of *The Eagle* consist in any large proportion of the fairer but less reasoning sex, I should despair of producing conviction. I have never once hinted in the presence of any of them, that Henry VIII. was not perhaps quite so bad as he is usually painted, (a fact admitted even of the Prince of Darkness himself), without the exclamation accompanied by the prettiest little shriek, "Oh! the horrid old creature! Why he had six wives!" To which has not seldom been added, "And cut off all their heads!" Now with the greatest possible grief at differing in opinion from any fair ladies, who may deign to cast their eyes over our celibate production, I certainly do not think him a horrid old creature; nay! rather quite the reverse. I must confess that he *had* six wives: assuredly not a precedent to be followed; but is he therefore to be condemned or pitied? was he guilty or unfortunate? I hold the latter, and unhesitatingly think him "a man more sinned against than sinning."

In considering this question, we shall be influenced much by the idea we form of his character, before the divorce from Catherine, and on this point at least historians are unanimous. All speak of him during the earlier years of his reign in the highest terms. It is true that he was somewhat extravagant, and perhaps left state affairs too much to his able and faithful minister, Wolsey; he certainly did not at this time show that devotion to his country, and self-sacrifice, that shone out so brightly in his later years. But in generosity, honour, justice, and moral purity, his early life will stand comparison with that of any of our kings before or since, if I except perhaps King Charles I., who assuredly had sins enough of another kind to answer for. With one solitary exception, throughout the whole fiery period of youth, in the midst of the temptations of a court, he remained unswervingly faithful to the wife forced upon him in his boyhood, though six years older than himself, plain and unamiable. With a character like this to start from, the defenders of Henry may fearlessly challenge the severest investigation. Of his six wives, one

died a natural death, and one survived him; no one, I presume, will venture to defend the worthless Catherine Howard, or deny that her fate was righteously deserved. The divorce of Anne of Cleves I do not intend to refer to; it involves questions little fitted for discussion, and is one of those which must be decided after all by the opinions we have previously formed of the characters of those concerned. I will simply express my belief that any one who will fairly examine (as I have done) the voluminous State-papers published on the subject, will admit that Henry was perfectly justified in all his conduct. There remain, therefore, for our discussion, only the divorce of Catherine of Arragon and the execution of Anne Boleyn; and if I succeed in showing that both these measures were just and needful, I think the candid reader must admit that, as regards his wives, Henry's character was stainless. It will be remembered that Catherine of Arragon had been the wife of Prince Arthur, Henry's elder brother; and that after Arthur's death, by an arrangement between Ferdinand of Spain and Henry VII., she was betrothed to young Henry, then but twelve years old. The marriage was illegal according to the ecclesiastical canons: but a papal dispensation was reluctantly granted. "But in the year following the ambiguity of the law, the extreme undesirableness of imperilling the succession, and the doubts of the English ecclesiastics as to the adequacy of the forms observed, all combined to change the intentions of the king of England, and he compelled the prince on his arrival at the requisite age, to disown and renounce by a formal and solemn act the obligations contracted in his name." Thus an atmosphere of doubt and of uncertainty from the first surrounded this connection. When Henry ascended the throne at the age of eighteen, he was persuaded by a majority of his council, in spite of his own renunciation, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to renew his engagement; and having done so, in this doubtful and uncongenial marriage he lived for twenty years almost blameless. The only offspring was the Princess Mary, and in 1527 the French ambassador openly raised a question as to her legitimacy. Such a question so raised could not be lightly passed over, but must be boldly met and answered. And besides, at a time when the right of the Pope to issue dispensations from the laws of God and man was being so openly questioned, Henry could not fail to be tormented by doubts as to the legality of the marriage which had been entered upon with so much hesitation.

He began to fear lest the assertion made by the brave monk of Wittenberg, that the Sovereign Pontiff was but a fallible mortal, which had once appeared so audacious a heresy, might after all be true; and grave doubts seized him, that he had been led by the Pope to the commission of a grievous sin in marrying his brother's widow. These doubts became converted into certainty when that very curse (of barrenness) fell on him, that had been threatened in the law of Moses against those guilty of this crime. Mr. Froude has shown that six sons had been born to him by Catherine, not one of whom survived to leave the cradle. He said himself, "All such issue male as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born, so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf. Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience, and partly in despair of any issue male by her, it drove me at last to consider the estate of this realm, and the danger it stood in for the lack of issue male to succeed me in this imperial dignity." And of what that danger was we in these settled times can form but little idea. The life of the Princess Mary was very uncertain, and if she should die, or the proud barons of England, never yet ruled by a woman, should refuse her their allegiance, how terrible the future that awaited this land! The Dukes of Buckingham, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the King of Scotland, and the Queen of France, Lady Margaret Lennox, the Countess of Salisbury, and the powerful families of the Courtenays, the Nevilles, and the Poles, had each and all conflicting claims upon the throne, and partisans ready to support them. They would assuredly have been advanced on the death of Henry, and must inevitably have convulsed the country with the combined fury of a foreign and an intestinal war. The danger is long over-past, and so we forget it; but is not our conduct like that of the passengers in a storm-tost vessel, who, while the billows are rolling mountains high, and the winds are howling around them, cling in frantic terror to their trusted captain, with passionate prayers that he would save them; but when the tempest has past and the waves are still, they say, "the storm was not so dangerous as we fancied," and even blame their saviour for the loss of any of the cargo he has thrown over for their preservation! Truly we are a generous people! To prove that I do not exaggerate, I beg the reader to listen to the language of the statesmen of the day. Wolsey said to Sir Gregory Cassilis, "If his Holiness, which God forbid, shall show himself unwilling to listen to the king's demands, to me assuredly it will be but grief to

live longer, for the innumerable evils which I foresee will follow. Nothing is before us but universal and inevitable ruin." Hall, the chronicler, declares that, "all indifferent (*i.e.* unprejudiced) and discreet persons judged it necessary for the Pope to grant Henry a divorce, and by enabling him to marry again, give him the hope of an undisputed heir male." The Cardinal Governor of Bologna asserts that "he knew the gyze of England as well as few men did, and if the king should die without heirs male, he was sure it would cost 200,000 men's lives." It was reserved for historians who lived under the Jameses and the Charleses, and had lost all faith (as well they might) in the virtue of princes, and the confidence of their subjects, to reject utterly the witness of the wisest and greatest men of the time, and the testimony of the plainest common sense, and assert that a king who had borne himself so uprightly and honourably for twenty years of youth in imperial power, should now bring years of trouble on his country and the whole of Europe, for the sake of a silly wicked love-fit.

I am sure that the verdict of every unprejudiced reader, will be that given by the pope's own legates, when they said, "it is mere madness to suppose that the king would act as he is doing merely out of dislike to the queen, or out of inclination to another person; nor can any sane man believe him to be so infirm of character that sensual allurements would have led him to dissolve a connection in which he has passed the flower of youth without stain or blemish, and in which he has borne himself in his present trial so reverently and honourably." So temperate and yet firm was his resolve, that for seven long years Henry bore with the vexatious delays of diplomacy, and the constant deception of the Pope, and what wonder that at last the patience of the king as well as the people was utterly exhausted, and that in righteous wrath they threw off the fetters of one who claimed to be the vicegerent of the God of Truth, and had shown himself hopelessly fickle, false and perjured. The divorce by the Parliament as well as by the all but unanimous voice of the nation was declared absolutely necessary for its peace and safety. Henry did not hesitate to obey that voice; the universities and bishops pronounced the previous marriage illegal; and in dazzling splendour the woman who had some months before become his wife was crowned as Henry's queen. Again peace seemed restored to England: Emperor and Pope might do their worst; but a bold, free, and united people, faithful in their allegiance to a prince in whom they

trusted, would bid them proud defiance. The king had leisure now for those important reforms of the church to which I shall refer by and bye. But soon these matrimonial troubles to which he seemed fated recommenced. Rumours of the most unfavourable kind were spread abroad about the conduct of the queen. A committee of the Privy Council was appointed to examine into the case; and a special commission was issued for her trial. Grand Juries of Kent and Middlesex found true bills against her; the commission sentenced her to death, and she was beheaded on Tower Hill. Such is the barest outline of those tragic events that have brought such odium on the head of Henry. But how far does he really deserve our censure? Let us consider for a moment the consequences of the truth of the usual belief. Mr. Hallam says, "Few, very few, have in any age hesitated to admit the innocence of Anne Boleyn. Nothing in this detestable reign is worse than her trial." The usual candour and judicial impartiality of this great historian, deservedly give great weight to any opinion he may advance. But let us consider what follows if we accept this view. We are told to believe that the king grew tired of that woman for whose sake but three short years before he had defied the mightiest princes of his time, and that, in the age of Catherine de Medici, instead of removing her by poison, by secret assassination or by divorce, he caused her to be accused of the most heinous crimes, and deliberately incurred the scandal, the risk, and the disgrace of a public trial and execution. Remember Henry's position, surrounded by enemies abroad, and harassed by disunion and conspiracies at home, his foes all eagerly watching for an occasion of attack, and ready to take advantage of the slightest slip. I maintain that if he were not fully convinced of the guilt of Anne, his conduct shows not only a murderous thirst for blood, but a besotted madness, utterly at variance with his previous actions. And yet more, far more, we must believe that in his design, which would stand almost unmatched for foul atrocity, he had the unanimous and hearty support of her own father the Earl of Wiltshire, of her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, of the Privy Council, the House of Peers, with the Archbishops and Bishops, the House of Commons, the Grand Juries of Middlesex and Kent, and the great mass of the English people. We must believe that the bravest, proudest, and freest nation of Christendom, in the persons of their noblest chivalry, consented to be accomplices in a deed of unutterable baseness, and inscribe their degradation in the

most enduring annals of the realm. Such infamy could find no parallel in the days of pagan Rome's most abject bondage. Even then there were found some noble souls, who chose to die rather than be silent on their country's shame. And yet we are to believe that not one such was to be found among those men whom God honoured by making them the instruments of the greatest work He ever wrought in this fair land; not one such among that glorious band of statesmen and warriors, that rallied round the throne of the maiden queen, threw down the gage of battle to the mightiest prince of Christendom, and in that deadly yet triumphant struggle for truth and freedom, won for themselves immortal fame. Yet we are taught that it is not true as it was in the days of old: "*Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*;" we are told the eagle may come from the egg of the carrion-crow; and that the vilest of the vile now take the foremost rank in the noble army of martyrs. On the other supposition we are asked to believe that a youthful queen, brought up in the most profligate court of the time, was tempted to commit those crimes, which she had seen treated as matter of jest rather than reproach. I do not hesitate to say, that no man who can divest himself of early prejudices, will doubt which alternative he ought to adopt. But if it be allowed that the guilt is proved, surely the punishment was not too great for the offence. As Mr. Kingsley says, "Death, and death of a far more horrible kind than that which Anne Boleyn suffered, was the established penalty of the offences of which she was convicted, and in this case they had the fearful aggravation that they were offences, not against Henry merely, but against the whole English nation. She had married in order that there might be an undisputed heir to the throne, and a fearful war avoided. To throw into dispute by any conduct of hers (and it is universally admitted that this was at least excessively indiscreet) the legitimacy of her own offspring, argues a levity or a hard-heartedness, which of itself deserved the severest punishment." And if this be conceded, why are we to blame Henry if he did not interfere to prevent the execution of the sentence passed by the highest legal authorities upon the most revolting crimes?

I claim therefore to have proved that both in the divorce from Catherine, and in the execution of Anne Boleyn, Henry was perfectly blameless. Other evidence indeed I might have adduced, but the limits of one brief article are utterly inadequate to exhaust the subject. My space will only allow me to place before the reader some of the most striking considerations;

and if I can only succeed in inducing some to study with impartial minds and clearer views this important period of our annals, my labour, which has not been trifling, will not have been spent in vain. But before I leave this portion of my subject, candour demands that I should allude to one of Henry's actions, which I confess cannot be so completely justified; though it may be greatly palliated. On the day after Anne's execution, he married Jane Seymour, one of the late queen's maids of honour. That this was in the highest degree unbecoming and indelicate, admits of no denial, but delicacy is not a virtue easily learnt by a powerful prince, whose will has usually been law. To me it seems that Henry, indignant at the faithlessness of one to whom he had been strongly attached, resolved to show his nation how completely her guilt had torn her from his heart, and how little he would respect the memory of one who had so bitterly deceived him. Henceforward he seems to have regarded marriage as an unpleasant duty required by the necessities of his country, urged by his Council, and to be performed as speedily as possible. It seems to me simply childish to imagine, that the monarch who had waited seven long years for one whom he undoubtedly passionately loved, was so regardless of his own dignity and the feelings of his people as to be hurried away by the impulse of a violent passion. That so petty a revenge upon the memory of a woman who, however unworthy, had once been his wife, was sadly beneath so great a king, I freely confess; but I am not trying to show that Henry was without his faults, but simply that they have been grossly exaggerated. How his own people looked upon this action is clearly shown by the records of the following parliament. They declare the criminality of the late queen proved, the sentence upon her just; and they thank the king, in the name of the nation, for having made haste with the marriage, which is now regarded as the temptation to his crime. The student may refuse, if he will, to accept the truth of this representation; but it is impossible to pass over the deliberate judgment of the leaders of the nation with a few contemptuous sneers. That this judgment was not evoked by fear of the king, I shall prove further on.

But now I must turn to another charge that is frequently brought against Henry; that of capricious and blood-thirsty tyranny. This has perhaps not so much affected the common opinion of his character as his relations with his wives; but of course I must boldly meet and answer

it. The alleged tyranny is of two kinds, in political and ecclesiastical matters. And here again historians have been led into error by neglecting to consider the condition of the nation at the time. It was divided into contending factions at bitter variance, especially upon the two main points of the succession and religion. These were checked indeed for the time by the consciousness that a cool and sagacious head and powerful arm were curbing them, but were ready at any moment to break forth into furious discord, and plunge the suffering country once more into the fearful horrors of a new civil war. We can little understand what these words mean: but had we ridden over the fields of Gettysburg, or Chancellorsville, had we seen the flames arise from our own dear Atlanta home, or listened to the booming of the monitors at Charleston, we could better comprehend them. And we must not forget that the Tudors and their counsellors had seen the close of a sanguinary contest between rival families, and had heard from their fathers tales of pillaged homes, of wasted lands, and of battle-fields strewn with corpses polluting the air for miles around. Historians in their peaceful libraries have condemned in no measured language the executions of Buckingham and Darcy, Exeter and Montague, the Countess of Salisbury and the Earl of Surrey; and I admit at once that some of these were put to death on evidence that would not satisfy a modern jury. But then if peace was to be kept at all, it must be by a keen eye and vigorous hand. Then it was impossible to wait for the commission of some overt act of rebellion. If it were proved that the accused was strongly disaffected to the government, it was then considered, and it was in reality, ample reason for his execution. So at least thought the noblest and wisest of those days; and they knew far more of the needs of the country than we can ever know. But again in many cases the MSS. recently discovered in the Rolls house, contain far more evidence of positive treason, than has hitherto been known to exist. To take but one instance—the Marquis of Exeter withdrew from his command in the royal army at the time of the great Northern Rebellion, returned to his estates in Devonshire, interfered with the course of justice, and prevented the levy of the subsidy granted by parliament; it was found that a large conspiracy had been formed to make him king. For these and other similar crimes he was tried fairly by his peers, convicted on the clearest evidence (which yet remains) and condemned to death. And yet his execution is usually brought forward as a proof of Henry's insatiate thirst for

blood! Is it, I ask, either honest or generous, so recklessly and wantonly to malign the character of one so long departed? Were he still among us, the accusation would be treated as a foul malignant slander; and does the lapse of years make so much difference? Too often do we find it true that

“The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

It has been so long with Henry, but let it be so no longer. As long as we retain any just pride in the religious liberty of our country, let us not forget our debt of gratitude to the ruler who took the first steps in that road, even though his vision was not always clear and his footsteps sometimes wavered.

Other cases of alleged judicial murder were really precisely similar. Even the Earl of Surrey whose poetical genius has won him so much pity, despite his infamous private character, really deserves no sympathy. He was at the head of the party of reaction, and was using his utmost exertions to reverse the policy of Cromwell and Latimer, and anticipate the Marian persecutions. He was engaged in a life and death struggle with the party of progress, and in his failure he only incurred that fate, which his victory would have brought on Somerset and Dudley.

But the strongest proof of the justice of these executions is found in the effect they produced at the time. Unjust severity provokes indignation, which in stormy times finds the means sooner or later of shaping itself into punishment. But of this indignation we do not find the slightest trace. It is admitted by all historians that the whole of Henry's strength lay in the perfect harmony between himself and the common people. But how was this maintained? Surely not, as some would teach us, by a constant series of judicial murders of their best-loved favorites, like Buckingham, More and Surrey. Had not the necessity of the executions been manifest, the Pilgrimage of Grace must have had a very different ending.

In all consideration of the reigns of the Tudors, it is very necessary that we have a clear idea of the power at their disposal. It is a self-evident axiom, that there can be no tyranny where the ruler has no power to enforce his commands. Now it is a well-known fact, that Henry was far inferior in the number of his immediate vassals to the Howards, the Brandons, the Courtenays, and the Nevilles. As Macaulay

says—"the Tudors had no armed force, and they were surrounded by an armed people. Their palace was guarded by a few domestics, whom the array of a single shire, or of a single ward of London, could with ease have overpowered." Indeed throughout the whole of his reign, the only troops that Henry kept in his pay were about a hundred Yeomen of the Guard. Had one of his powerful barons risen against him, it could only have been by trusting to the support of his people that he would have been able to put down the rebellion. Is it, I ask, conceivable that the English nobles would have stooped to be the instruments of a capricious tyranny to which they might themselves ere long fall victims? Yet historians would have us believe that through fear of a monarch so completely in their power, the foremost gentlemen of England became his obedient tools in the most atrocious designs. This is to teach us in the words of Mr. Froude "that our Great England once called

The land of lordliest souls, the dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the earth,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

was really the nursery of everything most pitiful, most base, and most contemptible." Again I say this may be so, but far weightier evidence than the malignant slanders of historians of a century later will be needed to make me believe it. For the same reason, we may utterly reject the charges of having gained money by extortion and violence, and of having levied taxes not granted by parliament. Here again I frankly admit that some of his measures were not strictly legal: that occasionally he anticipated the consent of his people when money was greatly needed. But it is the veriest trifling to attach such immense importance to mere form, and to overlook entirely the spirit of the actions. The money thus raised was not devoted to luxury and extravagance; it was absolutely required for the defence of the nation; (I do not refer to the period of Wolsey's administration); as soon as parliament met complete accounts were presented, showing that it had really been applied to that purpose, and they hastened to express their formal approval of the steps that the council had taken. With what right then does Hume charge Henry with "violence, profusion, rapacity, injustice, cruelty, extortion and arbitrary administration" because for the pressing need of the nation he adopted a course illegal indeed in form but so thoroughly

approved by the people he governed? I will take one instance only, for my space is very limited, and that shall be one upon which Mr. Hallam has laid especial stress. In 1545 the faithless emperor had broken a treaty to which he had sworn with peculiar solemnity and thus left England to sustain alone a most burdensome war with France. The King coined down his plate, pawned his jewels, and sold or mortgaged his estates; and then, and not till then, with trustful reliance on the people's sympathy, the council called upon them for their aid. The vast majority replied with a cheerful readiness, and if one niggardly tradesman who had refused to bear his part in the nation's burdens met with severe but strictly legal treatment, is that a sufficient reason why we should overlook wholly the mutual trust and confidence shown in the generosity of the many, and visit with our severest wrath the impatience of the council at the meanness of the few? But had these demands been really odious to the great mass of the people, Henry had absolutely no means of compelling their payment. But one such demand was ever made. The consequences may be told in the graphic words of Macaulay: "the cry of hundreds of thousands was that they were English and not French, freemen and not slaves. In Kent the royal commissioners fled for their lives. In Suffolk four thousand men appeared in arms. The King's lieutenants in that county vainly exerted themselves to raise an army. Those who did not join in the insurrection declared they would not fight against their brethren in such a quarrel. Henry, proud and self-willed as he was, shrank not without reason from a conflict with the roused spirit of the nation. He not only cancelled his illegal commissions; he not only granted a general pardon to all the malcontents; but he publicly and solemnly apologized for his infraction of the laws." Surely the fact that this tax was successfully contested, proves clearly that the King had no power to compel the payment of any, and that whenever their collection was not opposed, it was because the people at large perceived them to be needful.

But I must now turn to the ecclesiastical portion of our subject. And here again Henry has met with little favour hitherto; Protestants and Catholics alike have joined in reproaching him, the one sect with his tardy advances, the other with his violent changes. But in this, as in many other points, Henry was a fair representative of the people that he governed and it was precisely in this similarity to the bulk of his subjects that his power mainly lay. In the

early years of his reign, England was strongly and decidedly Romanist, and Henry one of Luther's most violent opponents. At the time of the fall of Wolsey, the nation was sick of the pope's arrogance and disgusted with the pride and licentiousness of the monks; and Henry renounced the supremacy of Rome and abolished the monasteries; nation and king alike clinging firmly to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
But God fulfils himself in many ways."

By degrees, through the teachings of Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper and Ridley, the doctrines of the Reformers gained more and more adherents, and one by one were admitted into the creed of the established Church. The Reformation in England was not an event, but a period; full fifty years were needed to change the faith of the nation: and it was truly fortunate for the country, that as it became each year more and more Protestant, the views of the king were developed in precisely the same degree. Had Henry at the commencement boldly supported the Lutheran doctrines he would have exposed his country to the fearful horrors of a religious war: had he at its close clung firmly to the Church of Rome, the Reformation would have been checked for a while, and its foremost champions suffered with their lives for the unpardonable crime of being wiser than their generation. But Henry advanced at the same rate as the mass of his people; and thus he wisely and ably held the balance between the two great parties of the Reformers and the Anglicans. We in these more enlightened days may think that it would have been wiser for him "to have left both alone; to have allowed opinion to correct opinion, and truth to win its own victory. But this, so easy now, was then impossible: it would have been rejected equally by the governors and the governed. Deep in the hearts of Englishmen in that century lay the conviction, that it was the duty of the magistrate to maintain truth as well as to execute justice. Toleration was neither understood nor desired." The grand law of spiritual being that a man's religious belief is a matter between himself and his God, that his innermost heart is a sacred shrine which neither king nor priest dare enter, was then a hidden truth. It is among the brightest of the many glories that beam on the care-worn brow of Oliver Cromwell, that when in power he first attempted to maintain this principle. Yet even he did not carry it to its full

extent; though enounced long before by Robinson and the Independents, as far as my own researches go, it is barely a century since it was first made a rule of conduct, and that by a prince of the petty German principality of Wied.

But in Henry's time the Protestants clamoured against persecution, not because it was persecution, but because truth was persecuted by falsehood; and however furiously the hostile factions exclaimed each that the truth was with them, and the falsehood with their enemies, neither the one nor the other disputed the obligation of the ruling power to support the truth in itself. We cannot then surely blame Henry very severely because he was not guided by a principle which the wisest rulers never dreamt of till more than two centuries after his death. "It was therefore," in the words of Mr. Froude, "fortunate, most fortunate for the peace of England that it possessed in the king, a person whose mind to a certain extent sympathised with both parties; to whom both, so long as they were moderate, appeared to be right; to whom the extravagancies of both were wrong and to be repressed. Protestant and Anglican alike might look to him with confidence, alike were obliged to fear him; neither could take him for their enemy, neither for their partisan." And besides these considerations, when we hear Henry charged with cruelty in his persecution of Catholics and Protestants, we must remember certain facts which were ever present to his mind, but which we are too apt to overlook. In the first place I must again remind the reader that the bulk of the nation was equally opposed to the partisans of either extreme. The light of God's glorious gospel, like the light of the morning sun, did not burst forth in all its splendour in the midst of midnight darkness; a few faint streaks in the east were the heralds of the coming dawn; the pale grey light spread over the heavens; till the rising sun, first flushing the mountain peaks with its rosy light, poured forth its floods of molten gold on the world beneath, till it warmed and gladdened the lowliest vallies. Or to change the metaphor; Protestantism in England did not spring up like Jonah's gourd in a night, to be withered by the parching rays of the first noon-day sun; but rather like some giant oak, rising by slow and steady increase, striking its roots deep and firm into a fruitful soil, to stand for centuries, unshaken by the fiercest storms, and gladdening the hearts of all beholders. Again, we must never forget that a Catholic in those days did not mean merely one who believed in transubstantiation, and worshipped the Virgin; but a citizen

of England who yet professed allegiance to a foreign prince whose authority was in his eyes superior to that of his own monarch. This may now be but a harmless theory: then and long after it was a principle that proved its power by murderous conspiracies, and repeated and obstinate rebellion; and which required to be put down by a stern, strong hand. And further in the case of the Protestants their cardinal doctrine of justification by faith was too often so interpreted by fanatical and ignorant preachers, as to lead (according to the confession of Latimer himself) to the most injurious effect on the morals of the people. It is hardly to be wondered that Henry with a narrow theological training, and surrounded by the most bigoted enemies of Reformers whose leading doctrine was so easily misunderstood, deemed it his duty to use severe measures for the suppression of the most noisy and violent of the party. We must never forget moreover that the harshest of these penal statutes were carried through parliament, often against the will of the king, by the bishops and the Anglican faction. Again and again did he interfere to prevent the rigorous execution of those laws whose enactment he would have been powerless, had he been desirous, to prevent. But whatever may be our own opinions as to the best course that might have been adopted in the conduct of so great a Reformation, one fact must outweigh a thousand such theories. In Germany the attempt at Reformation had but a partial success after a century of fearful bloodshed, which razed hundreds of flourishing towns, caused the death of hundreds of thousands of citizens, and inflicted a blow on the prosperity of the country, from which it is even now struggling to recover. In France the contest was long and sanguinary; and its result was only the triumph of falsehood, and the banishment or murder of thousands of its most industrious and intelligent population. In Spain, the Netherlands, and Italy, the Reformation that once had promised so fair was extinguished in rivers of blood; there was hardly a town but had its market-place consecrated by the ashes of those who had sealed with their lives, but all in vain, their witness to the truth. And yet our own loved country passed with hardly a struggle from the darkness and spiritual thralldom of Popery, to the glorious light and liberty of God's free gospel. And while we acknowledge that much of our peace was owing to the character and temperament of the English people, and much to the noble army of Marian martyrs; I hold it to be the basest ingratitude to refuse all share of the

praise to that ruler, by whose wisdom, moderation and firmness the conflicting factions were bridled, and under whose guidance the nation moved so harmoniously and so triumphantly to the freedom and order wherein we now rejoice.

My space, and I fear the patience of the reader, are exhausted; I could have wished to have cleared away the baseless calumnies that have been borrowed from Popish historians; and especially those that relate to his death; I should like to have transcribed his dying words, to show with what patience, faith and resignation this noble life was closed, but I must forbear. In conclusion, I would simply remind those who have followed me thus far, of the principles on which I believe this reign should be studied, of the uncertainty of the succession and the importance that it should be clearly settled; of the difficulties arising from the change in religion; of the small power that Henry had at his command, wherewith to enforce his decrees; and above all, of the trust which his people ever placed in him, and the love with which they regarded him. With this I commenced this paper, and with this I will close it. My view of Henry's character may be accompanied by some difficulties; but these sink into utter nothingness when compared with the inexplicable problem which must be solved by those who oppose me. Until they have done so;—until they have shown me how a monarch whose character is asserted to have been disgraced by the worst vices incident to human nature, could have retained to the last the confidence, the reverence and the affection of the free and noble English nation;—till then, I say, I shall hold to the opinion I have attempted to maintain, that a monarch to whom we owe such priceless blessings, has still the strongest claims on our gratitude and admiration.

L.





A BALLAD.

A SWEET bird sat on yonder tree
And thus it trilled its lay,
While to and fro the heedless world
Was passing on its way:

“The first love and the true love
That dieth not for ever,
That liveth on and hopeth on,
And living changeth never;

“The great love, and the strong love,
The true through good and ill,
That changeth not through changing time,
But living loveth still;

“The one love, and the pure love,
That still forgetteth not,
But liveth still, and loveth still,
Although it be forgot;

“Ah! can ye still be blind to it,
Nor see it, where it is?
Can any love be truer love
Than such a love as this?”

Still to and fro the careless world
Went passing on its way,
And heeded not the simple bird
That sang upon the spray.

And soon the winter's cruel storm
Came up across the wold,
And stripped the tree of leaf and bloom,
And killed the bird with cold.

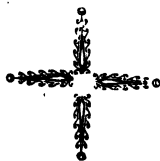
And still the heartless world went on,
And let the songster lie;—
But one sweet maiden paused awhile,
And wept to see it die.

She raised it up with gentle care
To see if life were fled,
"Ah me!" she cried, "too late! too late!
The pretty bird is dead!"

But still within her heart she bore
The music of the lay,
The bird had loved to sing of old,
When sitting on the spray.

And still for her the dead bird sang
Of love that changeth not,
But liveth on and loveth on,
Although it be forgot.

E.





THE PICTURE GALLERY.

I.—THE BORE.

THERE is a certain trite commodity with which it is our painful lot to be more conversant, while we are at the University, than perhaps at any other period of our natural existence. This article rejoices in common-place, delights in inflicting pain on others, and is as dead to any sense of shame or modesty as Mr. Swinbourne is to that of decency. Deficient in tact and taste, it may be compared to the Thersites, whose voice was so well known to the Grecian host, and of whom Sophocles sarcastically remarks

ὃς οὐκ ἂν εἴλετ' εἰσάπαξ εἰπεῖν ὅπον
μηδεὶς ἑώη.

And a modern poet, speaking of the same man, uses the following words, which are somewhat longer and hardly so pointed as the Greek,

Thersites only clamoured in the throng,
Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue:
Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold.

This creature of which I am speaking is unfortunately human; but it is confined to the masculine gender. In point of fact it has a hundred feet and a hundred heads, like the fearful monsters of classical times; but to the outward eye it seems to possess no more than the ordinary members common to humanity. It may be likened to Proteus in that it is capable of assuming many forms, with this difference however, that it never becomes invisible, but is always

Gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

One of the numerous forms which it assumes, and the one to which perhaps it seems most attached, is that of the intimate friend. From the stage of friendship, alas! to

that of relationship there is but a narrow gulf, which it crosses with the greatest ease, and then approaches nearer and nearer to its unfortunate victim till it becomes a veritable first cousin. It is quite useless to deny all connexion with your persecutor: you are assured that you are labouring under a painful mistake. Your mother's cousin married the cousin of your persecutor's step mother, and so of course you are related. Don't attempt to deny it—*Ipse dixit*. The bore has declared it to the world, and the relationship has become a matter of history. And here by the way may we not all pay a slight tribute of respect to that most charming of all relations? What is there that a cousin may not do with propriety and decency? What a multitude of sins and shortcomings does that name cover! Under its all receiving cloak we may insult, abuse, intrude upon, and partake of the hospitality of anybody without amends. The name is sufficiently distant and sufficiently near for all purposes. We can use or abuse it at pleasure. And what is more—it is a dish that can be cooked and served up at a moment's notice. But to proceed. Having thus introduced himself to your notice, the cousin proceeds to treat you quite in a family way, and turns up at all sorts of odd times. You are just going off to a concert with a friend, and your carriage is waiting at the door, when the bore comes up and professing his intense joy at having met you after a long absence—of one hour, he declares his intention of accompanying you. Of course he did not know you were going. He happened to be going there himself on foot, and turning the corner he espied your carriage. Wasn't it odd! Unluckily there is only room inside for two, and so you offer to sit outside, which after a show of resistance he agrees to; taking great care to say as soon as you are well started that he would never have allowed it, if he had known it was raining; though it has been raining the whole day. He wants to have the carriage stopped and to change places: but as you are already two hours late it is impossible. On arriving in the concert room he takes great care to appear very intimate with you. You are somewhat late, and the noise you make in entering causes everybody to turn round and look at you. Then he seizes the golden opportunity, and while everybody is attracted by his loud voice he calls you by an affectionate title or perversion of your Christian name. At last you reach your place, and then you reasonably hope that he will at least hold his tongue and let you enjoy the music. But alas—in this fond hope you are doomed to the bitterest disappointment. For he

makes running comments upon the performances of the various artistes, taking great care the while to inform you that he has heard all the great singers of the day. He sighs theatrically, and pulling his whiskers in a fond and affectionate manner, assures you that Tietjens' voice now is not to be compared with what it was when she sang at Marlborough House last year. This opens a new channel to him, and the whole force and volubility of the stream setting in this direction causes an instantaneous inundation. You are deluged with descriptions of the dresses, looks, and manners of the people who were present on that occasion. The different performances are passed in review: and withal his knowledge seems so thorough, and his details are so minute that you think he must have been an eyewitness. However on your pressing the point he reluctantly owns that his information is only deduced from a newspaper which a friend lent him for the occasion. You turn away in disgust: and if your would-be cousin has any sense of shame he leaves off boring you for the rest of the evening; but too often he is too used to being snubbed to take the hint, so he returns to the charge. It would however be tedious to recount any more of his doings, for they soon get monotonous. He seems like a piece of machinery wound up every week with the key of annoyance to humanity, and when he has run out his whole length he begins again, and his next week is an exact reproduction of the preceding one. Unfortunately he is not so given to getting out of order as a piece of modern machinery is, and so he is never placed *hors de combat*.

Our Proteus assumes many other forms besides that which I have already described. Perhaps he adopts some intellectual theory and is smitten with a desire of proselytism. In this he calls on you at all sorts of unseasonable hours, appearing in your rooms quite out of breath with his haste. He brings with him papers and pamphlets which he asks you to correct for the press. He is in a great hurry as he is afraid that some one will anticipate him in his mighty undertaking. If he thinks that you do not duly appreciate certain passages, he calls your attention to the rounded periods, the rich overflowing language, the beauty of imagery, and the depth of feeling which underlies them. At other times he commends some terse epigrammatic sentence, and remarks that he hardly knew before the depth and clearness of the intellectual fountain welling up within him. Having proceeded thus far in his self-laudatory remarks, he deprecates any praise from you, reads you a short lecture on the ad-

vantages which he possesses over others, assures you that he is perfectly sensible of his own defects as every great man should be, and without thinking of what your opinion of his merits may be, he again begs you not to praise him too much. All the while he is talking so fast and so incessantly, that when you try to get in a remark he passes it over unheeded. He lives entirely in an atmosphere of his own, and never so much as guesses at what is passing in your mind. He has a very limited sympathy with what anyone else either feels or does. If however you do say anything to him, he is sure to misapprehend your meaning, and to fly off at altogether the wrong tangent. For his whole mind is so engrossed with *The Theory*, and his wish to inoculate it into others, that he has no space for the reception of any influx of new ideas. This intellectual and theoretic phenomenon is also a great trial in ordinary conversation. Let us suppose that you are discussing Shelley's claim to be a poet of the first order. You offer some remark on the subject: he at once contradicts you, and talking with even more than his usual volubility, he describes a circle round the question, and at last from lack of breath leaves you at the point from which you started, repeating your remark in different words, it is true, but quite unaltered in substance. Woe betide the unlucky wretch who rouses again the latent fire by pointing out this evident contradiction! Leave him alone, my friend, and say with those who know him better, I like thee not thou loud talker and mighty mouthed inventor of sonorous quibblings; Heaven deliver me from thee and birds of thy feather.

In conclusion let a passing word be uttered in favour of the dull and stupid Bore. This worthy and most proper individual is in the habit of paying you frequent visits, merely because he thinks it right and socially correct to do so. In manner he is blunt. In looks he is heavy and dull. He has no life, no fire, no enthusiasm. Of sentiment he has none. He is too dull, too cold for a kind of dish which requires to be served up hot, and is unpalatable when cold. No ray of warm invigorating light ever penetrates the ice-bound recesses of his mind, but the darkness of utter inanity reigns supreme. He comes into your room, and as he sits down he groans with the unwonted exertion, by way of breaking the silence that naturally follows on the advent of such an apparition. After a pause he tells you that he happened to be passing (which by the bye happens as a matter of course every day) and so just looked in. Seeing

your visitor looking about as if at a loss for a subject of conversation, you tell him some amusing story or make some humorous remark: but he loses the point of both, and is sure to laugh, if indeed he laughs at all, at the wrong place. When you have finished, he says *Is that all? or what next?* He then recurs to the weather or the approaching boat races, both of which subjects are rather heavy about this period, as it is the fourth time they have been broached. At last, after having interrupted your reading for one hour and refused to take any amount of broad hints, he departs. This quiet and slow commodity is certainly more palatable than the noisy and obtrusive specimen which we met above, but he is scarcely more agreeable. For being rather timid and shy he is insulted if you do not endeavour to entertain him, and he is sure to stay some time for fear you should think him cold towards you. I have always observed this characteristic of the slow bore, namely, the idea that frequent visits from him are a necessary consequence of an acquaintance however small.

There is yet another class of Bores which delights in conversing about subjects which can be of no possible interest to its audience, as for instance talking about racquets, boating news, or small talk about schools and any matters of school interest. This kind of conversation is known by the expressive name of *shop*: and is the terror of every well regulated mind. Sometimes again the Bore annoys you by stories of his brother's performances, or he tells you that his maternal uncle won a steeplechase, and forthwith proceeds to tell you the name of every horse that contended against him. This of all others is the little gnat that stings us with its venomous bite every day of our lives.

These are the most important of the numerous characters which are comprehended under the name of Bores. Any one, even the most casual observer, on looking round at the struggling swarms of humanity about him, will recognise a thousand such. Surely they are the rule and not the exception. Nor do I fear that any one will accuse me of viewing life in a mirror of my own distorted ideas and thoughts.

But my good friends, have you so soon forgotten the "blood and flesh" theory? I bid you at once call to mind and apply Mr. Gladstone's theory. What though our first acquaintance was no cousin, in spite of his protestations to that effect? Yet still you cannot deny him a place among your brethren. Yes, he is a brother. Witness the same blood

that courses through his veins and yours, the same pulse that throbs within him, and the same intellectual organization that is common to both of you. It is your duty therefore to foster and to cherish him: to allow him to link his arm into your's, to follow you as a pet poodle would, and even to partake of your daily meals. You must joyfully listen to his long and spun out accounts of his brother's performances, and you must entertain him if he calls upon you seventy times seven every day.

W. L.

II.—THE ABSENT MAN.

Anomalies are not uncommon in this world, but I know not whether in the whole genus there exists a more striking anomaly than the subject of my present sketch. When is he more palpably absent, than when he is present? Nay, when is his absence noted at all except when he lives and moves before our very eyes? Again, when is he so abstracted himself as when he is abstracting from his neighbours? I have often wondered that his very name should be the cloak of such a glaring falsehood. Is he called absent, I should like to know, because he is so universally present? Where will you not meet with him? Climb to the summit of Mont Blanc, and you will find him boiling his watch and anxiously timing it with his egg: dive into the eternal night of the coal-mine, and he will appear before you rendering his safety-lamp doubly safe by the simple precaution of not lighting it at all. His generous impulses are not parched by the heats of India. He is "so delighted to see you: will be so glad if you will come in to tiffin any day during the week." Do you feel grateful? Reserve your gratitude. In the course of conversation, it appears that he is going to Jumnapore next day for a month. He is not unknown in the saloons of New York; if we may believe our transatlantic cousins, he is there found in the highest state of development. Who has not heard how he once hung himself upon the peg and sent his hat and stick in to dinner? Not unlike is the story of a certain peer in the last century, who went out to dinner without stockings, and when the omission was pointed out by a friend, sent a footman to buy him a pair; having procured them, the tale proceeds, he carefully put both stockings on one leg.

But it is my intention to treat principally of the absent man as he is seen in the various pursuits of this University ; to trace him, if possible, in his erratic course across our range of vision, and when he at length touches the horizon of our sky, to deduce from our observations of his career such approximate conclusions as shall enable some future savant to clear up for ever the many mysteries which now alas ! enshroud his character and his history. I have observed that the absent man rarely begins his day by keeping a matutinal chapel. Whether it is that he always forgets to tell his bedmaker to call him, or whether it is due to the late hours which he almost invariably keeps, I do not pretend to say ; of the fact itself I am quite certain. I have occasionally known him appear at eight o'clock lecture with traces of sleep written in every line of his eloquent countenance, but I have always found on enquiry, that he had either mistaken the time and risen from the couch of repose two hours earlier than he intended, or else that his alacrity was the result of a cogent message from the lecturer, in which, by a singular coincidence, mention has generally been made of the College gates. On the rare occasions in question, he makes a point of getting up the wrong pieces of bookwork, and has usually forgotten to bring his spectacles, which are of a construction peculiar to themselves, and without which he can see to do nothing. Finally, having borrowed from divers of his acquaintance one penknife, two pencils, a book, and a piece of india-rubber, all of which he neglects to return, he carries off his spoil in triumph to his own room, there to join the large magazine of stolen goods which a search-warrant could not fail to bring to light in its mysterious recesses. He now invests himself in a Margaret straw and a gown, and, unconscious of the singular picturesqueness of his attire, meanders across the court to breakfast with a friend. His proceedings during the meal are well worth the attention of the casual observer. It is well if he is content with upsetting his neighbour's coffee and pouring the greater part of the claret-cup upon the floor. It is well if he only takes sugar three times over and spoils his fish by drenching it with the milk instead of the vinegar. It is far more probable that he will let the ducks which he is carving fall bodily under the table, and will carry off as trophies a spoon protruding from each waistcoat-pocket, under the vague impression that they represent respectively his pencil and his tobacco-pouch. Thus enriched, and feeling in his pocket the while for his pipe which is in his mouth, he returns meditatively to his rooms.

His next business is to see the Senior Dean, who has sent for him to know on what principle he usually wears his gown inside out at Chapel. He apparently considers the shortest cut to that gentleman's rooms to be through the apartments of some half-dozen of his friends, upon whom he calls by the way, finally arriving at his destination exactly an hour and three-quarters after he left his own rooms. He now returns and settles down to his reading, and becoming absorbed in his work, reads on till nearly half-past two, happily oblivious of the fact that he is due at the boat-house at two. Suddenly becoming conscious of his engagement, he hurriedly makes his toilet—a successful one in most respects, but rendered perhaps a little singular by the combination of a boot on one foot and a boating-shoe on the other, and also by the somewhat unusual prominence given to the blazer which he wears over his pea-jacket—and arrives at the river not more than thirty-five minutes behind his time. In a boat he is invaluable: for it never strikes him that he is pumped, and he quite forgets to shut up. He has however an unpleasant habit of putting it on at Grassy when he is rowing two, and at Ditton when he is bow, on each occasion apparently for no other reason, than because it is *not* his corner. If he is stroke, he rows a casual fifty to the minute, which the 'Varsity oar, who is rowing five, says he does not much mind himself, but perhaps the others might like a rather slower stroke. But, alas, three catches a crab and the boat upsets. See how carefully our hero throws his watch into the river to save it, and carries his oar laboriously with him to the bank to prevent it from sinking. The Absent Man did I call him? What presence of mind could equal that? The happy hour when a repast of nectar and ambrosia—represented, alas! too often, by a glass of undrinkable beer and a mangled joint of beef or mutton—awaits the hungry Undergraduate, now approaches. Our hero, unconscious of the fact that grace is being read, enters the Hall with a thoughtful step; and it is not until he has walked half-way up the room that he becomes aware of that fact, and also that he has his cap on. Rectifying the latter mistake with an indifferent air, he takes his place: and, with a prudence and precaution which would do honour to the most mature deliberation, he first sends a waiter for some beef and then helps himself to the mutton; and having originally despatched another waiter for currant jelly (apparently a conventional term with him for horse-radish sauce) to the beef, he now sends off a third waiter to get him horse-radish sauce to his mutton. Having thus provided for every

emergency, he orders College (a phrase by which he is accustomed to indicate bitter), and then with reckless hospitality invites the eight nearest men to wine after Hall, shortly afterwards readily accepting an invitation to play billiards till Chapel. He ends by ordering old Stilton and—no cream, and, with an equal contempt for both his engagements, makes the best of his way to the Union. His next appearance is at Chapel. His conduct there is marked by no very characteristic peculiarities, except that he is absorbed in deeper depths of contemplation than ever, as a result of which he occasionally finds an anthem-book in his pocket a day or two afterwards. By what process it arrived there he always declares himself unable to conceive.

On his way from Chapel he registers a vow to read for the rest of the evening. Infatuated man! If he had made no such resolve, the chances are, that his unconscious feet would have carried him to his own rooms, and his object would have been attained. But, elated by his virtuous determination, he conceives it his duty to call on a friend just to announce his resolve, and to prepare himself for the effort by a few minutes' conversation. Need I detail the consequences? At ten o'clock he finds that he has had the conversation which was to prepare him for his work, but has not done the work for which the conversation was to prepare him. But the day is not yet lost. He wanders disconsolately to his own rooms, with a vague idea that he ought to go to bed. But luckily a problem-paper is lying on his table, and that—to the unmathematical mind—surprising phenomenon, an interesting problem, attracts his attention. He sits down, and two o'clock finds him still at work. But he grows sleepy, and lighting a candle, he seizes a pen and proceeds to write: "Call me at half-past ——" At this stage of the proceeding he falls into a reverie and his arm-chair, and is found at seven the next morning pen in hand, with the unfinished document before him. But let me not leave the reader under the impression that he has been asleep. I am assured on the combined testimony of his gyp and his bed-maker that his eyes are wide open; and he has himself told me, in confidence, that he was only thinking of that fifth problem, which would not come out as neatly as he liked.

My task approaches a termination. We have traced his brief career, his flaming track across our heaven, and, like the burning arrow in Virgil, which

"Signavit viam flammis tenuesque recessit
...in ventos,"

or, like the meteors, which in the words of the same poet

“Cælo sæpe reflexa,
Transcurreunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt,”

so does the subject of our sketch vanish from our gaze, while we

“Attonitis hæremus animis,”

and can only exclaim

“Unde quo venit?”

What was his origin, and what the closing scenes of his life? Who has seen him in his early infancy? Who has followed him to his grave? An absent baby is a phenomenon which my eyes at least have never witnessed. Let us try for a moment to conjecture what that prodigy of nature would be like. Does it first see the light in those stagnant country towns where the clock seems to have stopped at noon on the nineteenth of November, 1766, and not yet to have been set going? where the farmers have their coats cut in a fashion which has immortalized the tailor of our respected progenitor Noah, and where the man who once travelled four miles by rail, is at once the admiration and the horror of the whole community? Imagination fails me; I leave the problem to be solved by the wider spirit of research, and by the fuller light of future ages.

Of the absent man's career after his disappearance from our sight, I hazard a bolder conjecture. He is hesitating in his choice of a profession, when he is suddenly offered a lucrative appointment in New Zealand. Charmed with the prospect, he rushes up to London, having first despatched his luggage by an earlier train to Liverpool, and finding a packet just sailing, engages a berth, and does not remember until he is fairly in the middle of the Atlantic that he neglected to enquire the vessel's destination, which he then discovers to be—Jamaica. On his arrival there, he finds the island in a state of revolt, and to avoid being massacred by the negroes, disguises himself as one of them, and succeeds only too well. Some days afterwards he falls into the hands of the British troops, and is ignominiously shot by the orders of his most intimate College friend, who is in command of the detachment. He dies as he has lived, true to his reputation and his principles. May our last end *not* be like his!



SORROW AND JOY.

(See p. 140.)

WHAT is sorrow but a cloud,
Hiding from us for a while,
As our heads with grief are bowed,
Joy's perennial sunny smile:
Soon the cloud shall fade away,
Leaving nought but radiant day.

Sorrow like the gloom around
Some high mountain's dreary sides,
Veils the summit glory-crowned,
Where the brightness aye abides.
Upwards ever! thou shalt know
Short the reign of care and woe.

Now the light is cold and dull,
Struggling down thro' sorrow's night;
Soon it shall be warm and full,
Bursting through in glorious might.
Lasts a day the reign of sorrow,
Joy has all the eternal morrow.

L.

REMINISCENCES OF OUR TOWN.

A MURDER WITHOUT A MOTIVE.

MANY years ago, when people were not so wise as they are now, in a word, when I was a young man, wore tight boots, thought a good deal about my figure, and wrote sonnets in young ladies' albums, it was my lot to reside for most of the year in a quiet country town in one of the midland counties. The railroad had not come there then; the grandest man in the place was the straight-backed bald-headed squire, very near him ranked the broad-shouldered port-loving rector, and no one would for a moment have thought of awarding the third place to any less imposing dignitary than the parish clerk, a sleek and pompous personage who gave the tone to the politics and religion of his most orthodox fellow-townsmen, never knocked under to any one except the rector and squire, and to them only under protest as being the representatives of church and state. Everybody in the town voted for the conservative candidate in case of a contested election, everybody went to bed at ten o'clock, and the only gaiety countenanced in the place was an occasional tea-party, at which young ladies of staid demeanour attired in white muslin, met stiff-jointed young gentlemen encased in black cloth, and solemnly conversed on the weather. Altogether it was one of those charmingly primitive abodes of rural felicity that the march of intellect is doing its best to sweep from the face of the earth by the help of railroads and radical trade unions. Such a place, if any such still exist, would by the present fast age be voted "the slowest hole in Christendom," and its inhabitants would be stigmatised as "a set of humdrum old bores," but at the time of which I write we managed to live there contentedly enough and let the world wag as it would. The squire was not ashamed to live on his own estate and manage his farm himself, the rector preached two sermons a week, and the clerk held up

his head and said 'Amen' in church, and settled the affairs of the nation in the parlour of the public-house afterwards, and who were we that we should wish for change when we saw our betters so well content with themselves and all the world? So we bowed to the squire, slept through the sermons, and listened to the clerk, like good churchmen and honest Tories as we were.

My chief ally in those days was Barney, the rector's gardener and general factotum, who also filled the arduous posts of sexton and town crier to the universal satisfaction of the whole community. Barney was a genuine son of Erin, descended as he used to say from the "ould ancient stock of Brian Boroo who wor kings of all Ireland before the flood, aye, an' afther that too for a matther of three or it might be four thousand years." Poor Barney! his royal descent did not help him much, but his unflinching good humour and original eccentricity made him an invaluable companion, and many long afternoons used I to spend watching Barney prepare a last narrow tenement for the reception of such of our neighbours as at last left the home of their childhood for the unknown land, in obedience to the summons which even they, stubborn old Tories as they were, could not withstand. I often think now that to the casual observer we must have appeared a strange pair; the light-hearted boy with all his life and his trials to come, and the white-haired wrinkled old man, who in a short time must himself inherit one of those narrow houses he is now preparing for another. To see us two there among the grey stones and grass grown mounds that told of so many generations already past away and lying now forgotten and uncared for, must have awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the looker on. But I never saw it in that light then, and was quite content to stand and listen to Barney's countless stories on every imaginable subject, with every now and then a strange feeling of childish awe as he threw up with a spadeful of earth some discoloured bone or other crumbling relic of the long forgotten dead.

One bright afternoon, in July, I was watching Barney preparing a grave for old Miles, an ancient peasant, who after living to a fabulous age and being repeatedly alluded to in the local newspapers as "the oldest inhabitant,"—that mysterious individual within whose memory such "terrific hail storms," "prodigious gooseberries," and "devastating floods" "never before occurred," had now at length ended his days in peace and the almshouse. After working for

some time in silence, a very unusual thing with him, Barney suddenly broke out, "I seen a ghost here last night, masther Tom."

"Indeed, Barney?" said I, "how was that?"

"Well sir," continued Barney, "this was the way of it. I had been over to the rectory as his riverince had a word to say about the mendin' of the pound; it was nigh till eleven o'clock before I was startin' for home, an' as the shortest way was across the church yard, I came out by the garden gate an' shut it afther me, an' then came across to the wee gate yonder into the road. Ye see the moon was up though the night was cloudy, an' there was light enough between whiles for me to see the way I was goin' plain enough. Well sir, I had just got to the turn the path takes yonder undher the shadow of the tower, when somethin' passed close to me. It seemed to rise up out of Sir James Bransome's big tomb there, an' went quickly down the path, so close till me I could have touched it with my hand. It was not runnin' nor yet walkin', but it seemed to sweep over the groun' like a shadow, an' then it disappeared just foreninst the butthress there in the side of the church wall."

"Was it like a man or a woman?" I asked.

"Well ye see sir," replied Barney, "it was gone that quick I could just hardly say, but I thought it was like a woman in a long gray dhress. I was a bit scared as ye might say, an' stood still a while to see av it would be comin' again, but I seen nothin', so I just went on. Well sir, when I came just where ye're standing' now I seen the figure again settin' on the groun' wid its arrums clasped roun' its knees rockin' to an' fro an' moanin' as if its heart would break. I'd have to pass within a yard of it, so I stopped short an' says I, 'av ye're here for good, say what it is ye want at all, but av ye're here for evil, I charge ye let me pass'. Well sir, the words were not out of my mouth before it rose up, an' I saw then it was like a very tall woman, wid her hair down on her shouldhers, an' she sthretches her hands so above her head, an' says she, wid a screech that seemed to turn my blood to wather, 'For evil, for evil! There is nowt but evil!' an' wid that she sweeps down the path out of my sight in a minnit, back again towards the church. Ye may think I was frightened nearly to death, an' so I was, an' away I runs hot fut all the rest of the way to the wee gate, an' gets out into the road kilt intirely, what wid the fright an' the run afther it. Well sir, when I got into the road I looked back again, the moon was shinin' sthrong

across the church yard, an' there I seen her standin' just where ye are now, moanin' an' crying an' then a big black cloud comes across the moon an' I seen nothin' for some time, an' when the cloud was gone she was gone too, an', mather Tom, all the time the moon was shinin' on her, I noticed that fiend a hait of shadow she threw on the groun' at all—may He be betune us an' harrum!"

"And whose ghost should you think it was, Barney?" I asked with considerable scepticism.

"Sure I thought it was Kitty Brettles, she that was murdered by a dhrunken thramp afther Wonnaby fair; she's buried somewhere nigh till this I know, but then the thing I seen was a matter of three good inches or more taller nor poor Kitty."

"It must have been fancy, Barney," said I, adopting the usual argument put forward by unbelievers. "You were nervous at having to cross the churchyard at that time of night, and you fancied some shadow or another was a ghost."

"Hear till him!" cried Barney half indignantly and half pityingly, "I tell ye, mather Tom, there was sorra taste of fancy in it at all. The first time I seen her wasn't I just thinkin' of nothin' at all, or it may be whistlin' 'The Protestan' Boys' to keep the cowl'd air out of my mouth by rason of a stoon of the tooth ache I had? An' the second time I seen her didn't she spake? What will ye say till that, now mather Tom."

"Probably it was the echo of your own voice," I replied with the air of a materialist bringing forward a clincher, "You say the figure repeated your words."

"Echo is it?" retorted Barney, "begorra it's the first time I iver heard my swate voice had an echo like the screech of a cat wid its back broke, the crathur; av that don't bate Paddy Blake's echo at Blarney to nothin' at all! No, mather Tom," continued the old man after a pause, "av ye iver get such a fright ye'll know right well it was no fancy nor no echo;" so saying Barney set to work again with renewed energy, and for some time I watched him in silence as he threw up spadeful after spadeful of the moist brown earth; and the heap near which I was standing grew larger and larger, while that cold cruel looking hole, with its jagged edges standing asunder like a pair of greedily gaping jaws, grew deeper and deeper. Suddenly something rolled off the top of the heap and lodged close at my feet. I saw it was a skull that had been buried for a long time, and actuated by some spirit of curiosity, I stooped to pick it up. On

doing so I was at once struck by its curious appearance. The whole top part seemed to have been smashed in by some tremendous blow, evidently not the work of Barney's spade.

"Hullo, Barney," I cried, calling his attention to it, "Whoever this was, he must have had a great blow on the head!"

"Well, well!" said Barney looking curiously at it, "I didn't know *he* lay so close to this. I thought we had buried him twenty yards more to the west." "Do you know whose skull it is then?" I asked. "Faith I do, sir," answered Barney, "it must be Hudie Butler, poor fellow! I buried him now nigh upon eighteen years back."

"And how came he to get his head broken like this?" said I.

"Sure that's just the thing none of us could ever tell," Barney replied, "it was a quare story altogether. Ye see Hudie was courtin' Nelly Earle, an' a fine sthrappin' wench she was. Ye'd not find her aqual among all the colleens betune this an' Connaught. But she niver cared the squeedge of a bad potatoe for poor Hudie, an' many's the time she towld him so. But she was fine an' thick wid a young engineer chap of the name of George Jeffries who came down from Lunnon to build the new bridge—it was a new bridge then—over yonder by the squire's saw mill. Well the end of it was one night Jeffries and Nelly both disappeared from here, an' no one iver saw either of them again. But poor Hudie was foun' the next mornin' lyin' stone dead on the Lunnon road wid his head smashed all to smithereens. There was nothin' to fix the murdher on any one, but they did say that Hudie must have foun' out that Jeffries and Nelly were for flittin' an' thried to stop them, and that then Jeffries bate his head in, an' murdered him as ye see there——"

"O no, no, no!" shrieked, or rather yelled, a strange voice close to us so suddenly that we both started in terror. On turning round we saw standing by the edge of the grave a tall woman about forty years old, dressed in a long gray gown with her hair flowing down from her bare head on to her shoulders.

"The saints betwixt us an' evil, Masther Tom!" exclaimed Barney, "but it's the ghost again." The figure went on, evidently not noticing the panic she had caused, in a kind of fierce scream in which the words seemed to be struggling with one another for utterance, "You must not say so. Hush! if George hears you he will kill you and me

too. Who says he killed him? No, no, I didn't see it. How soon it was done! Ah, and he moaned and cried to me to help him! but I didn't, no I hid my eyes, only I couldn't help hearing that horrible crash, crash, crashing, and he moaning so all the while! And then it was all so still, as still as death! and once I dared to look back, and saw something lying there, still and black in the bright moonlight. And then George came back to me looking so white and fierce! I never saw him look so before, and he said, 'See what I've done for love of you!' Oh! it burns here like fire, like fire!" She finished with a fearful yell, pressing her hands on her forehead, and then stood still moaning softly as if in pain. Barney, now partly recovered from his first panic, stood for some time gazing at her with a kind of horror-stricken curiosity. There were but few traces of former beauty in that faded face so pale and worn, and those wild, mad eyes, yet he seemed to recognize her, for at last he said, speaking like a man talking in his sleep, "It is Nelly Earle, poor lass!"

She heard him, and answered in an eager whisper, "No, Nelly Jeffries. I am Mrs. Jeffries now, Mrs. Jeffries, the wife of the great engineer Mr. Jeffries, you know him, everybody knows him and respects him so much! and I am Mrs. Jeffries." So saying she spread out her dress with both hands, and performing a grotesquely elaborate curtsy, swept away with a queenly air. Before she had gone many yards she returned, and then speaking in a perfectly natural voice, but with a mincing tone that forced us to smile in spite of ourselves, said, "If you should see my husband, the great Mr. Jeffries, be kind enough not to mention the fact of my absence from town. You see I followed him to the country without his knowledge, indeed I may say against his orders. But we young wives you know are not always subservient to orders: *good morning*;" and so with another deep curtsy she was gone. On my relating this adventure at home, my father instantly caused a strict search to be made for the poor mad woman, in the hopes of gaining from her some knowledge of the whereabouts of Jeffries, in case it should ever be possible to fix the murder of Butler on him. But it was all in vain. Nelly had disappeared again as mysteriously as she had appeared. In the meantime I was invited to a tea party at General Crogan's for the following evening, and with all the elasticity of mind peculiar to my time of life, soon forgot the mad woman and her story in the thoughts of the dissipation in store for me.

The next evening accordingly saw me on my way to General Crogan's. On my way across the churchyard I overtook old Barney going slowly home after his day's work. "Good evening, Barney," said I, as I came up to him, "have you been seeing any more ghosts?" "Ah! now, masther Tom," replied the old man with a deprecating smile, "would ye be for makin' a gowk of ould Barney behind his back, and him all the while foreninst your very own nose? sure it's not a moment of pace I've had this blessed day, but ivery body will still be sayin' 'Barney, where's the ghost?' But by the powers I'd rather go to Room on my bare bended knees this minnit than get another such a fright as I resaved that night, so I would!"

"What did you do with Hudie's skull?" I asked. "The skull is it! sure I buried it. There was Misther Harding, he that's just taken the new house on Gorse Hill ye know, he was botherin' an' bletherin' about the place all the mornin', wantin' me to sell the skull till him. What will ye do with it? says I. Oh! says he, I just want to kape it for a curiosity, says he. Begorra then, says I, it's divil a taste of curiosity ye'll get out of Hudie's skull, for I'm goin' to bury it, says I, I'm not the man to be sellin' the poor lad's bones about the counthry an' him cowl'd in the grave, an' ye ought to be ashamed of yerself for askin' me, says I. Wid that he went off lookin' as black as thunder, an' I just buried the skull where I foun' it."

"Who is this Mr. Harding?" said I.

"Sorra one of me knows," answered Barney, "but he's goin' to marry Miss Annerley, the rector's niece, an' a swate young lady she is, more by the token. He met her first in Manchester, they say, where he's in some business, an' now it's all settled betwixt them, an' fine an' fond they are of aich other. He has her picthur set in a powerful fine goold locket that hangs from his watch chain, an' he's still openin' it, an' shuttin' it, and lookin' at it, an' polishin' it. He's a right handsome young fellow, but I don't know how it is I don't just like the looks of him. He seems cowl'd and proud, belike he's only a thrifle shy though. I'm thinkin' ye'll see him to night at the Ginerals, for the Rector I know is goin' an' so is Miss Annerley, an' wheriver she is he's not far off, ye may take yer oath to that."

We had now reached the little wicket into the road, and I went on alone to "the General's." On entering the drawing room, I found most of the guests had already arrived. There was the Rector, hearty and jolly as usual, standing before the

fire-place talking to the General, a tall, dark, rather wizened looking old gentleman, who after thirty years service had at last retired on his well-earned pension. He was a singular character, this General. Brave as a lion he had often shewn himself to be at the head of his troops in many a fierce charge against the wild Mahratta hordes, stern and decided he could be on occasions, as those who had served under him knew full well; but now, to see him with his kind smile lighting up those great dark eyes, to hear his soft mellow voice, almost effeminate in its sweetness, and to mark his manner, gentle and nearly playful as a girl's; at first sight one would almost have been inclined to set him down as one of those carpet knights, whose active service has been a long day's review in the park, and whose greatest daring has been the storming of the heart of a lady's maid. He was an old bachelor still, as he used often plaintively to say, but there was nothing his great warm heart more delighted in than in assembling all his friends and neighbours together. And it was an acknowledged fact, that of all the staid parties in which that slow neighbourhood took such delight, there were none so delightful as the General's. Miss Crogan, a cheery old lady some five years older than her brother, the General, was bustling about in a fantastic head gear among her guests. On a sofa near the window sat Mrs. Barlow, the Rector's wife, with her niece Miss Annerley, an extremely pretty and pleasant girl, who, besides her good looks, enjoyed the reputation of being a great heiress. The old lady was "playing gooseberry" between the young one and her admirer, for you see in this extremely well regulated town, no one would have thought for an instant of letting a betrothed couple sit together in the recess of a window without some respectable go between, in the shape of an aged chaperone, being present to see fair and satisfy the rules of propriety. Seated on a chair near the sofa, and in conversation with its two occupants, was Mr. Harding. A striking face was his. Masses of black hair, black whiskers and moustaches offered a strong contrast to the clear colourless white of his face. His features were faultless in their regularity, and would have been perfectly handsome, but for a stern, set expression about the thin bloodless lips, and a cruel hungry look in the eyes. The eyes themselves, a very unusual thing in a dark haired man, were of a very light stony blue, and had an unpleasant way of fixing themselves without ever winking. It was one of those faces that give no clue to its age. He might be five-and-twenty or

he might be five-and-forty, and to judge from the face, one age was as likely to be near the truth as the other. I don't know why, but I took an extreme dislike to him at the very first sight that did not in the least give way on a better acquaintance. I noticed the locket Barney had described to me hanging at his chain, and also the trick he had of perpetually fingering and playing with it, especially when talking to any one.

On entering the room I was immediately saluted by the General with, "Well Tom, here you see me in hot discussion with Mr. Barlow about that flint you brought me the other day. I say it's a fossil goose, and he will have it it's nothing but a sponge."

The General had a mania on the subject of fossils, and was particularly fond of detecting, in distorted lumps of flint, all sorts of resemblances to impossible animals.

"That was a curious fossil," he continued, "you found in the churchyard. Barney was telling me all about it this morning. To think of that poor fellow's skull turning up again after all these years!"

"Eh? What skull was that?" exclaimed Mr. Harding, suddenly interested in the conversation.

"That broken skull you wanted so much to buy of old Barney," I replied.

"That I wanted to buy?" said he, fixing his eyes on me with a look of such anger, I thought my remark must have conveyed more meaning to him than I intended it should. "Oh, yes," he continued, almost instantly resuming his former expression, "I remember. A battered old head piece it was too, very curious. That silly old man pretended to have some conscientious scruples about letting me have it. I suppose I did not bid high enough. But what was its story? Some rustic legend, I suppose, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity."

"No," said I, "I think not. At least if that poor mad woman be the same person Barney supposes her to be, it would seem as if some of the actors in that story were still alive."

"What mad woman?" asked the Rector, "I heard nothing of her."

Mr. Harding, evidently interested in the recital, drew his chair nearer, as I told all the story of Barney's ghost and the sudden appearance of the mad woman at the side of the open grave. When I had done, he remarked, "So she said she followed her husband without his knowledge? Where is she now, does anybody know?"

"No," I answered, "she has disappeared, but I expect she will be seen again before long in the churchyard, she seems unable to tear herself away from it."

Tea was now brought in, and during the handing round and discussion of that delightful beverage Mr. Harding still sat in the same position, playing with his locket, and with his cold unwinking eyes fixed in a fierce stare at the fireplace. At last he roused himself with a start and a slight shiver, and turning to Miss Annerley with a smile, that looked to me more like a grin of pain, asked her to sing a song. She rose and went to the piano, and he turned over the leaves of her music. After Miss Annerley's song had arrived at a happy conclusion, Miss Pickerson, the stumpy little doctor's stumpy little daughter, executed a brilliant fantasia in B very flat; and then the two plain Miss Slokers performed a plain duet, and so the musical part of the entertainment terminated. An animated game of proverbs, followed by a round of consequences, at length brought the evening's dissipation to an end. I was the last to leave, as the General detained me for a few minutes to shew me the latest additions to his collection of flints. These comprised the "head of a young ostrich," "a baby's foot," and "an antediluvian horseshoe." When I got out there was a full bright moon overhead, and the night so clear and still that distant sounds came to the ear with a wonderful distinctness.

As I returned through the churchyard, I suddenly heard the voice of the mad woman on the other side of the church, raised in tones of piteous expostulation; "Oh George," she was saying, "don't you, don't you, George! I can't give them up, don't ask me, George, or I shall think you don't love me any more!"

I hesitated for a moment, not wishing to meet that weird creature alone at that time of night, and was thinking of the advisability of returning to the road and making a long circuit in order to avoid her, when, to my surprise, I heard Mr. Harding's voice say, in a tone trembling with passion, "You infernal hag! Give me those papers at once! What do you mean by following me down here against my express orders?"

"Oh, George," answered the woman, "don't be so angry with me. I didn't know you were here, indeed I didn't, till I saw you going into church, and then I hid myself for fear you should see me and be angry. But they were unkind to me at that place, George, and so I ran away and came back here where we used to be so happy. Long ago! long

ago!" she concluded with a long wild wail of despair, which only seemed to increase her companion's frenzy, for he suddenly broke out: "Hold your noise, you fool, and give me the paper at once, or I'll make you!"

Here I thought he must have tried to wrest something from her by force, for she gave a short shriek as if of sudden pain. I could restrain my curiosity no longer, but ran round the corner of the church wall to see what might be the meaning of this strange meeting. The noise of my footsteps evidently alarmed the two persons whose voices I had heard, for as soon as I got round the corner, I saw by the bright moonlight a figure, which I had then no doubt was Mr. Harding's, running swiftly away from me. The woman stood still for a moment, and then ran in the opposite direction. She passed close to me with her hair streaming behind her, and her wild eyes flashing strangely in the moonlight. She took no notice of me, but passed at a quick run, moaning low, as if in pain, with both her hands clutching something to her breast. I looked after her till she disappeared in the darkness, and then went on my way wondering much at the strange scene I had just witnessed. If the man I had just seen were really Mr. Harding, as I had very little doubt he was, what on earth could be the meaning of this mysterious meeting by night with the mad woman, of whose existence he had only been made aware a few hours before? Once indeed a dark suspicion crossed my mind that Mr. Harding and Jeffries were one and the same person, but on consideration I dismissed this idea as ridiculous. It was nearly twenty years since Jeffries had left the town, and Mr. Harding was to all appearance considerably under thirty years old. The only conclusion I could arrive at was that I had been mistaken in supposing the man I had just seen to be Mr. Harding. And indeed this seemed to be more than probable, for as Mr. Harding had made a considerable impression on me, it was, to say the least, likely that a man seen at a distance in that uncertain light, should appear to me to bear a strong resemblance to the man on whom my thoughts were at that time running.

The next morning I was sauntering down the village street after breakfast, trying to devise some plan for killing time till luncheon, when my attention was attracted by an excited looking group round the door of the "Dun Cow," the chief inn and posting establishment in the town. It could be no usual matter that at this early hour had startled

so many of the village worthies out of their customary staid demeanour, and that it was something of a serious nature, was evident from the look of horror and consternation on every face. Mr. Bradshaw, the portly landlord, was standing in the middle of the group, with a look of gloomy importance on his ruddy face, recounting for the benefit of his hearers, some startling fact which they swallowed open-mouthed in silence. As I drew near he concluded his discourse as follows: "Mr. Mutts here," contemptuously indicating with the stem of his pipe a timid looking little man with a dirty face, the village shoemaker, "suggests it was a case of fellow deasy, but in course that's absurd. Fellow deasies aren't generally found lying on their backs with their eyes half out of their heads, and all the bushes and grass trodden down about them as this un were. In my opinion it was nothing more nor less than murder."

"Good morning, Mr. Bradshaw," I said as I came up, "is anything the matter?"

"Good morning, sir," was the reply with a solemn inclination of the head, a compromise between a bow and a nod, "Yes, sir, a most horrible murder, though some may call it a fellow deasy," here he flung another contemptuous glance at poor Mutts, who quailed beneath its withering scorn, "has just been committed. A poor woman was found this morning lying dead in the churchyard, and is now lying till the crowner's quest in that room."

"Good Heavens! in the churchyard?" I exclaim, "Why I saw a woman there at about eleven o'clock last night. I should know her again. May I see the body?"

"Well, sir, my orders was to admit no one till the crowner's quest this artemnoon, but in course there'd be no objection to you, especially if it's for the purpose of indemnification. This way sir, if you please." So saying, he led the way to a door which he unlocked with a key that he took with great solemnity and deliberation from the right-hand pocket of his trousers, and we entered a small plainly furnished room with bare walls and a sanded floor. On a deal table in the centre lay the body just as it had been found, and to my horror, I at once recognized the poor mad woman whom I had seen on the evening before. There was a large bruise on her forehead, but the starting eyes, the swollen tongue protruding from the corner of the mouth, the horribly discoloured and distorted face clearly shewed that death had been caused by strangling. Her cowardly assailant had no doubt first stunned the poor woman with a heavy

blow on the head, and then strangled her in cold blood. Her hands tightly clenched, and disordered dress seemed to shew that she had struggled hard for life. I turned away sickened by the ghastly sight. Even the pompous landlord seemed awed by the terrible presence of the King of Terrors, and in a hoarse whisper he asked, "was that the woman you saw last night, sir?"

"Yes, yes," I answered, "come away, let us come out," and out again we went, out of that dark and dreadful room, away from that horrible sight, into the fresh air and strong glad smile of the sun-light.

"Who found her?" I asked, as soon as we got outside.

"It was Bungay, the squire's footman, sir," said Bradshaw. "He had just been to take a note to the Rector, and as he came back across the churchyard he saw little Vic, the Squire's sky terrier he had with him, barking away at something in the ditch. He called to her, thinking it was only a rat she was after, and went on. But when he looked back, there he saw the dog still sitting by the ditch whining and barking, and not a foot would she stir for him. So then he thought there must be something the matter with her, and went back. When he came up the dog jumped down into the ditch again, barking and scratching like mad, and when he looked down, there he saw that poor creature lying at the bottom of the ditch quite dead. The grass was pressed down for some distance, as if the body had been dragged along the ground to the ditch, and a few yards off the bushes and grass was all trampled about as if there had been a great struggle."

"Has no clue been discovered yet?" I asked.

"Not yet sir, there's the constable out there now with the Squire and General Crogan and Bungay, but I hav'nt heard if they have found anything yet."

"I must go and see the General at once," I exclaimed, and hurried off in the direction of the churchyard. On arriving there I found a large party assembled under the direction of the rural Dogberry, doing their best to destroy any possible clue to the murder, by trampling about all over the scene of its perpetration. In a little knot apart from the rest stood the Squire, General Crogan, and the Rector talking low and earnestly. I drew the General aside out of the Rector's hearing, and told him all about my adventure on the preceding evening.

"Good Heavens, boy!" he exclaimed, "do you know you are as good as accusing Harding of this murder?"

"Yes," I said, "I know it, and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced he must have had a hand in it."

"But to what end?" asked the General.

"I can't say, I thought at one time he might be Jeffries——"

"Oh, absurd!" interrupted the General, "You forget how long ago that took place, and Harding now is about the same age I should say as Jeffries was then. Besides, I remember Jeffries well, a fresh coloured young man with bushy light hair, very light, almost white, and Harding's face is as white as marble, and his hair is as black as it can be. Have you mentioned your suspicions to any one else?"

"No," I said, "no one."

"Then don't. No good can come of it, and a great deal of harm may. You'll be at the Dun Cow this afternoon at three; your evidence will probably be wanted, unless they succeed in finding out the murderer before then, which does not look very likely from their present mode of proceeding." And the General as he spoke cast a look of contemptuous pity at Dogberry, who was standing very red in the face and hoarse in the voice, fanning himself with his hat, and giving all sorts of useless and absurd directions to his rustic myrmidons.

Not feeling inclined to assist in this wild goose chase after nothing, especially when my own convictions remained in spite of myself as firm as ever, I returned home in no very enviable frame of mind, and anxiously waited for the afternoon.

A few minutes after three I entered the sanded parlour of the Dun Cow, and found the proceedings had already commenced. Bungay was giving his evidence. He deposed to the finding of the body, and described its position. After him Dr. Pickerson proved the nature and extent of the injuries, declared that death was no doubt caused by them, and that it was impossible for anyone to inflict such injuries on oneself. Whilst he was giving his evidence, Mr. Harding came in and sat down by me, and began to converse in a low tone with me.

"Awful business this, isn't it?" he said.

"Very," I answered, feeling an intense aversion to him, and yet a strange fascination that would not allow me to withdraw my gaze from his cold stony eyes.

"Have they any clue to the murderer yet?" was his next question. I felt my horror of him growing stronger, and

yet I could not have left his side, or even attended to any one else for worlds.

"Not yet," I replied.

"And they're not likely to, I should say," was his answer with a mocking smile, so keen and cruel in its expression, that with that unaccountable association of ideas that sometimes rises in our minds, I couldn't help thinking of the bright hard edge of a razor. "That old simpleton the constable—what's his name—Jaggerson, I suppose was appointed to the post as being the most incapable idiot in a case of this kind any one could find." As he spoke, his right hand mechanically strayed down in quest of the locket he was so fond of playing with while speaking to anyone. I saw the locket was gone, and the end of the chain to which it was fastened, was hanging broken from his waistcoat. In obedience to some strange impulse within that forced me to speak, I suddenly asked, "Where is your locket, Mr. Harding?"

"I—I don't know," he replied, glancing down, "I must have dropped it on my way home from that party last night, I suppose. I hope I shall find it again, I should not like to lose it. But hadn't you better go and give your evidence? They're calling for you."

My name had been already called once, but I had not heard it. I accordingly related all the reader knows already of my adventure on the way home from General Crogan's, only suppressing my suspicion that the man I had seen running away was Mr. Harding.

"You say you recognised the woman's voice before you saw her," said the Coroner, "didn't you recognize the other voice too?"

"I thought I had heard it before," I replied.

"And whose did you think it was?"

"Mr. Harding's."

My answer was the signal for a general commotion. Mr. Harding sprung to his feet, and with his white lips quivering with rage thundered out, "What, sir? my voice? why you had only spoken to me for the first time in your life a short time before, and now you pretend to recognize my voice! you had better take care what you are saying," and he darted on me a look of such deadly hate, that if a look could kill I should hardly be here now to tell the story. I was rather emboldened than otherwise, at seeing the general feeling seemed strong against me, and I replied, "I know this, Mr. Harding, that the angry voice you are speaking

with now, is exactly the same as the angry voice I heard threatening the woman, and that I'll swear to."

Mr. Harding had recovered himself with marvellous quickness, and when he next spoke, it was in his usual quiet sneering tones, with the same sharp hard smile playing about his thin lips.

"Perhaps you are good enough then to think I committed this murder?"

"I do," I answered doggedly.

"Hush, Tom! Do be quiet, for Heaven's sake," whispered the General, who was standing close beside me.

"Oh, indeed," replied Mr. Harding quietly with the same sneer, "*cui bono*, may I ask? What do you imagine was my motive for the murder of this unfortunate woman, young gentleman? Perhaps you think I had made rather too free with the General's excellent negus?"

"I believe you're her husband, George Jeffries," I blurted out, rather incensed at his coolness.

"Tom, Tom, *do* be quiet, how can you be such a fool?" cried the General, angrily.

"Gently, Sir," said the Coroner, "you're here to give evidence on the subject of this murder, not to make unfounded assertions against that gentleman's character."

My last remark seemed to have stung Mr. Harding, for his lips turned even whiter than before, and quivered for a moment before he spoke, but when he did so, it was quite calmly. "I demand to have my character cleared," he said, "before this ridiculous idea goes any further."

"It is quite unnecessary, sir," said the Coroner, "any one who knows Mr. Harding I am sure——"

"Perhaps so," interrupted Mr. Harding, "but it would be more satisfactory to me if any one present who knew this George Jeffries, would say whether I bear any resemblance to him."

"This is hardly the time or the place," objected the Coroner.

"In justice to Mr. Harding," interposed General Crogan, "allow me to say, I knew Jeffries well by sight. It is about eighteen years since he left this place, and he was then about the same age as Mr. Harding is now. He was a fresh complexioned man, very light-haired, quite unlike Mr. Harding, and I can only express my regret at any annoyance that gentleman may have been put to by the unguarded expressions let fall by this headstrong boy, and beg he will excuse them."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Harding, sitting down, "you have your answer, young gentleman," he continued, scowling at me, "and you may thank the General that I take no more notice of your impertinence."

As may be supposed, I felt foolish enough after this scene, and bitterly repented my hastiness in thus having published my unfounded suspicions.

The next witness was Barney, who in a style quite his own, was describing the first occasion on which the poor woman had appeared after her long absence, when Jenny Bradshaw, the landlord's pretty daughter, hastily entered the room, and conversed with her father for a short time in whispers, and ended by handing him something, with which he strode pompously up to the table, saying as he did so, "If I may be allowed to interrupt for a moment, sir, I would call your attention to this. It was evidently torn off by the pore woman in her struggle with the murderer. My daughter just found it tightly clenched in her hand, as she and the maid was laying out the body in the next room."

"Does any one know this?" asked the Coroner, holding up a heavy gold locket.

"Good God, it's Harding's!" exclaimed the General.

"There's a likeness inside it of the young lady that is at present staying with the Rector," resumed the Coroner, opening the locket——

A loud report startled us all, several men sprung forward in time to catch the body of Mr. Harding as he fell, shot dead by his own hand. In the breast pocket of his coat was found the certificate of marriage of Ellen Earle to George Jeffries, dated eighteen years back.

"O holy mother! look at this," cried Barney as the body was being lifted. As he spoke, he pointed to the roots of the hair at the back of Mr. Harding's head, they were of a light flaxen colour.

"You were right after all, Tom," said the General gravely, "the wretched man however managed his disguise well."

E.



DIVÁN I HÁFIZ.

“Khule mujh pah hain raz e nihusta e Háfiz,
Ki sunke látún hún shi'r e shigufta e Háfiz.”
SAUDA (*Hindustani Poems*).

WHAT is a Divan?

A bizarre establishment, you reply, in which the contemplative Cockney delighteth to inhale the fragrance of his native cheroot.

You are deceived.

There is a document in the British Museum that is so labelled, says the antiquarian lounge; an Arachnean production under a glass case near the Gorilla.

My last ingenious respondent is a representative man. Let us call him British Appreciative Acquaintance with Oriental Literature.

I see a look of offended dignity lighting up the features of the B. A. A. O. L. as he vindicates his Saracenic taste, “Why I dote on Moore, and surely he is Oriental enough—there are plenty of bulbuls, and all that sort of thing; besides, have we not the assurance of one of his contemporaries that his lays are sung

“By midnight in the Persian tongue
“Along the streets of Isfahan!”

A pleasing illusion this; you doubtless picture to yourself a lanky, dark, troubadour, accompanying himself on a noisy tom-tom to some pathetic selection from Lalla Rookh; a work that bears to Persian poetry about the same relation as the Alhambra of Leicester Square does to its Granada prototype*. Shall I tell you of Guebres (pronounced gabbers),

* Those who are desirous of seeing Tom Moore in an Eastern dress, may consult the *Birgis Baris* (Paris Jupiter) No. 156, June 21st, 1865, which contains a translation of “Paradise and the Peri” into Arabic Verse, entitled *Al Jannah wel Jinniyeh*, by the writer of the present paper.

Arab hating, thoroughbred Parsee patriots, with purely Arab names? of.....

You tear your hair.

Poor Moore! and yet his *réchauffé* of d'Herbelot is a charming work.

But what *is* a Divan?

It is a collection of ghazals or short odes, of from five to fifteen verses each, with the same rhyme throughout. When a certain number of these have been completed, they are arranged in alphabetical order of rhymes and called a Divan.

Voilà.

To the superficial reader, the *ahl i surat*, they are but anacreontic songs, love and wine being the constant theme, but the initiated, the *ahl i ma'ni*, finds a deeper and purer meaning that lurks beneath the fascinating garb of glowing imagery and amorous complaint; for ghazals are the hymns of the most extraordinary sect the East has ever produced, the philosophical Sûfis.

The aim of the Oriental poet is to elevate mankind to the contemplation of spiritual things through the medium of their most impressionable feelings. The charms of visible objects are enthusiastically described by him, but it is easy to pierce this veil of allegory, and reach the grand ideal of eternal love and perfection that lurks behind.

The subtle union of philosophy and revelation which is the characteristic of Sûfî poetry, is the esoteric doctrine of Islam. Steering a mid course between the pantheism of India on the one side, and the deism of the Koran on the other, the Sûfî's cult is the religion of beauty, where heavenly perfection is considered under the imperfect type of earthly loveliness.

But as the ladies of the East never issue unveiled from their Harem's retreat, and would consider any public praise of their charms as a deadly affront, for which the poet would have to pay dear at the hands of indignant relatives, the beauty of a mistress is less often lauded by him than by our own poets.

The Oriental, therefore, is compelled to dwell on beauty in the abstract, and draw upon an ideal that shall arouse no scandal or prejudices; hence it is that a youth is more often eulogized than a maiden's charms; much as an European might sing of the beauty of a little child.*

Here, under various beautiful allegories, is celebrated the aspiration of the soul after God; now it is the nightingale

* Cf. (*Œuvres de Walî*, par M. Garcin de Tassy, Préface pp. viii. .

intoxicated with ecstasy at the fragrance of the rose, now the moth annihilated by the intensity of the brilliant object of his contemplation.

And all this without a taint of Muslim superstition. For the Súfi takes his stand on higher ground, and all creeds may bow down with him before the sublime presence of the Infinite.

Háfiz is a Súfi of Súfis.

Islam claims him for its own.

An Englishman has written a treatise to prove him to have been a Christian.

The ardent out-pourings of the Hebrew sage, are they not a Divan too? If you would *feel* that "song of songs," if you would learn how an Oriental mind, filled at once with the soft influence of poesy and fired with the inspiration of a Divine love, seeks to clothe its thoughts in words, then join awhile the mystic circle of the Súfis, and take a chalice of intellectual joy from the hands of Háfiz, their great high priest.

*Towbah!** my readers nod.

Here I might become profound, and submit you to the torture of a disquisition on the origin and progress of philosophy in the East, but I forbear.

The circumvolutory cockchafer of my boyhood's days stings my conscience even now.

Kha'ja Shamsuddin was born at Shiraz, his *nom de plume* was Háfiz, a name that will have a magic in its sound as long as there is a sun to warm an Iráni heart.

A son of the chilly North, I cannot read one of his warm and flowing verses without an emotion bordering on hysteria.

On such occasions I pity my mathematical neighbours, for my voice is not melodious, and Persian is *caviare* to the million.

But what a task do I assign myself, in endeavouring to display before you this enchanting string of pearls? alas! I fear that my unskilful setting will mar the beauty of the gems, and reduce them to the commonest of beads.

For how can I translate what is untranslatable?

How convey the exquisitely-refined shades of meaning, point out the nice contrasts, or, even in our own plastic language, reproduce a versification which rivals the softness of the Italian, and the stately grandeur of the Greek?

Astaghfiru 'llah!†

* *Towbah* "repentance." † *Astaghfiru 'llah* "I ask pardon of God." These expressions are used by Persians by way of deprecating a sentiment or course of action.

The roses may wither at my touch, but some fragrance
will perhaps remain to tell of what they were.

Here is one of his ghazuls :

Shab az Mûtrib ki dil khosh bād Vairâ.

But yester e'en upon mine ear
There fell a pleasing gentle strain,
With melody so soft and clear
That straightway sprung the glistening tear,
To tell my rapturous inward pain.

For such a deep harmonious flood
Came gushing as he swept each string,
It melted all my harsher mood,
Nor could my glance, as rapt I stood,
Fall pitiless on any thing.

To make my growing weakness weak,
The Sâki* crossed my dazzled sight,
Upon whose bright and glowing cheek,
And perfumed tresses dark and sleek,
Was blended strangely day with night.

Fair maid, I murmured, prithee stay,
And pass the ruby-colored wine;
Such reparation should'st thou pay,
For thou hast stol'n my heart away
With that bright silvery hand of thine.

In Hafiz we are especially charmed with the smooth elegance of the metres. An almost endless variety of rhythm is presented to us, alternately flowing softly, as the gentle stream of a fountain, or babbling along like a running brook—

Come bring the wine, oh, page of mine, for now the roses blow,
Each temperate vow, we'll slacken now, where fragrant roses blow,
Mid roses gay, bid Hafiz stray, like Philomela fond,
Make him thy friend whose footsteps tend the spot where roses blow.

And again, the well-known song, "*tāza ba tāza now ba now*," often sung by the tawny troubadour even in our own unromantic streets—

Oh minstrel wake thy lay divine,
Freshly fresh and newly new!
Bring me the heart expanding wine,
Freshly fresh and newly new!

* Cup-bearer.

Seated beside a maiden fair,
I gaze with a loving and raptured view,
And I sip her lip and caress her hair,
Freshly fresh and newly new !

Who of the fruit of life can share,
Yet scorn to drink of the grape's sweet dew,
Then drain a cup to thy mistress fair,
Freshly fresh and newly new !

She who has stolen my heart away,
Heightens her beauty's rosy hue,
Decketh herself in rich array,
Freshly fresh and newly new !

Balmy breath of the western gale,
Waft to her ear my love-song true,
Tell her poor love-lorn Hafiz tale,
Freshly fresh and newly new !

These in the original are full of the sweetest melody. But perhaps the greatest charm of Hafiz' songs is their richness in simile and metaphorical conceits. In some of these last, too, we recognize sentiments that have from long familiarity become household words to us ; for instance, in the very first ghazul, we read,

The night is dark, the ocean boils, and loud the billows roar,
What know they of the seaman's toils who ramble on the shore ?

Which smacks somewhat of the old song,

Little do the landmen know
The toils we seamen undergo.

Nor can we believe that a mere coincidental relation exists between the vulgar proverb anent the impossibility of capturing an aged and experienced fowl by a transparent paleous imposition ; and the following :

Who looks on beauty's treacherous hue,
Allured by winsome smiles,
And deems it true as well as fair,
His simple faith ere long will rue ;
But ah ! what fowler's net beguiles
A bird when nought but chaff is there ?

The limits of this article will not allow me to give a selection from this necklace of

"Orient pearls at random strung."

I will, therefore, content myself with rendering the following verses, which are a fair sample of the chaste imagery employed by our bard:

My heart with youthful ardour glows,
 Though all my locks be frosted o'er,
 And white with winters' tell-tale snows.
 Ah! now the cruel maiden knows
 The secret love my bosom bore.

Now through the portals of mine eyes
 My prisoned soul has taken flight,
 Now like a bird set free it flies
 To revel in the loved one's sight.
 Ah me! where it must soon alight,
 Love's fatal net beneath it lies.

Should I have succeeded in raising in one single breast a desire to penetrate the Harem veil, which shrouds these brides of Eastern imagination from the outer world, my object will have been attained.

It has too long been the custom to regard the West as the sole proprietress of all that is noble and excellent in literature and art, and to such an extent is this complaisant self-satisfaction carried, that we scarcely care to know what our Eastern neighbours possess.

The man of education will only throw a glance of pity and scorn upon the rash innovator who seeks to hurl his favourite Horace from his time-honoured Parnassian throne, by venturing to assert that there exists another poet whose lyrics yield nought to his in melody, imagination, and grace, whilst in purity of thought and ornate finish of style they are incomparable; yet such is the case.

Let the incredulous examine for himself.

Persian is not a difficult tongue, a few hours profitably spent would soon enable him to master the difficulties that beset a beginner's path, and then the glimpse that would be afforded him of the flowery plains beyond could not fail to stimulate him to pursue his course, until the fairy realm of Eastern poesy should

"Lie all before him where to choose."

HAFIZ.



OUR CHRONICLE.

ONLY a very short time has elapsed since a deep gloom was cast over the University, by the fatal accident which robbed it of one of its brightest ornaments, in the person of the late Master of Trinity. And now it is our painful duty to chronicle a similar accident, happily not followed as yet by the like sad consequences, that has befallen one of whom we all are proud, the Margaret Professor of Divinity. On Saturday, November 10th, Prof. Selwyn was riding on the Madingley Road when his horse took fright at a passer by, and ran away with his rider, who shortly after was seen to fall to the ground, first striking his shoulder, and then the back of his head. It is not known with certainty whether his foot had slipped from his stirrup, or whether the stirrup-leather broke. The Professor was lifted from the ground by two undergraduates who happened to be passing, and was able with assistance to walk to his carriage, in which he was at once removed to his home. The accident was unquestionably a very serious one, but up to the time of our going to press, the reports of his progress have been on the whole decidedly favourable.

In each of the two events which have excited the most general interest in the University during the present Term, Prof. Selwyn took a prominent part. The first we allude to was the opening of the Union Society's new buildings, in connexion with which, his kindly, humorous, and eloquent speech will long be remembered by all who heard it. An official report of the proceedings is in the press, edited by the late Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. C. Whiteley of this College; so that we need not do more here than state that the buildings were formally opened by the Earl of Powis (an old Johnian, whose name appears as Viscount Clive in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, in 1840), and that an admirable inaugural address was delivered by Lord Houghton.

The other event, his share in which Prof. Selwyn spoke of on the same occasion with pride and joy, was the appoint-

ment of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy. It is hardly necessary to say that there has been the greatest diversity of opinion expressed about this appointment. There are some who regard Mr. Maurice's writings as highly erroneous, and fraught with danger in the extreme, danger only increased by the winning sweetness of his temper, and the extent and depth of his learning. Others, perhaps the majority, know little or nothing of his writings, but have a vague idea that in some way or other he is highly heretical. But there are not a few, especially among the younger members of our College, who feel that they owe Mr. Maurice a debt which words can very imperfectly express, and that his teaching alone has sufficed to furnish them with armour of proof, from which the arrows of the positivism of the day, the deadliest foe to faith, fall blunted and powerless to harm. To such the opportunity of receiving fresh instruction from his lips, will be one of the highest privileges that the University will be able to offer.

The New Chapel is progressing rapidly: the exterior of the choir and apse being almost entirely completed. Excellent views of the Chapel from the north-west, and from the south-east have been lithographed, and by the kindness of the Senior Bursar, copies have been presented to all the members of the College in residence.

The Rev. Churchill Babington, B.D., Senior Fellow, Disney Professor of Archæology, has been presented to the College living of Cockfield, Suffolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. Richard Jeffreys, B.D.

The Rev. James Samuel Hoare, B.D., has been presented to the College living of Murston, Kent, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Poore, D.D.

The Rev. Hammond Roberson Bailey, M.A., has been presented to the College living of Warley Magna, Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. Hastings Robinson, D.D.

The Rectory of Fulbourn has become vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Hall, who has held it since 1826.

The following have been elected Fellows of the College:—

Rev. James Snowdon, M.A., 16th Wrangler, 1863, Second Class Classics, Crosse and Tyrwhitt Scholar.

Alexander Wood, B.A., 6th Wrangler, 1865.

Mr. R. G. Marrack, B.A., has been appointed to a Mac Mahon Law Studentship.

At the election of Members of the Council of the Senate, Professor C. C. Babington, M.A., was elected as a Professor, Rev. S. Parkinson, B.D., and Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D., as ordinary members.

The subjoined list of Minor Scholars and Exhibitioners elected last April, should have appeared in our May Term number :

Minor Scholars, £70—Pendlebury and Frank Watson ; £50—Cruickshank and C. H. Griffith.

Hare Exhibitions—Hathornthwaite, Hillary, and Saxton.

Somerset Exhibitions, £40 for four years—Baker and Marklove ; £50 for three years—Levett, Greenhill, and Whitaker.

Robin's Exhibition—W. B. Wilson.

The Foundation Scholars of the College elected in June were as follows :

Third Year—E. Carpmael, Chaplin, Groome, and C. E. Thorpe.

Second Year—Fynes-Clinton, W. Griffith, Moss, Moulton, Verdon, and Wilkins.

First Year—Elliot.

The Proper Sizars elected were :

Second Year—Ashe, Atkinson, and Holditch.

First Year—Drake, Ibbetson, Oxland, and G. Smith.

The Le Bas Prize for an English Essay, open to all Bachelors, has just been awarded to J. B. Mullinger, B.A. of this College. The subject this year was "Cambridge in the 17th Century: the influence of its studies upon the Character and Writings of its most distinguished Graduates during that Period."

The following is the list of Prizemen after the last May Examination :

THIRD YEAR.

Humphreys	Fiddian	Green
Carpmael, E.	Thorpe, C. E. }	Beaumont }
Charnley	Gwatkin	Landon }
Groome	Blunn }	
	Chaplin }	

SECOND YEAR.

Moulton	Holditch	Brook-Smith }
Griffith	Lester	Wilkins }
Obbard }	Bourne	Sparkes
Verdon }	Fynes-Clinton	Luck, R.
Watson, F.		

FIRST YEAR.

Elliott	Cotterill	Watkins
Boutflower	Carpmael, C.	Preston
Chamberlain	Cassels }	Eustace
Robinson	Fitzgerald }	Hodgson, A. E.
Hewison	Vinter	Musgrave
Smith, G.	Hallam	Pridden
Benson	Bradshaw	Bousfield
Barnes	Capel	Cochrane
Drake	Howlett }	Hart, W. E. jun. }
Bennett, J. R. S.	Lee-Warner }	Reed
Oxland	Norton	Bennett, G. L. }
Ibbetson	Routh	Hodges }

Greek Testament Prizes—Gwatkin, Thornley, and Sandys.

Reading Prize—A. Bonney.

The University Four-oars were held on Thursday, Nov. 7th, and Friday, Nov. 8th. There were six entries. On the first day two trial heats were rowed, the winners competing in a final heat on the second day. The first heat, between 3rd Trinity, an Amalgamation (Caius and Magdalene), and Pembroke, was won by the Amalgamation, Pembroke being second. The second heat, between 1st Trinity, Christ's, and Lady Margaret, was won by 1st Trinity, Lady Margaret being second. In the final heat 1st Trinity won with ease.

The Lady Margaret crew was composed as under :

- 1 C. F. Roe
- 2 A. Low
- 3 J. M. Collard
- A. J. Finch (*stroke*)
- A. Forbes (*cox.*)

The races for the Colquhoun Sculls came off on Tuesday, Nov. 20th, and the four following days. The Lady Margaret Boat Club was represented by only one of its members:—Mr. A. J. Finch. The time race was won by Mr. Shann, First Trinity, beating Mr. W. R. Griffiths, Third Trinity, and Mr. J. G. Wood, Emmanuel.

The University Freshmen's Athletic Sports were held on Monday, Nov. 12, when several members of our College distinguished themselves. Mr. Norris won a heat in the 100 yards race, was bracketed with two others for the High Jump (at 5 ft. 1½ in.), and was first for the Long Jump at 18 ft. 5 in. Mr. Cooper was first, and Mr. W. Hoare second, in the Hurdle race. The ground was very heavy in consequence of much rain the night before, so that the heights and distances actually jumped are not to be considered a fair standard for estimating the winners' powers.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are:

<i>President</i> —E. W. Bowling, M.A.	<i>Second Captain</i> —A. J. Finch.
<i>Treasurer</i> —A. Low.	<i>Third Captain</i> —C. W. Burne.
<i>Secretary</i> —J. M. Collard.	<i>Fourth Captain</i> —J. Watkins.
<i>First Captain</i> —W. Bonsey.	<i>Fifth Captain</i> —W. H. Green.

Lieutenant W. P. H. Vaughan and Ensign E. S. Thorpe having resigned the commissions lately held by them in the Cambridge University Volunteers, Corporal C. F. Roe has been elected Lieutenant, and Private F. Lyman, Ensign.

The preliminary competition to select six for the final match for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' cup, took place on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23rd and 24th. Captain Richardson and Lieut. Roe of No. 2 Company are among those selected. The final match takes place on Dec. 1st.

The College cricket ground was this year opened for practice in the Long Vacation: this was a great convenience, and several more members were thereby induced to join the Club.

The following were the principal matches:—

July 11. *v.* University Servants. The Servants scored 69 and 33. St. John's 146, of which Mr. Bennett scored 58.

July 16 and 17. *v.* Trinity. Trinity 87 and 149. St. John's 202 and 35 for four wickets. In the first innings Mr. Carpmael scored 41.

July 20 and 21. *v.* Clare. Clare 166 and 52. St. John's 174 and 19. In the first innings Mr. Carpmael scored 43; two of the Johnian eleven were absent on the second day.

July 24 and 25. *v.* The University. The University 88 and 157. St. John's 220 and 26 for 7 wickets. In the first innings Mr. Cotterill scored 94, Mr. Bennett 31.

July 28 and 30. *v.* Rev. P. Frost's Eleven. The Eleven 230. St. John's 95 and 92.

August 7 and 8. *v.* Trinity. Trinity 259 and 139 for 8 wickets. St. John's 204 of which Mr. Warren scored 106 and Mr. Torry 39 (not out).

August 11. *v.* Christ's College. Christ's 163 for 7 wickets. St. John's 181. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Carpmael each scored 29.

August 15 and 16. *v.* College Servants. The Servants 123 and 204, Cornwell scoring 22 and 104 (not out). The College 81 and 161 for 6 wickets. In the first innings Mr. Bonsey scored 36. In the second Mr. Carpmael 49, Mr. Taylor 45 (not out), Mr. Radcliffe 28 (not out).



ERRATUM.

Vol. v., p. 161, 8th line from the bottom, for £300 read £3000.
In the time of the empire, £3125.



CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

THE author of *Modern Painters*, in a well-known chapter on the "pathetic fallacy," quotes "Casimir Delavigne's terrible ballad *La Toilette de Constance*" as an instance of that truth of poetry which is only carried away to the statement of what is unreal by the influence of strong emotion. He adds the following comment upon it. "The reader will find that there is not from beginning to end of it, a single poetical (so called) expression, except in one stanza. The girl speaks as simple prose as may be; there is not a word she would not actually have used when dressing. The poet stands by, impassive as a statue, recording her words just as they come. At last the doom seizes her, and in the very presence of death, for an instant, his own emotions conquer him. He records no longer the facts only, but the facts as they seem to him. The fire gnaws *with voluptuousness, without pity*. It is soon past. The fate is fixed for ever; and he retires into his pale and crystalline atmosphere of truth. He closes all with the calm veracity,

"They said 'Poor Constance.'"

This was my first introduction to Casimir Delavigne's poetry, and a further acquaintance with it has only confirmed the impression which this extract produced. Mr. Ruskin's words might very well be taken as descriptive of the character not only of this particular ballad, but of his non-dramatic poetry generally. It is marked by the same severe simplicity, the same powerful pathos of circumstance rather than of language, the same absence of appeal to a morbid imagination. But I am rushing somewhat abruptly "in medias res": the question may not unnaturally be asked, who *is* or was Casimir Delavigne?

He was the son of a Havre merchant, and was born on the 4th of April, 1793. His childhood appears to have shown little promise of the power which he was afterwards

to display. At the age of ten he was sent to school in Paris, under the care of an elder brother. His talent for verse first showed itself in his translations from Latin, and attracted the notice of his uncle at whose house in Paris his holidays were spent. Some of his early attempts were shown to Andrieux, then professor of Belles Lettres, and in some measure autocrat of the literary world. "They are not bad" was his remark upon them—"but he had better go on with his law studies." This was in 1810 when Delavigne was attending the rhetoric classes, as a preparation for the bar. In the following year the king of Rome was born, and the event to which so many looked forward with expectancy gave fresh inspiration to the young poet's muse, and extorted from the veteran critic a more favorable judgement. "This is different," he said, "we must not torment him any more; I see he *must* write." But this youthful effort bore other fruits perhaps more important at the time, for it won for its author the kindly patronage of the count Français, and an appointment under him (apparently a sinecure) in the department of the revenue.

Among his fellow students and the youth of his native place he appears to have been a great favorite, whether for his personal or for his intellectual qualities does not appear. But their affection or esteem for him was shown about this time in a very striking manner. Like the rest of them he was liable to the conscription, and though his health was but delicate, yet nothing but some well authenticated infirmity would exempt him from service, and this plea for exemption must be attested by the other conscripts of his class. The plea put in by Delavigne was that of deafness (from which he suffered in his early years) and all his young comrades eagerly signed his certificate, though each knew that he might be the one called on to fill the vacant place. Such an act of noble generosity is an equal honour to both parties concerned.

We have little trace of the poet's work during the next three years except in some unsuccessful prize-poems. One of these, on the discovery of vaccination, is somewhat of a literary curiosity, as containing the metrical results of studies in vaccination under the direction of an eminent doctor at Paris.* Though the too didactic tone of the poem

* The following is a specimen :

Le remède nouveau dort longtemps inactif.
Le quatrième jour a commencé d'éclore,

prevented its obtaining the prize, it gained a special honorable mention. We may be sure however that the time was not wasted by him, for when his golden opportunity did at last come, he rose at once to the highest place and was hailed as the national poet of France. When he gave to the world the first of his *Messéniennes*, a threnody on the vanquished at Waterloo, he struck a chord which vibrated more or less in every Frenchman's heart, whether he were Imperialist or Bourbonist. It is no drawback to his merit that the effect was so far intensified by the national feeling of the time. No higher success could a poet desire than that of giving clear and vigorous expression to thoughts and feelings which all share, but none but himself are able to clothe in words. This first *Messénienne* was followed by two others, and 21,000 copies of them were sold in the first year. I shall have more to say of them presently.

Meanwhile the downfall of the empire deprived Delavigne of his only settled means of subsistence,* and he began to think of literature more seriously as a profession which was to support him. A poet in France seems naturally to look to the theatre as the scene and occasion of his highest efforts. I know few instances in the present century of poets who have made themselves a name without working in this particular field. It would be interesting to inquire into the causes of this. Is it from a feeling that the language with all its clearness is somewhat wanting in the rhythmical capabilities which are necessary for lyrical composition, or from a sense that the dramatic faculty is the highest which a poet can possess, a sense which in England produces dramatic poems and dramatic lyrics but no dramas? Or is it rather on our side that the singularity lies, that our poets in their pride of vocation refuse to submit to the trammels which surround a writer for the stage, unless he wishes to throw up all chance of success. Be the cause what it may,

Et la chair par degrés se gonfle et se colore:
 La tumeur en croissant de pourpre se revêt,
 S'arrondit à la base et se creuse au sommet.
 Un cercle plus vermeil de ses feux l'environne;
 D'une écaille d'argent l'épaisseur la couronne.
 Plus mûre, elle est dorée; elle s'ouvre et soudain
 Délivre la liqueur captivée dans son sein.

* M. Pasquier however created for him the office of librarian to the Chancellerie, (where there was as yet no library), as a reward for the *Messénienne*.

the fact accounts in some degree for the acknowledged superiority of the French stage in the works which it produces.*

Casimir's first effort was the *Vêpres Siciliennes* which was refused by the Théâtre Français. He corrected its more glaring faults, but it was again refused. It was however accepted afterwards by the company of the Odéon, and was produced on the 23rd of October, 1819, at the reopening of that theatre, which had been burnt down in the previous year. It was a thorough success, and from this time Delavigne was engaged mainly on dramatic composition. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* was followed by a comedy, *les Comédiens*, written under the irritation of the refusal at the Théâtre Français. It was not originally intended for representation, but as the work advanced it assumed more important dimensions and was produced on the stage of the Odéon with fair success. On the 1st of December, 1821, was produced at the same theatre a second tragedy, *Le Paria*, the idea of which was suggested by de Maistre's well-known tale *Le Léprieux d'Aoste*. The lyrical passages in this play are considered by French critics to be the poet's finest productions. But I propose in this paper to speak only of his *Poésies*, and shall therefore pass over his dramatic works with but little remark.

Twice an unsuccessful candidate for a chair at the Academy, he won his election on a third trial by the success of a comedy written as a token of reconciliation with the company of the Theatre Français and produced by them, the principal parts being taken by Talma and Mdle. Mars. It was called *l'Ecole des Vieillards*, and is still a popular play on the French stage. At the same time a pension was offered him by the government, but being suspicious of the tendencies of the men in power and of their intention to deprive France of the liberties which she still enjoyed, he firmly but respectfully declined it. He was already librarian at the Palais Royal, the residence of the duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, whose friendship he had won by his talents.

But this constant work began to prey upon the poet's of the individual mind from the trammels which the literary

* Since writing the above I have met with the following strong corroboration in one of M. Sainte Beuve's *Portraits Littéraires*: "C'est au théâtre principalement, c'est là comme à leur rendez-vous naturel et à leur champ de bataille décisif, que visent les plus nobles ambitions poétiques."

health, and by the doctor's orders he went to spend a year in Italy (in 1826 or 1827.) To this journey we owe some of the most exquisite of his smaller poems, and during it he met with the lady who afterwards (in 1830) became his wife. He returned to Paris with health considerably restored, and resumed his work. The revolution of July produced the last of the *Messéniennes* and a national song, with a good deal of vigour about it, *la Parisienne*. The next ten years witnessed the production of *la Princesse Aurélie*, *Marino Faliero*, *Louis XI.*, *les Enfants d'Edouard*, *Don Juan d'Autriche*, *Une famille au temps de Luther*, *la Popularité*, *la Fille du Cid*, *le Conseiller rapporteur*, *Charles VI.* But his health was gradually breaking up, and in December, 1843, he left Paris to try a warmer climate for the winter as his last hope. He got as far as Lyons, but there death overtook him. He died on the 11th of December.

It is not my purpose to enter here upon the history of the conflict which divided literary circles in France during the first twenty years of the Restoration. Such a topic would require a far more intimate knowledge with French literature than I can lay claim to. I may return to the subject at some future time. But it would be vain to attempt to understand the works of any writer of that period without some reference to the war between the Classical and Romantic Schools. The history of the French Revolution will not be complete, many as are the works which it has already produced, till some historian of wide sympathies and comprehensive grasp has told the story of the social changes, and the revolution of thought, which were wrought out in the interval between the Restoration and the Three days, and which form its legitimate complement. That Revolution had been the protest of a maddened nation against the idea that a thing is good because it is old; its excesses were the expression of their undistinguishing inference, that because a thing is old it is bad. Its work had been checked before its completion, first by the despotism of Napoleon which was perhaps not inconsistent with the developement of some of its best fruits, and secondly by the more reactionary influence of the Restoration. But, however foreign arms, and a jealous government might check its political demonstration, the spirit of the revolution still remained. The thinking minds of France could not escape its influence; and from various causes the thinking minds of France were at this time more than ever directed to literary work. So liberalism appeared in a new form, asserting the liberty

monarchs of the past had forged for it. Throwing off the servile garb of conventionality and of classic rule, which it had so long worn, it dared at last to stand forth in its naked reality of beauty or ugliness. The Romantic School has no doubt produced many extravagances, whether on the side of sensualism or on that of sentimentality, but there can be little doubt that it was the means of a healthy change in literature. It was so in England, and how different was the case here. The style of Pope and Johnson is not the traditional style of English classics; but Corneille and Voltaire were the models of French writing. And the reaction against them was an assertion of the liberty not only of writing but of thought: the liberty to write and to think, not as an Athenian of the age of Pericles, but as a Frenchman of the nineteenth century.

M. Delavigne is perhaps the latest disciple of the Classical School. His mind was strongly influenced by classic models; indeed his earliest efforts were bare imitations of the antique. *Les Troyennes*, *Danaë*, *Antigone et Ismène*, *Hymne à Vénus*, are titles which fix the character of the poems to which they belong. His later dramatic works, however, are said to shew the influence of the Romantic School, and its growing popularity, on one who, whilst adhering from principle to the old methods, was not blind to the advantages of a more sympathetic realism. But in his lyrical poems this feature is not so strongly marked. The *Messéniennes*, which are also his earlier productions, bear far more trace of it than the later ballads published after his death. The second book indeed breathes it strongly forth. *Parthénope et l'Etrangère*, *Tyrtée aux Grecs*, *Aux Ruines de la Grèce Païenne*, are all more or less marred by their classic colouring, and whatever their secondary bearing on France and its history, fail entirely of producing the strong feeling which the earlier odes of the first book might well call forth. I may take the first of these to illustrate my meaning.

The year 1820 witnessed a general ferment all over Europe. The influence of the Carbonari had forced the sovereigns of Piedmont and Naples to grant a constitution to their people—but the congress of Laybach, after declaring in the most absolute manner the illegality of constitutions obtained by agitation or revolt, refused to acknowledge the constitutional government established at Naples. Early in 1821, an Austrian army marched into Italy, and having defeated a division of the Neapolitan forces at Rieti, entered the city without opposition towards the end of March. To

this the *Messénienne* refers. Liberty seeks a refuge in Naples from the pursuit of kings, and the city opens its gates to her. The poet calls upon her to give the goddess welcome,

C'est la déesse

Pour qui mourut Léonidas.

Sa tête a dédaigné les ornements futiles;

Les siens sont quelques fleurs qui semblent s'entr'ouvrir;

Le sang les fit éclore au pied des Thermopyles:

Deux mille ans n'ont pu les flétrir.

This is very pretty no doubt, but why appeal to the Neapolitans of the nineteenth century by the memory of Thermopylæ? So again, shortly afterwards, the memory of Arminius is invoked to shame the Germans who are striving to oppress her who once marched in their ranks. The goddess calls on all Italy to rise, and at her voice the whole people begin to stir, and as they leave Naples cry with one voice:

Assis sous ton laurier que nous courons défendre,

Virgile, prends ta lyre et chante nos exploits

Jamais un oppresseur ne foulera ta cendre.

Naples to him is not a modern city busied with questions of parliaments and constitutions, but an appendage to Virgil's tomb, by the site of which its people eat and drink and play.

Et trente jours plus tard, oppresseur et tranquille,

Le Germain triomphant s'énivrait avec eux

Au pied du laurier de Virgile.

I cannot help quoting the conclusion of the Ode: the last line, I think, is perfect.

Adieu! dit elle

Je pars.—Quoi! pour toujours?—On m'attend.—Dans quel lieu?

En Grèce.

.....Là comme sur mes rives,

On peut céder au nombre.—Oui, mais on meurt.* Adieu.

There is one very striking instance in the later poems of the same vicious interpolation of classical allusions. In a poem of some length called *Le Prêtre*, there is a canto headed *Le dernier jour du Carnaval*. It is a vigorous piece of description, but is entirely unconnected with the action of the poem, which it interrupts in a most unsatisfactory manner. Its sole point is the contrast between the triumphs of an Æmilius or an Octavian, and that of Polichinelle.

* There as on my shores man may yield to numbers. Yes! but there is such a thing as dying.

It is interesting to compare the effects of this love for the antique upon two minds so dissimilar as those of Courier and Delavigne. Of the former I have already spoken: in the writings of the latter it can be traced, even where it is not so prominently asserted as in the passage referred to above, especially in the choice of subjects. The Romanticist, by his very principles, was to direct the age by identifying himself with all the feelings of the age. He could not withdraw himself from the world without losing somewhat of his hold upon it. Delavigne's weak health conspired with his own tastes to make him avoid publicity, and cling to the privacy of his own home. And with the exception of some of the *Messéniennes* and *la Parisienne*, the subjects of his poems are those which appeal to the deep sympathies of humanity rather than to any special and individual feelings. We may possibly trace to the same source a certain mournfulness of tone which pervades his writings.* Gloom it can hardly be called, but rather a tender melancholy. "The time is out of joint"; the system in which he has been trained, and which he has obeyed with loyal admiration, is giving place to innovations, unheard of before. Look at the subjects of his plays:—the *Pariah*, the *Sicilian Vespers*, the *Young Princes in the Tower*; or look again at the subjects of his ballads: the *Soul in Purgatory*, *Constance's Toilet*, the *Conclave*: they all bear the same impress of a mind which sees, not morbidly, though perhaps in excess, the more sombre hues of human life.

I have said already that M. Delavigne's lyrical poems are distinguished by the pathos of circumstance rather than of language. He feels that pathos too keenly to seek to paint it in words, assured that the simple narrative of that which has so deeply moved his own heart, will touch a chord in every heart not dead to human sympathies, and draw from it truer music than any mere echo of his own emotion. Not that he neglects the artistic arrangement of his subject, but still it is the arrangement of circumstance rather than of words. This characteristic is worth illustrating.

La Toilette de Constance is a story of a girl who is dressing for a ball. She has just completed her toilet, and turns to her mirror to judge of its effect. A spark from the fire falls on her dress, and she is burnt to death. See how the poet tells the story:

* See Mr. Mill's Essay on "Alfred de Vigny," *Dissertations*, vol. I.

Vite, Anna! vite, au miroir!
 Plus vite, Anna! l'heure avance,
 Et je vais au bal ce soir
 Chez l'ambassadeur de France.

Y pensez-vous? ils sont fanés, ces nœuds;
 Ils sont d'hier; mon Dieu! comme tout passe!
 Que du réseau qui retient mes cheveux
 Les glands d'azur retombent avec grace.
 Plus haut! plus bas! Vous ne comprenez rien.
 Que sur mon front ce saphir étincelle.
 Vous me piquez—maladroite! Ah! c'est bien,
 Bien! chère Anna! je t'aime; je suis belle.

.....

Celui qu'en vain je voudrais oublier...

Anna, ma robe!.....il y sera, j'espère.*

What so-called poetical words could paint so exquisitely the *coquetterie* of the young girl of eighteen, in the pride of youth and beauty, just waking to the tenderness of a first love? And note how the catastrophe of the piece is hinted at with an almost Sophoclean irony in the *Mon Dieu! que tout passe*. The soft dream is further developed in the following stanzas, a dream of the admiration of the many, and the love of the one:

Vite! Il brûle de me voir
 Prends pitié de sa souffrance,
 Vite Anna! je vais ce soir
 Chez l'ambassadeur de France.†

The cardinal, her uncle, is waiting for her, and she turns to the glass

Vite! un coup d'œil au miroir
 Le dernier! j'ai l'assurance
 Qu'on va m'adorer ce soir
 Chez l'ambassadeur de France.

* Quick Anna! quick, to the glass. Quicker! Anna, it is getting late, and I am to go to the ball to-night at the French ambassador's. What are you thinking of? they are soiled—those ribbons—they are yesterday's: good heavens! how everything fades. See that the blue drops of my hair-net fall gracefully. Higher! lower! How stupid you are to-night! Let this sapphire sparkle on my forehead. You are pricking me, clumsy girl! Ah, that will do—that is very well, dear Anna—I love you. I am fair. He whom I try in vain to forget—Anna, my dress!—he will be there I hope.....

† Quick! He is burning to see me—have pity on his suspense.

Près du foyer, Constance s'admirait ;
 Dieu ! sur sa robe il vole une étincelle.
 Au feu ! courez.....Quand l'espoir l'énivrait,
 Tout perdre ainsi ! Quoi, mourir ! et si belle !
 L'horrible feu ronge avec volupté
 Ses bras, son sein, et l'entoure, et s'élève,
 Et, sans pitié, dévore sa beauté,
 Ses dix-huit ans, hélas ! et son doux rêve.
 Adieu bal, plaisir, amour !
 On se dit : Pauvre Constance,
 Et l'on dansa jusqu'au jour
 Chez l'ambassadeur de France.*

Ses dix-huit ans. Yes ! "Ils sont d'hier ; comme tout passe."

Take another example—*La Grotte du Chien*. The poet has been visiting the famous Grotta del Cane, near Naples. "The grotto is continually exhaling from its sides and floor volumes of vapour mixed with carbonic acid gas: but the latter from its greater specific gravity accumulates at the bottom; the upper part is free from it." This fact is generally shown to visitors by plunging a dog into the midst of the gas. "It has been asserted that the dog upon whom this *sic sine morte mori* experiment is usually performed, is so accustomed to die that he has become indifferent to his fate." Now see how M. Delavigne enters his protest against these repeated acts of cruelty. To tell the story in all its horror he feels to be far more effective than any amount of declamation and invective. The ballad opens with the same delicate *eipwela*:

Et le chien tantôt se dresse,
 Tantôt se couche à demi ;
 Puis doucement le caresse,
 Car un maître est un ami.

The dog runs before the guide to the entrance of the cave,

* Quick ! One look in the glass—the very last ! I am sure they will adore me to-night at the French ambassador's.

By the hearth, Constance was admiring herself. Good God ! there flies a spark upon her dress. Fire ! run ! In the intoxication of hope thus to lose all ! What ! die ! and so fair ! The horrible fire gnaws with voluptuous delight her arms and her bosom, and clasps her round and rises still, and without pity devours her beauty, her eighteen years, alas ! and her sweet dream.

Good bye ball, pleasure, love ! They said, Poor Constance, and they went on dancing till daylight at the French ambassador's.

but coming in his master's way he gets a blow from his stick, which changes the bark of joy into one of pain :

Et sous la main qui lo blesse
Le chien se couche à demi;
Puis pour la lécher se dresse,
Car un maître est un ami.*

The action of this stanza is a delicate prelude to the second which describes the agonies of the poor brute, plunged into the cave and his tardy recovery. "How I love him," says the guide, "my good old comrade—before one o'clock he'll begin again."

Et le chien qui de faiblesse
N'ouvre les yeux qu' à demi,
Des yeux pourtant le caresse
Car un maître est un ami.

The traveller throws his carlini into the man's hat, and goes his way, when

Soudain Nicolino nous arrête en chemin;
Humble, la voix dolente, et nous tendant la main:
"Une piastre! dit il, le voilà plein de vie
Assez fort pour lutter et pour longtemps souffrir;
Voulez-vous, mes seigneurs, vous en passer l'envie?
Une piastre de plus, je le ferai mourir."†
Et le vieux chien qu'il caresse
D'un doux transport a frémi;
Puis pour le lécher se dresse
Car un maître est un ami.

It is wonderful what powerful effects are obtained by this varied burthen or refrain. Almost all Delavigne's ballads are marked by it, and in some of his longer poems it is introduced in a very telling manner. A striking instance is *L'Ame du Purgatoire*, which may be referred to as another example of the simple pathos of which I have spoken.

All these ballads shew more or less dramatic power: but this is perhaps more fully developed in the longer poems

* And under the hand that hurts him, the dog half crouches, and then rises on his hind-legs to lick it—for a master is a friend.

† Suddenly Nicolino stops us on our way; humble, with whining voice, holding out his hand: "A piastre" he says. "You see he is full of life—strong enough to struggle and suffer for long—or gentlemen if you do not wish for that—a piastre more and I will kill him off."

which are included in the *Derniers Chants*. These indeed may be called short dramas in tableaux, each canto representing some marked stage in the action. They are four in number: *un Prêtre*, *Memmo*, *Un Miracle*, and *la Ballerine*. The last is unfinished, but the two existing cantos show a great deal of the true dramatic element. *Un Prêtre* is too long for any detailed criticism, nor is the subject a very pleasant one. *Memmo* may perhaps be taken as the type of this kind of poem. The scene is laid at Terracina. Memmo is a goatherd passionately in love with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Each day he climbs a rock, from which he can see her home, and there pours out his passion. The burden

Je t'aime, Adda, je meurs pour toi;
N'auras tu pas pitié de moi?

is in itself a resumé of the first canto.

He declares his resolution to cast aside his timidity, and unawares to surprise her with his caresses, in the hope to humble her proud spirit, and to turn his own love into hate.

Et te dire le lendemain:
Adda ce n'est plus vous que j'aime!

The second canto contains Adda's reply to his wooing,—

Va, chevrier, dans les campagnes
Chanter de buissons en buissons;
Jamais fille de nos montagnes
Ne se donna pour des chansons.

Her father has been a brigand, and has perished by the hands of the law: but Memmo has never shown the bravery of the outlaw.

Mes lèvres tremblaient de colère
Quand je te contai, l'autre jour
Comment ils ont tué mon père
Et toi tu m'as parlé d'amour!

She does not dislike him—indeed when she found herself in his arms she could almost have loved him for his boldness, but she will be none but a bold outlaw's bride.

Le ciel est noir, la nuit profonde;
Ecoute et comprends, si tu veux;
Les trois soldats, qui font la ronde,
Vont passer dans le chemin creux.
Adieu, si la terreur te glace!
A-revoir si tu suis leurs pas!

Qu'un des trois reste sur la place,
 Demain je ne te dirai pas :
 Va, chevrier, etc.*

The third canto is headed *le Présages*: it is a good instance of the effective refrain—nothing could give a better impression of restlessness and fearful foreboding. I must quote here more at length :

Adda berçait son enfant dans ses bras
 Et Memmo ne revenait pas.

—Mère, entre Rome et Terracine
 Que fait mon père, chaque nuit ?
 L'air des marais tue à minuit,
 Et sur la route on assassine.
 Mon Dieu ! quand donc viendra le jour ?
 Mère, prions : j'ai peur, ma mère !
 —Dors, cher petit ; dors, mon amour,
 Et sois brave comme ton père !

—Dans les grands pins le vent murmure
 Comme la nuit de Saint-Médard.
 Quelle nuit ! il revint si tard !
 Elle saignait tant sa blessure !
 Mon Dieu quand donc viendra le jour ?
 Mère, prions : j'ai peur, ma mère !
 —Dors, cher petit : dors, mon amour
 Et sois brave comme ton père !

* * * *

On a tiré sur la colline
 Trois coups dans l'ombre ont retenti,
 D'où vient qu'au second j'ai senti
 Passer du froid dans ma poitrine ?
 Mon Dieu, quand donc viendra le jour ?
 Mère, prions : j'ai peur, ma mère !
 —Dors, cher petit ; dors, mon amour
 Et sois brave comme ton père.

* Go shepherd to the plain and sing from bush to bush, for never daughter of our mountains gave herself for a song.

My lips trembled with passion, when I told you, the other day, how they killed my father—and you, you spoke to me of love.

The heavens are black and the night is dark—listen and understand if you will. The three soldiers on guard will pass along the lane in the hollow. If fear numbs your hand, farewell for ever—to our next meeting if you follow their steps ! If one of the three is left on the ground I will not say to-morrow—Go shepherd, &c.

C'est le cri d'un homme en détresse!
 Ecoute, écoute! Ils le tûront.
 J'ai peur: écarte de mon front
 Ce bras glacé qui me caresse!
 Mon Dieu! quand donc viendra le jour?
 Mère, prions: j'ai peur, ma mère!
 —Dors, cher petit; dors, mon amour
 Et sois brave comme ton père.

Le pauvre enfant s'endormit dans ses bras;
 Pourtant Memmo ne revint pas.*

How delicately the mother's own chilling apprehensions are expressed in those two words *bras glacé*, and the truth of these mournful forebodings by the change from the *revenait* of the opening couplet to the *revint* of the close.

The fourth canto tells of the bandit's death. A monk is stopped by his troop and forced to act as his confessor. In the same breath he bequeaths his gun to his mate, "pour •rejouir ma cendre," that is, according to previous instructions to kill "ce Gaetan qui m'est venu surprendre," and his soul to God. This combination of crime and superstition is well portrayed in the following stanza:

Adda, ma veuve, il te faut un soutien:
 Choisis un brave; et, tous deux, aimez bien
 Ce pauvre enfant qui me regarde et pleure.
 Ainsi que moi, prends soin qu'il vive et meure
 En bon chrétien.

* Adda was nursing her child in her arms and no signs of Memmo's return.

Mother, what does my father do every night between Rome and Terracina—the air of the marshes is deadly at night, and on the road there are murderers about. Good Heavens! when will the day come? Mother, let us pray. I am frightened, mother. Sleep, darling! sleep, my love, and be as brave as your father.

The wind is moaning in the tall pines as on S. Medard's night. What a night that was! He came back so late, and his wound did so bleed.

There was a gun fired on the hill! Three shots I heard in the dark—how is it that at that very moment I felt a chill pass over my chest?

It is the cry of a man in distress. Listen! listen! They will murder him—I am frightened—take from my forehead that icy arm that is caressing me.

The poor child fell asleep in her arms: yet Memmo never returned.

Treize ans venus, qu'au maître-autel du temple
 Il communie; et dès le lendemain
 Tu lui diras: "Ton père te contemple;
 Ici sa tombe, et là le grand chemin:
 Suis son exemple.*

I had intended to give an analysis of *un Miracle*, but I have quoted so largely from *Memmo* that I refrain. But I must refer to it in illustration of another side of its author's character. It is not only as a dramatic poet that he is great: in inventive imagination he equally excels. For grandeur of conception, as well as beauty of description I have read few poems which surpass *les Limbes*, the second canto of *un Miracle*. While M. Delavigne was in Italy he "had seen a dead child laid out in its holiday dress, at the moment that its young brother in his simple ignorance came to the bedside and held out to it some pretty plaything." The poet was touched at the sight, and took from it the idea of this poem. A fond mother, left a widow with one only child, comes from Venice to Florence. She has sworn by her husband's memory that the child shall be baptized nowhere but in S. Mark's. She puts off her return home from time to time, such are the attractions of Florence, till her child dies in her absence unbaptized. The Virgin hears her agonising prayer, and her child is restored to her. On her return from the shrine, at which she has offered her richest treasures, she finds the child in her coffin:

Léa, qu'elle pleurait, Léa, morte la veille,
 Jouait dans son linceul souriante et vermeille
 Léa, plus belle encor de ses fraîches couleurs
 Sous les plis de ce blanc suaire,
 Ouvrit ses petits bras et lui tendit les fleurs
 De sa couronne mortuaire.†

* Adda, my widow, you need a support; choose a brave man, and, both of you, love this poor child who looks at me and weeps—and take care that he lives and dies a good Christian like me. In thirteen years let him go to communion at the high altar of the Church, and the day after, you will say to him, Your father's eyes are on you—here is his tomb, there the highway. Follow his example.

† Leah, for whom she was weeping, who was dead but yesterday, was playing in her coffin, with a smile on her rosy cheek. Leah more beautiful than ever with her fresh colour under the folds of that white shroud, opened her little arms and held out to her the flowers of her funeral garland.

The second canto to which I have referred is a description of *Limbo*, the place assigned to children who die unbaptized. My last quotations must be from this:

Comme un vain rêve du matin,
Un parfum vague, un trait lointain,
C'est je ne sais quoi d'incertain
Que cet empire;
Lieux qu'à peine vient éclairer
Un jour qui, sans rien colorer,
A chaque instant près d'expirer
Jamais n'expire.

Partout cette demi-clarté
Dont la morne tranquillité
Suit un crépuscule d'été,
Ou de l'aurore
Fait pressentir que le retour
Va poindre au céleste séjour,
Quand la nuit n'est plus, quand le jour
N'est pas encore!

Ce ciel terne, où manque un soleil,
N'est jamais bleu, jamais vermeil;
Jamais brise, dans ce sommeil
De la nature,
N'agita d'un frémissement
La torpeur de ce lac dormant,
Dont l'eau n'a point de mouvement
Point de murmure.

* * * *

Le calme d'un vague loisir
Sans regret comme sans désir
Sans peine comme sans plaisir,
C'est là leur joie.

Là ni veille ni lendemain!
Ils n'ont sur un bonheur prochain,
Sur celui qu'on rappelle en vain
Rien à se dire.
Leurs sanglots ne troublent jamais
De l'air l'inaltérable paix;
Mais aussi leur rire jamais
N'est qu'un sourire.

Sur leurs doux traits que de pâleur!
Adieu cette fraîche couleur
Qui de baiser leur joue en fleur
Donnait l'envie!

De leurs yeux, qui charment d'abord,
 Mais dont aucun éclair ne sort,
 Le morne éclat n'est pas la mort,
 N'est pas la vie.*

In these remarks I have referred chiefly to M. Delavigne's later works. I have done so, not from any disposition to undervalue the *Messéniennes*, nor from any national prejudices, but because the latter are local in their character, and appeal to the French nation of a particular time, while the former belong to that poetry which is not for an age, but for all time. The *Messéniennes* are historically invaluable; they give a deeper insight into the feelings of a great nation, at a very critical period in its career, than any amount of bare narration can give. And to English readers, too, they ought to have a special interest. In our self-satisfied pride, our fancied superior magnanimity, we look upon the French hatred of England, a feeling which I fear is far from being extinct, as a mere sore of wounded vanity. We say they have not forgiven us our victory at Waterloo. But what are the facts of the case? If wounded pride were all, why did not Wellington's victories in the Peninsula excite an equally strong feeling? But it was more than this. It was the occupation of their capital, and the continued occupation

* Like an empty morning dream, a doubtful perfume, a distant voice—something—I know not what—undefined—is this realm—haunts scarce lighted by a day that gives no colour—that, every moment close on death, never dies.

Everywhere that half light whose dull calm follows a summer sunset or gives warning that returning dawn will soon burst forth in the heavens—when night is gone and day is not yet come.

This dull sky, without a sun, is never blue, or rosy-hued; never did breeze, in this sleep of nature, move with a single ripple the sluggishness of this slumbering lake—whose waters have neither motion nor sound.

The calm of an unsettled rest—without regrets and without longings—without pain, but without pleasure—such is their joy.

There is neither yestreen nor morrow—nought have they to say of a coming happiness—nor of vain memories of the past—their sob's never trouble the changeless silence of the air—but withal their laugh is never more than a smile.

What a pallor on their sweet faces—farewell to that fresh colour which made one long to kiss their blooming cheek—the dull brilliancy of their eyes, which charm at first, but from which no flash comes—is not death—but it is not life.

of their country by the troops of the Holy Alliance. It was the fact that we thwarted all their struggles for liberty, that we forced upon them a king for whom they had little or no liking, that we undid as far as we could, the work for which, during the past twenty-five years, so much blood had been spilt. What wonder then, that

aimer la France alors
C'était détester l'Angleterre!

Who of us would not feel an equal hatred of any invader of *our* homes?

The *Messéniennes* are the passionate expression of this feeling, and as I have said before, their success only shews how thoroughly they represented the national temper of the time. Whether it be to lament the victims of Waterloo, or to protest against the so-called pillage (!) of the Louvre galleries, (which only restored to their rightful owners the works of art, which the French armies had carried off from different parts of Europe), or to enforce the duty of sinking party strife in common devotion to a common country, it is the same patriotic spirit which speaks. Now the poet refers to their past history, and shows from the story of Joan of Arc how internal dissension betrays the land into the hand of foreigners, now by the example of struggling nationalities in other parts of Europe, Italy, Naples, and especially Greece, he tries to keep alive in France the flame of liberty. Naturally enough when 1830 came, and its Three days, it was to him that the people looked as the poet of their independence, and *la Parisienne* was at once in every mouth. English sympathy with the July revolution, and the happiness of successful effort, covered over for a while the old hate: but the series ends with a fiercer expression of it than ever. *Le Retour* was written when Napoleon's ashes were brought from St. Helena to Paris. It closes with the strong declaration

Mais que sera pour nous l'amitié Britannique?
Entre les deux pays, séparés désormais,
Le temps peut renouer un lien politique;
Un lien d'amitié, jamais!

Let us hope that the prophecy may not be a true one. Let us seek by all in our power to disprove it. Let us not be ashamed to confess our own faults, and our own want of consideration for feelings, and for movements which we do not understand, and we may be sure that candour will be

met by candour, and when the mistakes of the past are cleared away, we may hope for a reconciliation which shall not only cicatrise, but heal old sores.

I have been liberal in my quotations, but I have not yet quoted any whole poem. Let me try in conclusion to give some idea of the effect of an entire work by a translation of the ballad *L'Ame du Purgatoire*, to which I have more than once referred. The translation is a literal one, and I have done my best to preserve the metre and rhythm of the original. The scenes are in Venice.

In the midst of my griefs and my fears
I come from the city of tears,
One prayer from your lips to move:
You said as you bent o'er my head,
If I live, I will pray for thee, dead.
Were not these your last words, my love?

Alas! Alas!

Since I parted from your embrace
Not a prayer have I heard from above.

Alas! Alas!

I list—but my love never prays.

"May thy soul on the Lido stray
To witness my tears!" you would say,
And fearless it took its flight.
On the cold stone over my head
The heavens their sad teardrops shed,
But your eyes still are bright.

Alas! Alas!

Might your grief but disarm His might,
God's, who saw me in your embrace!

Alone, alas!

I weep—my love never prays.

What torments in this dark abyss,
The price of our rapturous bliss,
In bitterest anguish I pay.
The days have nor morning nor eve,
No lengthening shadows relieve
The despair of this endless day.

Alas! Alas!

In vain in this dreary place
With arms uplifted I stay.

Alas! Alas!

I wait—but my love never prays.

When the sinful deed was done
 One single regret might atone
 To the God whom I so much dread.
 Twice ready my sin to repent
 I heard (surely to warn me 'twas sent)
 Stern death's invisible tread.

Alas! Alas!

You were happy in my embrace,
 And all thought of repentance fled.

Alas! Alas!

I suffer—my love never prays.

You remember dark Brenta's ford,
 Where oft we our gondola moored,
 With the morning alone to remove.
 The tree that its shelter bestowed,
 The flowers that their heads gently bowed,
 As you told me the tale of your love.

Alas! Alas!

Death caught me in your embrace,
 Your kisses still hot on my face.

Alas! Alas!

I burn—but my love never prays.

Give me back those fresh jessamine bowers,
 Where your hand spread a pillow of flowers
 For my fevered head to rest.
 Give me back that lilac-bloom,
 Whose dewdrops and sweet perfume
 My burning lips refresht.

Alas! Alas!

Let me feel the cool dews on my face,
 In your arms once more tenderly prest.

Alas! Alas!

I thirst—but my love never prays.

In your gondola now you rejoice
 In another's soft loving voice,
 Whom my portrait must surely displease—
 For in jealous spite she has cast
 To the waves that sweet pledge of the past,
 And you sit there still at your ease.

Alas! Alas!

Why appeal to that last embrace,
 I must suffer in silence, in peace.

Alas! Alas!

All is over—my love never prays.

Farewell! I return not again
Thus wearily still to complain,
Since to your eyes another is fair.
May her sweet kisses be ever new!
I am dead, and suffer for you.
Live on, blest in your love for her.

Alas! Alas!

Think at times in her fond embrace
Of my dark abyss of despair.

Alas! Alas!

And may you ne'er follow me there.





TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SABRINÆ COROLLA.

THE following versions of some of the German extracts in the *Sabrinæ Corolla* have been made in the hope that they may prove of interest to some who are accustomed to use that book, but who are not familiar with the language in which they are written: as well as to others who may be pleased to see in an English garb some of the flowers of the anthology culled by an old Johnian, whose perfect taste is as well known as his finished scholarship.

PAGE 20.

Zeus to Heracles.

Not by drinking of my nectar hast thou won thy might divine:
Thy God's might it was that gave thee now to drain the heavenly
wine.—SCHILLER.

PAGE 32.

Raffaello may be first of painters; but, before that wondrous Face,
Leonardo, who shall dare to give thee but the second place.

PLATEN.

PAGE 54.

Now I comprehend thee, Fate;
Not from this world blessing comes;
Only in the stilly dreams
Of Poësy, its beauty blooms:
Thou dost send me pain and wrong,
Yet with every pang a song.—UHLAND.

PAGE 70.

I may not say that in thine eyes
The heavens' own azure beameth;
That on thy lips the tender blush
May's earliest rose beseemeth.
That on thy breast and snowy arms
Shine forth the lily's purest charms.

But oh ! how fair the spring, if once
Lillies like thine were blowing,
And hill and dale with roses sweet
As thy sweet lips were glowing,
And heaven's high arches overhead
Blue as thy own blue eyes were spread.—UHLAND.

PAGE 72.

Not in blasts of chilly north
Breathes the rose its fragrance forth.
Wouldst thou win this earth's sweet love ?
Sun thee in the Light above.—W. MUELLER.

PAGE 84.

Every billowy sea Odysseus traversed, so to find his home :
Passed through Scylla's demon yelling, and Charybdis' whirling foam,
Through the ocean's many terrors, through the perils of the land,
Roaming even in his erring quest to Hades' dreary strand ;
Till at length his fortune bore him sleeping to his native earth,
And he woke, and weeping knew not, 'twas the country of his birth.
SCHILLER.

PAGE 104.

Rich in thy wealth, but poor thro' hate and sorrow,
Thou'rt poor to-day, thy heir is rich to-morrow.—OPITZ.

PAGE 116.

Barb'd is the shaft of Love,
Strive not e'er that dart to move :
Patient bear a little smart.
He that laughs my words to scorn,
And that arrow forth hath torn,
Grievously hath rent his heart.—BURGER.

PAGE 120.

Evil fares the ship that tosses on the raging storm-swept sea ;
Yet when storms of Love assail it, fares the heart more bitterly :
For the vessel flings its cargo overboard, and leaps on light ;
But the heart must bear its burden ever with it through the night.
W. MUELLER.

PAGE 136.

Knowledge to one is a high and a heavenly goddess ; another
Deems it a useful cow, yielding him butter and milk.—SCHILLER.

PAGE 150.

Virtues here are only two ;
Would they ne'er were separate !
Would the great were ever good,
And the good were ever great !—SCHILLER.

L.

(To be completed in our next.)



THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

PERHAPS at the present day there is no one, of those who are interested in education, who would question the good likely to proceed from an education, however advanced, among the middle classes, provided it be confined to the male sex. But it is but a small proportion of thoughtful men who would extend the same liberality to women of whatever class. The question has been much discussed, worn thread-bare some thoughtless people say, who do not consider that it ranks very highly among the most momentous subjects of our time. Yet it seems to be no nearer a decision than ever. The two sides obstinately stand aloof, and refuse to see anything but absolute variance and dissimilarity in their respective ideas. If this mischievous feeling continues, there seems to be but one inevitable consequence, however distant its accomplishment may be. The extreme progress party wish to gain an undisputed victory, and seeking to make woman man, will produce a monster. There can be no fusion, gradual or momentary, of the two natures. Those who endeavour to bring this about, will produce a confusion of metals battered, it may be, into an unfortunately inseparable mass; but the unsightly blotches of confusion, and such they must always be, are not the beautiful unity of perfect fusion. But let each side look more generously upon the opinions of the other, in which way only can we hope for a satisfactory settlement; for at present they will allow no common ground, and hence conviction cannot follow discussion. Let us try to discover the good which exists in each, and whether the two may not amalgamate by a little generous concession. And at the outset we suppose that each side has the happiness of woman at heart, for there is a certain class whose arguments against the education of women are dictated solely by selfishness. With these we may have something to say by-and-by. Now one side says, "Educate women as men, let them push,

thrust, elbow, scramble in the professions as men do, never mind if in this way they *do* lose their characteristic feminine gentleness, they will be educated, they will assist the pushing progress of the world, and all this sentimentalism is but sickly work after all in comparison with the march of mind." And the other, "What will women gain by this education, which is to bring with it only the capability to bustle among men, and suffer all the hardening tendencies of pushing competition and the race for wealth? Surely this contains but little good for them; surely this cannot be womanhood." Now if we had to choose between the first with its rigid law that knows no romance, and the second with its timorous shortsightedness, our choice would surely fall upon this latter. But let us try to reconcile the two. It is the elevation of the tone of woman's mind that is our object, and it is through education that we look to achieve this. But is this other condition essential, this pushing contention among men? At least you will allow that, if you can further woman's cause as fully or more so by dropping this appendage to education, you will be ready to do so; for with all your sneers at sentimentalism, you know that there is a little spot very close to your heart that says there is something true in it. Again, you on the other side, if you discover that education, instead of making women less womanly, develops to the full all that is graceful and feminine, you will not refuse it them. And here let us define our "education." We do not mean the accumulation of bare facts dormant and unproductive, the system which obtains so generally in our present system of woman's so called education; nor do we mean a superficial acquaintance with a great many subjects, whence ensues that most fatal of all ignorance, ignorance of one's own ignorance. But we mean education in its literal sense, the discovery and edification of what is otherwise latent and powerless within, which can scarcely be done at any other time than early youth. It is the foundation that we would insist upon particularly. We mean education considered especially as a given power to appreciate the noble and beautiful, for it is a great truth that keenness of appreciation depends almost entirely upon an educated mind. Coleridge felt all the force of this when he wrote—

we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live.

This is to be felt rather than described, but there is an exquisite fineness of appreciation for an educated mind, to

which we feel the uneducated is not admitted, there is a life to be lived other than the life of sense; and a clearer atmosphere to be breathed than that which supports our life, and it is a life to be lived and an air to be breathed by all who have this "education," and by none else, in all its richness.

Beyond all doubt we believe that a slipshod education at home, such as falls to the lot of a great portion of girls, is preferable to this accumulating-facts principle of most of our girls' schools. It is sufficient to look into the books they use, as I have done myself. The question-and-answer system seems the most popular, and, as far as I can ascertain, abridgments take the second place. Can much be expected from such a system as this? Is it wonderful that the natural reaction is sensational novels, for these are read much more by ladies than such as aim at something higher than the mere excitement of a fearful anxiety from the first page to the last. It seems pretty clear that the only means of raising the standard and style of ladies' education is by connecting the schools with a University, as indeed is already partially done at Cambridge. And here I must notice an article which appeared in *The Eagle* in Dec., 1864. The writer evidently ranks Mr. Tennyson with those who do not favour an extreme education among women, and quotes *the beginning* of a very beautiful passage in *The Princess*. I will begin where he discontinued.

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

And to this effect to the end of the passage. Surely this shews no discountenance of advanced education.

Some men too deceive themselves with an over romantic theory, and know not that they feel far other things in their practice. Many a man allows himself to speak against a refinement in woman's education, and unconsciously is seen ranged on the other side by his evident appreciation of an educated woman's society. Let us take one instance. Mr. Robertson of Brighton was strangely fearful of spoiling woman's feminacy, and though doubtless his feelings were

chiefly in opposition to those who would seek to unmake woman by casting her on pursuits which must eternally belong to man, yet he would appear to many a staunch opponent to the advancement of woman's education. He quotes as representing entirely his own feelings (and it represents ours) a passage of Swedenborg's: "Sex is a permanent fact in human nature. Men are men, and women women, in the highest heaven as here on earth. The difference of sexes is therefore brighter and more exquisite in proportion as the person is high and the sphere is pure. The distinction not only reaches to the individual, but it is atomically minute besides. Every thought, affection, and sense of a male is male, and of a female, feminine. The smallest drop of intellect or will is inconvertible between the sexes. If man's it can never be woman's and *vice versâ*. The sexual distinction is founded upon two radical attributes of God, his divine love and his divine wisdom, whereof the former is feminine and the latter masculine." Then Mr. Robertson puts forward a "vision" of his own, of a heart that envied the hardness of the ribs around it, and resolved to make itself as them. Accordingly it became bone, and losing all its elasticity, which alone fits it for its place, ceased to beat and perished. This of course all points in the same direction. He is rather denouncing the folly of those who would make feminine masculine, than education itself as likely to do so; but, in his romantic and very natural fear of this former, he is sometimes led to confuse the two, and it is rather with a view of shewing his real opinions on this subject, that we have noticed his apparently contradictory conduct. It is well known that the society of educated women was a rare delight to him, and many are the courses of reading that he has laid down for a lady friend, which, in a controversy with the unromantic mere educationalist, he would theoretically condemn. But it is said that education will make women less fit for domestic uses. Is it so with *men* (for thus only can we decide)? Is a man less fatherly to his children, a less gentle nurse to a sick wife, more of a pleasure-seeker, and home-neglector, because he appreciates Sophocles and Shakespeare, Plato and Carlyle? Is it not in fact much the contrary? Does not this poetry (and we all may appreciate it in our degrees) soften his heart, and widen it? Again it makes them priggish and pedantic. Is it so with men? Who is the prig? Surely the fool. And though this may apply with less force to pedantry, yet rare are the instances that occur to us of an educated

and pedantic mind. But as it is now, the case is one-sided. For it must be confessed that those few women who educate themselves are not such as to recommend the fruits of education to us. It is a humiliating confession that literature is taken up by them as a rule (for of course there are exceptions) as a *dernier resort*. Hence they have not much else to recommend them, few accomplishments, little beauty, which must ever be associated with our ideal of woman. But would a bright blue eye be duller for us because its owner could enjoy a poet's thoughts; and would sweet lips lose for us their roses because they murmur songs of "poets who enrich the blood of the earth," rather than lisp flaccid sentimentalisms of the last new novel? We cannot believe it. Again what is it that preserves our present terrible hollownness of "society"? Surely women's craving for excitement. A large proportion of men (may we not say all the educated portion?) are dragged into it unwillingly, to oblige wives, daughters, or sisters. Can we blame the women, dare we blame them? What has a young well-born lady in comfortable circumstances to do? Listen to Medea's plaint, the mouth-piece of an allowed misogynist:

ἀνὴρ δ' ὅταν τοῖς ἔνδον ἀχθῇται ξυνών,
 ἔξω μολὼν ἔπαυσε καρδίαν ἄσης,
 ἢ πρὸς φίλον τιν' ἢ πρὸς ἡλικας τραπέις·
 ἡμῖν δ' ἀνάγκη πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν βλέπειν.

And though this is not *literally* true now, yet we cannot but feel that it is still far too true. Let us, as far as we can, put ourselves into their position. Is there any escape? How many a man would be miserable without a cultivated taste for literature, who now is happy and contented. Yet much more women who, by their situation, are compelled to look more into themselves for enjoyment. And one word to that despicable selfishness which would rob women of all that is beautiful in thought and imagination. Let us hear them—"Woman was made for man. Let her by all means learn the piano, though she has no taste for music, in order that she may be useful; and let her learn household duties so that she may see that we have good dinners, and whole stockings." And much more to this effect, nor is this overstated. Is this to be a companion to man? or is it to be a slave? But if it were ever so true that education would make her less adapted to your requirements, nay if it would unfit her altogether for her duties, who are you to rob her of one of God's noblest gifts? Such men may I never

cease to despise. But one more reason for encouraging education among women and I have done. The want of this is the cause, with scarcely any exceptions, of the venial crimes among women. Let a prison-matron speak, and one whose whole tone is rather that of an under-rater than an exaggerater. "In the prison the teaching that should have begun with the women in their girlhood is commenced, and exercises in a few instances, a salutary influence; but ignorance, deep, besotting ignorance is the characteristic of almost every fresh woman on whom the key turns in her cell. It keeps our prisons full, our judges always busy. Three-fourths of our prisoners before their conviction were unable to read a word, had no knowledge of the Bible or what is in it, had never heard of a Saviour, and only remembered God's name as coupled with a curse." This is no clap-trap theory, but a terrible fact. And we may help ourselves to understand what *ennui* drives an uneducated woman to, by reading of their "breakings-out" in prison (to be followed certainly by strict punishment,) merely because they want something to do, and have no resources in themselves. It has even been proved that a much larger proportion of educated men than educated women are in our prisons. Surely this is convincing. And if it is asked how a refinement of education would prevent this where we seem rather to want any education whatever, we reply, that until women *rise from the ranks*, as so many men do, there will be little hope for them as a body to persevere. And how can they do this without means? And these means we believe none but an University supervision can supply. Again we ask all, the selfish and the unselfish, *Is* a pretty girl less pleasing to us because she can understand us when we speak something better than nonsense? Can she not be a friend to us as well as a plaything? Is all this fair to her? And if it be urged (as it often is) that as we observe men of the most opposite characters frequently close friends by choice, so it may well be with an educated man and an uneducated woman; we reply, that character is not education, and it is very doubtful whether such friendships exist between opposite natures, and these the one educated and the other not. Moreover, such friendships are in reality very uncommon, and hence attract our notice, while the multitudes of friendships based on similar tastes and characters, the fruit of a similarly liberal education, pass unnoticed—but not the less surely do they exist for the blessing of thousands; and no less surely by promoting an education which stimulates an

interested appetite for knowledge, and forms an appreciation for all that is beautiful, noble, and true, shall we according to our day be labouring in that mighty workshop wherein are forged the golden chains which shall bind closer and closer the hearts and affections of husband and wife, brother and sister, man and woman. May it be at least no hasty thought which prompts us to be of the number of those who "stridentia tinguunt æra lacu," and leave it there a dead, cold mass, only accumulating self-consuming rust.

C. C. C.





THE FISHERMEN.

THEOCRITUS. IDYLL XXI.

'Tis Poverty alone provokes the arts,
O Diophantus, teaching men to toil.
To them that labour for a livelihood
Sleep hardly comes: and if a little while
Slumber should overtake them in the night,
Anxieties rush in and break their rest.

Two aged fishermen together lay
On the dry sea-weed of their wattled hut,
Against its leafy wall: about them were
Implements of their craft—the wicker creels,
The rods, the hooks, the weedy baits, and lines;
Bow-nets of rushes, baskets, an old boat
With props kept upright, and a pair of oars:
This was their whole equipment, all their wealth.
Door had they none nor dog; all such to them
Superfluous seem'd; their guard was poverty.
Nor had they any neighbour; but the sea
Came floating softly round their narrow hut.
Not yet the chariot of the moon had run
Full half her circle, when their master-thought
Aroused these fishermen; and thrusting off
The slumber from their lids, they thus began.

ASPH. They're liars all, my friend, who e'er have said
That nights are shorter in the summer time,
When Zeus makes long the days: a myriad dreams
I've dream'd already, and it is not dawn.

MATE. Blame not fair summer, friend; not at their will
The seasons leave their own set course, but care
Breaking your slumbers makes the night seem long.

ASPH. Have you ever learnt to interpret dreams at all?
I've had a fine one, and I would not like
That you should be without a part in it;
We'll share our visions as we share our fish:
Your mother-wit may help you to a guess,
He best interprets dreams who follows her.

Besides, we've time, for what can any man
Do, lying on rough leaves beside the sea,
Sleeping uneasy on a thorny couch,
Wakeful as any nightingale in bush,
Or lamp in Prytaneum, which they say
Is always burning?

MATE. Speak then, friend, and let
Your comrade hear this vision of the night.

ASPH. Yestreen, when after my sea-faring toil
I fell asleep—not over-full of meat,
For, you remember, we supp'd sparingly—
Methought that I sat fishing on a rock,
Flinging the treacherous bait out with the rod;
And one fat fish made at it—for as dogs
Scent bears, even in their sleep, so I a fish—
He caught and held it, blood began to flow,
And with his struggles the rod bent, and I
Using both hands found it no easy task
To land a great fish with so small a hook.
A slight reminder ever and anon
I gave him of his wound, then loosen'd line,
But lost him not; and lastly haul'd him in,
The guerdon of my toil,—a golden fish—
One all compact of gold. And fear was mine
That he might be a fish Poseidon loved
Or one of blue-eyed Aphrodite's own.
Carefully I unhook'd him, lest the barbs
Should from his mouth keep any of the gold;
And when I got him safe I swore an oath
Never to set foot on the sea again,
But live on land, and king it with the gold.
With that I woke; but do you, O my friend,
Resolve me, for I fear the oath I swore.

MATE. Well then, don't fear it, for you did not swear;
You did not find the fish you dream'd about,
And visions are but lies; but if you wish
In sober truth to realize your dream,
Go seek the fish of flesh, or you may die
Of hunger, even tho' you dream of gold.

J. H. CLARK.





THE LAND OF THE FAMOUS.

*"Devenere locos lætos et amœna virecta
"Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas."*

I MUST confess that once at least in the course of my existence I have been doubtful of my personal identity. This happened on a fine summer's morning, when I unexpectedly found myself in the midst of a pleasantly wooded country, prettily interspersed with gardens, in which I could see groups of men standing under the shade of the trees, or seated in the numerous arbours. How I got there I knew not, and I was equally ignorant of the name or geographical position of the spot where I was. Nor was my perplexity lessened by my noticing that the dress of those of the inhabitants that were visible to me was of the most varied description. Every costume from the Roman toga to the coats still in vogue when our grandfathers were in their prime had numerous representatives. Puzzled beyond measure, I felt greatly relieved to see a sedate looking personage advancing towards me, his dress and bearing indicating that he was English, though of a date some two centuries back. His first words were:—

"May I ask what illustrious one I have thus the honour of welcoming to these glorious abodes?"

"Where am I?" I asked eagerly. "How came I here?"

He looked at me for a minute in great surprise, then recovering himself he replied, "I thought that you were a new inhabitant of these realms, but I see that you are but a mortal, who, by the permission of the deities of the place, has come to catch a glimpse of our happy existence."

"Am I then in Elysium?"

"Not in that so often sung of by the poets," replied he. "This is the place to which the famous of the earth retire after their work has ceased, though the memory of it yet lives. None but the illustrious enter here."

"Do I then see before me the shades of all the departed great?"

"Yes," answered my informant, "for though these abodes have not been founded many centuries, all those whose names still live have been admitted."

"But how do the favoured ones know of their good fortune? Who decides on those who may enter these happy realms, and by what means is the decision communicated to the successful candidates for admission?"

"The shades come to those huge portals that you see to your right, and should the porter permit them to enter, they have no further opposition. Our state is grievously at fault in not having any certain regulations as to the conditions of admission. The sole restriction is that they should continue to be remembered on earth, and it was thought that there would be no hesitation about the fitness of the applicants. Accordingly our porter was directed to admit those who were famous, and it was anticipated that he would find no difficulty in the discharge of his office, but so far from this being the case he has been driven to his wits' end to discover some serviceable test which may enable him to decide on the merits of the various cases presented to him. The hope that he first entertained that it would be safe to admit all that thought themselves worthy, soon proved delusive, and he saw the necessity of adopting some fixed standard of merit. He commenced by noting the behaviour of friends and acquaintances at the death of each, admitting any one whose death caused much mourning, but this was found to depend on circumstances which had nothing to do with his fame. Frequently it depended on the influence which the family possessed, of which he was a member, and was put on and off with the hatband. Abandoning this idea our porter turned philosopher for the nonce, and commenced ruminating on the qualities and deeds that secure immortality. He came to the conclusion that it was the powers of the mind by which men became famous, and knowing no form in which these were so clearly displayed as in books, he determined to judge by these alone, especially as he noticed that authors were usually remembered just so long as their books were. A new difficulty arose—how should he decide on the relative merits of the books of different writers? Thinking it natural that books should be most carefully examined and criticized when they first appeared, he sedulously observed the opinions of the critical world, and became as diligent a reader of the various reviews as if he had been an author

himself who had just published his first work. But to his great surprise he found these to hold the most contrary opinions. While some spoke of the books as 'productions which the world would not willingly let die,' others deplored the sad waste of time—truth forbade them to add talents—on the part of the author. Our Minoë was greatly puzzled by this diversity of opinion, nor was his perplexity relieved till he discovered that the writers of the first kind were either the authors themselves or persons on dining terms with them, while those of the second were generally would-be authors whose productions had been 'declined with thanks,' by the same publisher.

"He resolved for the future to decide for himself. Reflecting on the devastation caused by his cousin Time, and the numerous accidents books are exposed to, so that often the least worthy survive, he thought that those who wrote much had most chance of having some portion of their works preserved, and hence it would at all events be safe to admit them. Accordingly for a time authors were estimated by cubic measure, and things went on smoothly till one day our janitor, who had been for some time troubled with doubts as to the complete success of his new plan, stopped a learned divine who came staggering under the weight of a huge pile of folios, and asked him his name. 'I am the great Dr. * * * * Professor of Logic and Divinity, at the University of——,' replied he, and then went on to recount the various offices he had held, and the literary distinctions he had won. Our porter stopped him ere he was half through the list, and turning to a crowd who were outside the gates, clamouring for admission, asked them whether they knew any thing of this learned Professor. The only one who seemed to be in the least acquainted with him or his works, was a worthy cheesemonger, who demanded immortality for having discovered a peculiarly good receipt for making Stilton cheese. He said that he had used the Doctor's works for many years, and preferred them to all others—indeed he wished that all authors were like him. The Professor looked triumphant, and was about to pass on, when unluckily the cheesemonger continued, 'why can't others publish their works in respectable sizes like he does—you can't get a leaf now-a-days that will decently hold a pound of butter.' Hurriedly pushing the Doctor back, the porter banged the door to and went off in a huff, and since then it is rumoured that voluminous authors have fared very ill.

"Another scheme which he adopted for a time was to

make the authors read portions of their books to him, and from these he decided on their fate. This answered much better than any method that he had previously tried, though prolix writers bothered him much by persisting in reading extract after extract, 'to illustrate' as they said 'the general plan of the book.' If he persisted in refusing them admittance they were positive nuisances, and even if he admitted them they could scarcely be prevented from finishing to him on the other side of the gate some favourite bit in which they thought he must feel interested. One day however a heavy-looking personage presented himself and commenced to read. So unutterably dull was the book that ere he had got over a couple of pages the door-keeper was fast asleep, and the lucky author slipped by him and passed thro' the gates. When the porter awoke he was mightily wroth, and would have attempted to turn him out again, but by some accident the tale got abroad on earth, and was embodied by some satirist in his poems, so that our dull friend has had his right to remain allowed. It does not however benefit him much, for in consideration of the means by which he effected his entrance, he has been put to read his works aloud at night near the bowers which serve as the dormitories of the immortals."

"What plan is now followed?" I asked.

"These repeated failures have so soured the porter's temper that he usually makes the candidates wait for many years outside the gates ere he admits them, as it is much easier to decide on their claims when some time has elapsed since they left your world."

"Has this last expedient freed him from all trouble?"

"Not altogether. Some years ago he was surprised to see a crowd of men in strange antique garb advancing to the gate. They claimed admittance in a language which with some difficulty he discovered to be Greek, though very archaic in style. He asked them their names and what they had done that they should enter there, wondering all the while how it was that such ancient specimens should present themselves then. They did not know their own names, but at the question what they had done, they one and all commenced reciting in a loud voice, with appropriate action, thousands of lines which sounded suspiciously like extracts from Homer. It was difficult to distinguish much in the midst of the tumult, but some of that bard's favourite lines came so frequently, that the porter could stand it no longer, and told them that what they were reciting Homer had written.

They protested that they themselves were Homer, and in answer to the ironical question, how they found that out, they said that one Mr. F. A. Wolf had found it out for them, and told them to come there, for that they were the true authors of the Iliad. The obdurate porter asked them who Mr. Wolf was, and when he heard that he was a German critic, he shut the doors in their faces, and went away saying that he would have nothing to do with them or their master—for that the last German critic he had seen there had got permission to read to him his introduction to a new edition of Thucydides, and kept him up all night to finish it."

"But," said I, "have the tempers of authors, proverbially bad upon earth, so changed for the better that there is nought but harmony here?"

"Far from it," replied my informant, "we have quarrels as in your world. In fact courts have been established to settle such disputes as come under the cognizance of the laws of our society. Plagiarism is a very common charge; in one case, not so very long ago, some of the oldest inhabitants, with a Greek named *Æschylus* at their head, brought such a charge against a German who had been lately admitted. They accused him of printing in his works whole passages from several of their plays—garbled and much altered it is true, but from the order and general signification they expected to be able to get sufficient proof to convict him. They would have gained their case had it not appeared in the course of the proceedings that the defendant had intended the works in question to be *correct editions* of the writing of the plaintiffs. Of course there was an end of the case,

Solvuntur risu tabulæ,

and the defendant was discharged as insane, and committed to the care of a keeper. A similar case was about to come on, in which the accused, one Godfrey Hermann, had intended to enter the same plea, but, terrified by the fate of his predecessor, he abandoned it. It was fortunate that he did so, as the court decided that the resemblance was not sufficiently close to support the charge. But we have not so many cases of this kind just at present, as the older writers are so accustomed to being pilfered from, that they do not notice it; while the more modern ones have so little that is their own, that they cannot bring such actions, the defendants always pleading that they borrowed it directly from the original sources. The chief annoyances from which the older writers

suffer are translations, and these affect them so much that they sometimes become seriously ill, and you not unfrequently hear in reply to an inquiry after the health of some one of them, 'He has scarcely recovered from his last translation.' Homer used to suffer dreadfully from such attacks, and has had several very recent ones, but they have not been as severe as usual. Still he is far from feeling pleased with the liberties taken with his works, which seem to be used as practising ground for any new metre that may be thought of."

"Are writers so averse to mortals meddling with their works?" I said.

"Extremely so," said he, "for even when they owe their immortality to a quoted extract, they are usually angry with their immortalizers for not having quoted more."

"Surely it is not the same with those who claim to have made discoveries. They must feel honoured by the general acceptance of their views."

"Certainly. But in their case the disputes are as to who made the discoveries in question. We have several claimants for every great invention or discovery, and the cases are as hotly debated, as they are hard to decide. The great feud between Newton and Leibnitz as to the invention of fluxions has only just cooled down. The Newtonians urged that Leibnitz was a metaphysician, and therefore must have been mad, and the adherents of Leibnitz pleaded that as Newton was not a metaphysician, he must have been an idiot—each party thus claiming the sole honour of the invention for its own leader. Nor have recent disputes been less violent. Our porter is more troubled with cases of this kind than by all other doubtful claims. At present he admits rather freely, for we have lost so many Schoolmen and other Mediæval celebrities, that we are not very full."

"Does not military greatness supply you with a large number of inhabitants?"

"Oh no? Very few gain immortality in that way, as only the very great names live in memory. Statesmen are more fortunate, and I think that fully half of us owe our admission to the part we have played in history."

"Are political feuds revived here?" I asked.

"Not generally. Many former political enemies are fast friends now, for they feel that their presence here is due to their mutual opposition, as they have sense enough to see that their talents were far better fitted to shine in party strife, than to achieve any great and noble under-

taking. But they are far from being on equally good terms with their historians. As their tenure depends on their fame on your earth, they are jealously alive to any attempt to damage their character or lessen their reputation. Hence each historian, when he arrives here, finds many enemies and but few friends, and those are seldom very hearty ones; for those whom he has especially favoured seldom think that he has sufficiently displayed their merits. The march of time too necessarily seems to dim the lustre of names, bright enough in their day, and hence the shades grow more and more querulous and dissatisfied. There are of course exceptions; some names seem to improve by keeping, while many others have every now and then seasons of peculiar brilliancy. We have several passing through this stage just now—a result which is chiefly due to the ingenuity and skill of recent historians.

“Your Henry VIII. for instance, is in high feather and talks of a place in the Anglican Calendar, and of having the service for the Blessed Martyr transferred to him for the exemplary patience with which he bore his unparalleled domestic afflictions. Julius Cæsar has recently taken for his motto the well known proverb (slightly altered) ‘to be great is to be good,’ and has become so far reconciled to a great general of whom he had been previously very jealous as to congratulate him on the critical acumen of his nephew and namesake. He intends to apply for a professorship of Ethics, if he can find any one who has read through the second volume of his recently published life. Even your Richard III. feels offended if one hints that he has any personal defect, and often speaks of himself as an instance of the melancholy fact that no virtue is safe from calumny, while Oliver Cromwell holds up his assumption of the protectorate as a proof of his self-sacrificing love of his country.

“The Athenians have just undergone the white-washing process, and are now refulgent with all kinds of previously unperceived virtues. Those on the popular side have chiefly benefited—so much so that a day or two ago Cleon began to give his opinion on political moderation, with an air of great authority, but on turning round he saw Aristophanes looking at him. This so frightened him that, heedless of the roar of laughter from the bystanders, he fairly ran away and has scarcely shewn his face since. Some naval officers who, like your Charles I. had been admitted into the best society, on the ground of having been martyrs, are now scouted by all as

having deserved what they got; while a man of that age, with a meal tub (his sole claim to immortality) as his crest, is lionized greatly as one who fearlessly faced the anger of those in power to avenge his murdered countrymen. Even an old crab-eyed Greek who used to be considered one of our brightest stars, is regarded now as a man who, though he had the misfortune to be put to death unjustly—has none but himself to thank for it, as he might have avoided that fate by a little well-timed cringing and judicious flattery. The author of this revolution is on the whole extremely popular amongst us, though his adherents are a little apprehensive on his behalf, as the old Greek above referred to has more than once expressed his intention of asking him a question or two if he ever comes here—a threat which makes the boldest spirit tremble.”

“Have you many historians?”

“Not very many. Recently we have had a few additions to their number, but they are not on the best of terms with their predecessors, as they lose no opportunity of deriding their credulity. But their special foes are some of our oldest inhabitants to whom they have the most open hostility. One of these modern historians, soon after his arrival, asked his neighbour at the public table, who that gentleman was with the ugly scar on his face? Being told that it was Remus, whose personal appearance was in nowise improved by the blow from a spade that dispatched him—he sprang up in a great rage, and swore that he would not demean himself by sitting down with a man who had never existed. There would probably have been an immediate quarrel, had not N—— spoken in the ordinary Latin of German critics, which was utterly unintelligible to the Roman, who thus remained in blissful ignorance of the cause of the tumult. Not content with thus expressing his opinion he swore that he would bring an action against Remus, for being here on the false pretence of having had an existence, but it was represented to him that if it were so he could not of course be sued, and that if he were cited to appear before a court, his existence was thereby allowed, and he had a perfect right to be here. No one seemed able to see a way out of this difficulty, and it was therefore agreed that it should be referred to a committee of Stoic Philosophers, who are supposed to be authorities on such points. Socrates contrived to get slipped in, as a condition, that they should not report progress till they had finally come to a decision, and they have therefore

been standing in a corner of one of the gardens ever since, arguing the point with the utmost earnestness. Few are found to regret their absence, but no one seems more highly delighted at it than poor Epimenides, who used to be perpetually teased by them about his unfortunate description of the Cretan character. He once attempted to justify it, but he had scarcely uttered it in order to do so, when he was interrupted by all the Stoics present, who each proved alternately that the old Cretan was a liar and a person of the utmost veracity, and this with such volubility that their frightened victim has never since ventured to utter a word on the subject."

"Have you any other cases of doubtful existence?"

"At present we have no lack of them, for the industry which has marked recent investigations into the sculptured records of the dynasties of the ancient world &c. has supplied us with many most curious anomalies. In some cases a mighty king after succeeding his grandson is succeeded by himself under three different titles, to be followed in turn by his great grandfather's maternal uncle, as the first of a new dynasty. The confusion which this leads to is not small, but these cases are not the worst——"

Just then a bell sounded, and on consulting my watch I found I had barely time to dress for morning chapel.

T.





UNEQUAL FRIENDSHIP.

GIVE me the equal friendship. It is vain
The best affections of the heart to chain
To thy caprice, O man, and thy disdain :
I will rebel.

My warmest life's-blood I would pour for thee :
Thou wouldst scarce raise thy hand to succour me :
To others let that life devoted be :
But thou, farewell.

My friendship is the sun above the lake :
Thine is the feeble reflex that doth shake
O'er the cold waters and doth trembling break
And perish there.

True, that thou lov'st me not is not thy blame :
Thy friend ? I am not worthy of the name :
In my affection is my only claim,
If claim I bear.

True, 'tis my error. When with thirst or fire,
Shall the low earth to the high cloud aspire ?
Yet may the cloud stoop to the earth's desire
And blessing gain.

But I—my soul is weary of its strife,
Not Damocles beneath the imminent knife
Loathed more than I the burden of his life,
His lifelong pain.

Give me the equal friendship, on whose bier
Freely shall fall the tribute of my tear,
Yet may the scalding stream not deeply sear
My heart away.

The thoughtless word not scrupulously said,
Nor yet by me too scrupulously weighed,
The light remark by lighter smile repaid,—
For these I pray.

So shall Neglect futile her arrows fling,
Robbed of their poison and their suffering :
So shall Indifference lose full half her sting,
And to the sky,
A lowly blossom, shall Content arise,
Than thy cold friendship a more worthy prize :
In vain that gaudier flower shall court my eyes,
I will go by.

SS.





MURDER!

I DON'T know how it was that Monsieur Le Maitre, our

French Master, always reminded me so much of that metaphysical, but unprincipled hero of Lord Lytton's romance, Eugene Aram. There was a look of almost despairing melancholy in his dark intellectual eyes that seemed to speak of a deep and unavailing regret, a torturing remorse for something lost, or something done, hidden now in the depths of the irrevocable past, but unforgotten still.

In the summer evenings he would often accompany us in our rambles through the beauteous woodlands that surrounded our school house; for Dr. Boddles, our worthy Master, had imbibed during his residence at Cambridge, a strong admiration for the principles of muscular Christianity, and it was an article of his faith that the evening meal could by no means be properly digested, or that refreshing dreamless sleep, which recruits the brain for fresh exertions on the morrow, obtained unless a postcœnacular perambulation of, at least, to use the Doctor's words, "*mille passuum*," were duly and religiously performed.

In these country walks we would often sit upon some pleasant hillock, listening to the tinkling of the sheep bells, as the flocks were driven to their nightly folds, and watching the rooks that swept across the dusky sky in an interminable train towards the neighbouring forest. At such times, our feelings softened and awed by the romantic calmness of the scene, we would listen with melancholy interest to Monsieur's pathetic laments at his separation from La Belle France, or shudder with horror whilst that worthy patriot made each individual hair to stand on end, with some appalling story of the French Revolution.

It was on such an evening as I have described, that we sat down to rest upon a rising mound in the vicinity of the

dense, and as it then appeared almost boundless forest of M——. "Oh, Monsieur," exclaimed all the boys in a breath; "*do* tell us a horrible story." "Ah," said the French Master, who had all that day looked, if possible, more melancholy and more remorseful than his wont, "Ah! mes enfants, I have told you many before this day, but this so superb scene has called up to my recollection one recital which I have never yet breathed to the living man. If that I shall now enforce my broken heart to recount to you yet this one, you must asseverate upon your parole, that it shall never arrive to the ears of the living man again." We all declared "honour bright,"—that Stygian oath, so potent in the boyish mind—that we would not even whisper it to old Mattocks, our gardener and confidant himself.

"Well then, my young friends," the French Master began, for I will not inflict upon the reader the numerous Gallicisms with which he embellished his discourse, "I was born at the little village of B., and at the age of fifteen was sent to Paris to complete my education. There though thrown into the society of wild and dissipated youths, and even joining in their not always harmless revelries, I never forgot a certain pair of bright blue eyes that beamed fondly upon me as I mounted the 'diligence,' that was to bear me from the home of my childhood, nor could I cease to remember that lily hand, which with boyish fervour I had so often pressed, and which waved adieu to me as the coach drove off. So, oft, amidst the gaiety and joviality of Paris life, I found myself a sad and lonely man, and yearned with ineffable fondness for the day when I should once more clasp my own dear Lisette to my longing breast. On leaving home I had enjoined my beloved and constant companion, Alphonse Le Maurier, by all the sacred ties of friendship, to watch over my juvenile *fiancée*, and I had the fullest confidence in his honour and affection. Judge then, how horrified and aghast I was at receiving one day a cold and formal note from Lisette, informing me that her widowed mother, having heard with much displeasure of the thoughtless and dissipated life I had been leading, deemed it imprudent for Lisette to continue a correspondence with me. And that young lady herself went on to state that she quite acquiesced in her parent's decision, and felt assured that the evident disparity in our tastes and dispositions would render undesirable the fulfilment of a mere childish

engagement. A short postscript concisely informed me that she was engaged to Alphonse Le Maurier.

"The receipt of this note drove me into a state of frenzied and frantic rage, which was, however, shortly succeeded by an unconquerable thirst for vengeance. I brooded on the idea, constantly devised fresh schemes of dire revenge, and, in short, became a morose, dangerous hypochondriac. I had, at last, matured a plan so horrible, and so fiendish in its details, that I shudder even now to think that diabolical ingenuity should have conceived aught so appalling.

"Having once settled upon my plan of operations, I determined to lose no time in carrying it into effect; and, accordingly, set out without delay for my native village. Arrived there, I disguised my passionate indignation beneath a mask of reckless indifference, saluted my false mistress and my falser friend with a careless and lively air, pretending to be perfectly unconscious of the embarrassment with which they received me.

"I assured the worthy widow, in the hearing of the young couple, that I had never considered my engagement with her daughter in any other light than that of a childish fancy; that had I thought otherwise, my professional pursuits were of far too engrossing a nature to leave me leisure for broken hearts, or any such romantic casualties. I renewed my acquaintance with Alphonse, and, by my assumed frankness, soon succeeded in setting him quite at ease in my society. We hunted, shot, and fished together. I pledged him and his future bride at the little social *réunions* which we attended. I became a greater favourite than ever, both with his *fiancée* and himself; and all the time I had resolved to murder him!

"Alphonse, like myself, was somewhat of a botanist, and I proposed an excursion into the depths of the neighbouring forest for the purpose of procuring specimens of some rare ferns, which I knew to exist there. We set off, therefore, one afternoon with our botanical cases slung over our shoulders, said farewell to Lisette with smiling faces, and tripped off lightly in the direction of the forest.

"On the road thither, Alphonse turned aside into a small thicket to pluck some beautiful specimens of the '*asplenium nigrum*,' which were growing there in luxurious profusion. I was thus left for a few moments to my own reflections, and dark and dreadful enough they were. Some trace of what was passing within me must have been visible upon my countenance, for I was suddenly aroused by a voice I well

knew, exclaiming, "Good Heavens! Le Maitre, you look as black as if you meant to murder some one." My face turned ghastly pale; and, looking up with swimming eyes, I recognised one of my college associates, whom some business or other had, that day, brought down to the village of M——. I stammered out a few incoherent words about a sudden pain in my side; but quickly regaining my composure, introduced him to Alphonse, who had just at that moment emerged from the thicket. The Parisian started slightly on hearing the name, looked from one to the other with a troubled air that I could not at the moment understand; and, after a few minutes conversation, turned in the direction of M——. We had soon entered the confines of the wood, and walked along for some time without speaking. "Alphonse," I said, "you seem fatigued; take a pull at my flask." I handed him a small flask of *eau-de-vie* that I was accustomed to carry with me on my scientific excursions. He raised it to his lips, quaffed a rather deep draught, and handed it back to me. Then complaining of a slight difficulty in his breathing, he sat down upon a moss-covered stump. I regarded his momentarily blanching cheek with a look of fiendish exultation, which, combined with the physical pain he was suffering, seemed to paralyse him with amazement and terror. "Alphonse," I hissed through my set teeth, "false dastard, false friend, you are poisoned!" With one wild and piteous shriek he sprang into the air, and the next moment was rolling at my feet, clutching the herbage in wild tetanic convulsions. The sight of his agony only served to feed the flame of my vengeful hate, and I stood with folded arms watching, with a smile of sardonic satisfaction, his death struggles, as they grew every moment fainter and fainter. When I saw that the body did not move, I deliberately drew from my pocket a small phial, labelled in large letters, STRYCHNINE; and, bending over the body, was endeavouring to insert it between the clenched fingers of his right hand, when the glassy eyes suddenly bent upon me a look full of pity and reproach; one fearful convulsion thrilled his whole frame, and grasping both my wrists in his dying paroxysm, he rolled over a stiffening corpse. Just then the enormity of the crime I had committed, for the first time, flashed across my brain. Agony, remorse, and terror filled my soul. I would begone, I would fly to the uttermost ends of the world, anywhere, to escape the awful stare of those fixed unmeaning eyes! I struggled wildly to unclasp the dead man's hands from

mine, but they resisted my fiercest efforts. Maddened by terror, blinded by the chilly drops that were starting like so many icy fountains from my anguished brow, I shrieked aloud in helpless, hideous fright, as the truth suddenly forced itself upon my conviction that I was alone in the depths of a trackless forest, hopelessly imprisoned in the rigid grasp of a murdered man.

"What followed for some time I know not until I found myself cramped, shivering, and bewildered beneath the cold lurid light of the pitiless moon. A moment after and the whole horror of my situation was again unmistakably before me; I must, I would shake off that clammy sickening clutch, but my struggles only rendered me more weak, more appalled, more despairing than before; suddenly I bethought me of my clasp knife, it was in my side pocket but the stiffened arms that held me entirely prevented my reaching it; just then methought I heard an ominous murmur of voices at a distance. Ten thousand fiends! Had then the chance acquaintance we had met, disturbed at my fierce passionate looks, and troubled at our long absence, instituted a search after us? The thought was madness, but it grew every moment stronger and stronger until it amounted to conviction.

"I must then perish by the most violent and foulest of deaths, a felon loathed and execrated by all.

"The scenes of my childhood, the love I had borne for Lisette, the happy hours spent in the companionship of my murdered friend, passed like a diorama through my brain, and I sank, for I could not fall, between the stark and rigid limbs, and sobbed in helpless agony. Then the vision changed—the felon's dock, the black and lofty scaffold, were before my eyes; the gleaming knife, the coffin-like sickening smell of the sawdust, that was to drink my blood, o'erpowered me, the groans and hisses of the exasperated crowd seemed to strike my deafened ears and I struggled more wildly more fiercely than before.

"Nearer and nearer came the murmur of human voices. I could even hear the measured tramp I knew too well, betokening the approach of the gendarmerie. The moon that had before been hidden in a dark black mass of clouds shone suddenly forth with that same blue phosphoric light that she now sheds, boys, o'er yonder wood, and revealed to my horror-stricken gaze the blue coats and glittering swords of those that soon should drag me to shame and death. With a hideous yell I started up in one last convulsion of despair, and heard a well known voice in clear and pitying tones ringing

in my ear the words 'Oh Eugene, dear, how those pork chops must have disagreed with you.'

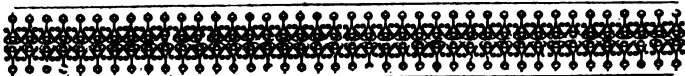
"It was Lisette, upon whose lap I had sunk to sleep, and whom I am to marry next Easter.

"As for my dear old friend Alphonse, he is already a well to do army surgeon, and Lisette's elder sister, now Madame Le Maurier, has presented him with two of the chubbiest little subjects of which Sa Majeste Imperiale can boast."

"But why, Monsieur Le Maitre, did you look so very sad when you were about to tell us your dream?"

"Because, mes enfants, I have partaken this day here of that same impracticable delicacy, and indigestion saddens the heart of man."





THE GIFT.

ἡ μεγάλη χάρις
δῶρῳ σὺν ὀλίγῳ· πάντα δὲ τιμᾶντα τὰ πᾶρ φιλω.

How much more precious doth a treasure seem
That hath received the consecration sweet
Of friendship's tender; even flowers we deem
To shine in grace and beauty more complete,
If that they breathe sweet fragrance in their bloom.
So take I, dearest friend, this gift of thine,
To let it blossom in my heart's best room,
And 'mid affection's treasures there to shine.
And oft as I with happy steps repair
To the sweet calm of sober memory's cell,
Thy gift shall greet me with its fragrance rare,
And friendship's annals there recorded tell.
So when to ruder scenes I hear thee call,
The thought of thy dear love shall sweeten all.

Σ.



HELEN OF ARGOS.

THE modern conceptions of Helen of Argos are much distorted by the post-Homeric representations of her character. If we mistake not, the common idea of her is, that she was nothing better than a beautiful, but wicked voluptuary, an utterly worthless and abandoned woman. She is regarded as far inferior in virtue to the unresisting victim of David's passion; deserving of severer condemnation than that which Mr. Froude passes on Mary, Queen of Scots; more wicked than Guinevere, Queen of Arthur of Britain. And certainly, if she is looked upon as she is represented (or rather mis-represented) by those authors who followed Homer, and who handled his beautiful creations so sacrilegiously, she can only fill the mind with disgust. But if she is taken as Homer has drawn her, we venture to think she will appear in a far different light, and that her character, as depicted by the father of Epic Poetry, will be seen to be (as Mr. Gladstone proudly writes)* "a production never surpassed by the mind or hand of man." We need scarcely apologise for the introduction of such a subject (uninteresting as it may appear to some) to the readers of *The Eagle*. "The pride and ample pinion" of the gallant bird who can look with undazzled eye

On that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every spot,†

will not fail him when he hears the thunder of the flood of music of him "who, for us at least, is no shadowy symbol; but a man of flesh and blood, endowed with individual character, all-embracing sympathies and surpassing genius."‡

* *Homer and the Homeric Age*, vol. III., p. 571.

† See the first article of the last number, p. 193.

‡ Worsley's Translation of the *Odyssey*, vol. I., *Preface*.

Let it be noted broadly in the outset that Homer, when he gives a distinguishing epithet to the name of Helen, generally uses one that is honourable. This fact, combined with the interpretation of her very name, Helen, furnishes the key to the general estimation which he wishes to be formed of her character. Although Æschylus, with a scathing play on her name, calls her *ἑλέναυς ἑλεπτόλις*, yet the more honourable signification of "attractive" may with far more justice be derived from it. Then, to say nothing of the titles of 'highborn,' 'daughter of Zeus,' 'excellent or flower of women,' 'white-armed' 'with beautiful figure,' &c., the epithet of 'the Argive' is given to her in the *Iliad* no less than thirteen times. Is it, we would ask, too much to infer that, by this epithet, the bard wished to express the unanimous sympathy and the national pride felt by all the Greeks for her? Could she be a worthless and abandoned woman, "an unprincipled votary of sensual enjoyment, self-willed and petulant," who could draw to her the hearts of all "as the heart of one man," and be the Lode-star of the warriors of Hellas? It must have been something more than her divine beauty which could make jealous states unite to undertake her rescue, and to endure the horrors of a ten years' siege in a foreign land,

Only to avenge the longings and the groans of Helena.*

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not contending that Homer represents her as, by any means, a perfect character; but that he does not make her that wicked and heartless creature which later writers generally regard her. We say, *generally*: for there is one who panegyrises her; but the encomium of Isocrates is more dishonouring than the curses of Euripides, or the blind injustice of Virgil. The Helen of Homer is a sinner doubtless, but a victim "more sinned against than sinning;" a penitent, though not a saint; a noble, but weak woman: who, like two at

* *Τίσασθαι Ἑλένης ὀρήματα τε σπονάχας τε.* "According to the direct and natural construction, the Greeks made war to avenge the wrong she had suffered, and the groans which that wrong had drawn from her. And it is to be observed that this line (*Iliad*, ii. 590) is put into the mouth of Menelaus, whom it is very natural to represent as most eager to avenge the wrongs of his wife, but somewhat far-fetched to represent as thinking of revenge for the trouble of the expedition he had so keenly promoted."—Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, vol. III.

least of her parallels in history, bitterly atoned for the one "most unhappy act of a most unhappy life."* And it is no slight commendation of an author who represented his deities as prone to every evil lust and injustice, to acknowledge that, though far removed from the light of Revelation, he drew a character which approached most nearly to the Christian penitent.

Evidently, then, the poet intended to entrust his lovely creation to the sympathies and interest of his readers; and it is to be remarked that she committed her sin under the influence of a preternatural power: an influence to which Homer never refers any deliberate crime or wickedness. Aphrodite, or some other divine agent, is always said to have 'led,' or 'borne,' or 'snatched,' or 'taken' her away; she never appears as a willing fugitive. Priam, Menelaus, Penelope, all acquit her, and either accuse Paris, the real cause of the unhappy war, or acknowledge the divine agency. Doubtless she might have resisted with more constancy; but she is not, as Homer draws her, faultless; and although the vanity of the young and beautiful girl in an evil hour listened to the seductive flattery of the tempter, yet it was the selfishness of the latter (the common failing of men) which caused the ruin and death of heroes, in comparison with whom he was utterly worthless. In Troy she was treated with respect, as the lawful wife of the prince; and although she complains of abusive treatment, and speaks of herself as the object of general abhorrence, yet this is, doubtless, due to the exaggeration of her self-accusing penitence.

Next, let it be noticed that she always meekly upbraids herself as the cause of all the misery. In her conversation with Priam on the walls of the city; in her reproach against Aphrodite; in her sharp but modest rebukes of Paris; in her womanly occupations and hospitality, she appears as the deeply repentant sad and noble woman; the unwilling and passive victim, the deceived but chaste wife. Who can read with indifference her beautiful lament over the body of Hector, or say that the sorrower was the worthless woman which all later writers represent her?

Third among the wailing mourners fair-haired Helen took her part: "Hector, thou of all my brethren wert the dearest to my heart."

* *The Abbot*, chap. XXII.

Godlike Alexander, he who brought me to the Trojan shore,
 Is my wedded husband: 'would to God that I had died before!
 Many a year is past already, and the twentieth now is come,
 Since I sailed with him from Hellas, left with him my native home.
 But from thee, the brave and gentle, never never have I heard
 Any breath of blame against me, any rough spiteful word.
 But if any of my brethren cursed me in their proud disdain,
 Or their dainty ladies scorned me sweeping by with gorgeous train,
 Or my husband's mother—(for his father I did ever find,
 As my own dear father to me, ever gentle, ever kind,)
 Thou with stern rebukes didst chide them, dear protector, soothing
 me
 With thy gentle loving spirit and thy words breathed lovingly.
 So for thee and for myself I mourn, most wretched sore at heart,
 For I have no friend to guard me dear and gentle as thou wert;
 None to soothe me, none to love me, none to speak a word of joy,
 All men everywhere abhor me through the spacious homes of Troy."

Do we seem to have said too much in vindication of
 Helen's character? Hear the immortal lines of one assuredly
 entitled to all attention and veneration, on this

"Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
 And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
 Froze my swift speech; she turning on my face
The startlike sorrows of immortal eyes,
 Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty; ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
 Many drew swords and died; where'er I came
 I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
 Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
 I answered free: and turning I appealed
 To one that stood beside.

But she with sick and scornful looks averse,
 To her full height her stately stature draws;
 'My youth,' she said, "was blasted with a curse;
 This woman was the cause.'

* * * * *

Whereto the other with a downward brow,
 'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
 Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,
 Then when I left my home.'"

The last time that Helen is seen in Homer is at the visit of Telemachus to the palace of Menelaus. Attended by her three handmaids she

“Entered, semblant to the goddess, golden-spindled Artemis,”

not passing a “sombre close of a voluptuous day,” but in housewifely calm and prosperity, chaste as the undefiled Artemis. Be it remembered, Homer never fails to represent retribution overtaking the wicked. But Helen appears meekly unforgetfully repentant, “going softly all her days,” but still in true womanly majesty, honoured and beloved. And not even then without a stroke of divine chastisement, the most touching and most just, that the gods gave her no child after Hermione, the child of her youth. Homer then represents her as acquitted of infidelity by her own and her betrayer’s countrymen: it is not for later ages to condemn her, nor to judge her by the standard of a morality eminently Christian.

Much more might be said; but our object will have been gained if our weak words have rectified any misconceptions of the lessons conveyed by the greatest of all works of fiction. In Homer we seem at times *almost* to catch some faint echoes of Eden, when God walked with man, and sin appears in undisguised ugliness; forgiveness, punishment and repentance were all taught by the prophet-poet, a testimony that God “did not leave himself without witness” in these dark days.

“What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, the often baffled, never ended struggle of it be forgotten? . . . Struggle often baffled—sore baffled—driven as into entire wreck: yet a struggle never ended, ever with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew.”*

Σ.

* Carlyle’s *Heroes and Hero-worship*, p. 72.



CONGRATULATORY LINES TO M. F. T. ON THE
PUBLICATION OF HIS NEW VOLUME
OF POEMS.

MORE rhyming, Tupper? Why Heaven help thee then,
Thou worst of poets, but thou best of men!
What is the subject, gentle Tupper, say,
Another trifle in the Proverbial way?
Or are there "fifty million welcomes" more
To swell the fifty millions gone before?
Perhaps again "there comes at pace so swingeing,"
Another "lamp" upon another "engine,"
To wake in the enlightened mind of Tupper,
Poetic thoughts as he walks home to supper?

Is there a second part to "Christabel"—
Finished by thee not wisely nor too well
Some years ago—where we may hope to see
How Christabel and young de Vaux agree
When married folks and both a trifle older?
I trust he doesn't ever drink, or scold her,
Or stay out very late at night, and she
I hope can pay the bills and make the tea.
And by-the-by allow me here to mention
They have quite forgot to settle Bracy's pension
For striking up Old Hundredth just in time
To save Miss Christabel and help your rhyme,
A natural slip to make in that confusion,
But when you next conclude that sweet conclusion,
Do, gentle poet-Tupper, let us know
Exact how many hundreds young de Vaux
Put yearly in your brother rhymers' purse,
You are so good at figures in your verse,
(As witness all that rhyming calculation
In adding up the "welcomes" of a nation),

And then subtracting what he paid for rent,
What was his income from the five per cent.
A second part you'll soon have thus amassed
Almost as interesting as the last—
But cease my muse this too familiar song,
"To themes sublime sublimer strains belong."

Hail glorious poet of the modern day!
"Ten thousand welcomes" to thy new born lay!
Thy words shall glow in hearts of future men
When Homer is forgotten—not till then!

E.





OUR CHRONICLE.

THE present term, though an unusually long one, has not been very fertile in events suited for our Chronicle.

The principal fact we have to notice is the appointment of the Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., late Head-Master of Shrewsbury School, and sometime Fellow of this College, to the Regius Professorship of Greek. There were four candidates; but the votes of the council of the Senate, the electors on this occasion, were equally divided between Dr. Kennedy and the Rev. E. M. Cope, Fellow of Trinity College. The right of appointment then lapsed to the Vice-Chancellor and the Master of Trinity; and then, their votes being divided, to the Chancellor, who conferred the Professorship. The classical distinctions of the University in times past and present, have been won so often for this College by the scholars trained under Dr. Kennedy, that this appointment, acceptable to all lovers of sound and elegant scholarship, cannot fail to be doubly pleasing to all true Johnnians.

In the Mathematical Tripos, our College well sustained its reputation. We had twelve wranglers, of whom eight were in the first twenty, and three, Messrs. Stevens, Humphreys, and Carpmael, in the first six. In the Classical Tripos, which has only just been published, we have five in the First Class; among them the Senior (Mr. J. E. Sandys), and the sixth (Mr. W. A. Cox).

Two Fellowships have become vacant by the marriages of the Rev. J. S. Hoare and the Rev. W. D. Bushell, and another by the death of T. J. Nicholas, Esq.

No appointment has been made as yet to the rectory of Fulbourn, announced as vacant in our last number.

The death, after a very short illness, of the Rev. A. V. Hadley, late Fellow and Tutor of the College, is to many amongst us, a cause of real sorrow. Old pupils will

often think of his energy in work, his kindly disposition, his words of manly and judicious counsel.

His nearest friends know that they have lost one whom they less admired for his rare abilities and activity, than loved for his warmth of heart and generous enthusiasm in the cause of all that is good. The college has seldom mourned the loss of a more sincere and devoted son.

There was no examination of Junior Sophs at Christmas, owing to the change in the time of holding the "Little-go," which now takes place at the end of the October term.

The lists of the first class for Senior Sophs and Freshmen are as follows:

THIRD YEAR.

Moulton	Lester	Verdon
Griffith	Obbard	Watson, Fred.
Holditch	Wilkins	Luck, R.

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer:

Sparkes	Ellis	Brook-Smith
Bourne		

FRESHMEN.

Arranged in order of the boards.

Barnett	Evans, L. H.	Norris
Marklove	Hathornthwaite	Baynes
Guest	Noon	Bridges
Levett	Thompson	Jones, T. H.
Pendlebury	Stallard	Arnett
Grigg	Powell	Park, R.
Wood, G. F. S.	Hoare, W.	Pate
Watson, Frank	Spencer	Sicklemore
Whitaker	Henry	Wheatcroft
Griffith, C. H.	Martin, G. M.	Close
Greenhill	Foster	Inman
Wilson, W. B.	Hogg	Baker, E. J.
Hilary	Barnacle	Coleby
Cruickshank	Wilson, D. H.	Park, W. U.
Lambert	Dixon	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer :

Martyn	Jones, W. A.	Gordon
Starkey	Cooper	Wilkinson, J. F.
Peake	Tarleton	Forrest
Twyne	Farler	Maxwell
Davies, R. P.	Kiddle	Scantlebury
Haslam, W. A.	Smith, R. K.	Speck
Gardom	Drew	Kilner
Saxton	Allen	
Williamson	Reece, J. R.	

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are :

<i>President</i> —E. W. Bowling, M.A.	<i>Second Captain</i> —A. J. Finch.
<i>Treasurer</i> —A. Low.	<i>Third Captain</i> —C. W. Bourne.
<i>Secretary</i> —J. M. Collard.	<i>Fourth Captain</i> —J. Watkins.
<i>First Captain</i> —W. Bonsey.	

The College is represented in the University Boat by three of its members. Mr. H. Watney and Mr. J. M. Collard rowing 7 and 2, and Mr. A. Forbes being again coxswain.

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 23rd. After several exciting bumping races the following crew was successful in a well contested time race :

- 1 A. C. D. Ryder
- 2 E. W. M. Lloyd
- 3 A. J. Finch
- F. A. Macdona
- C. W. Bourne (*cox.*)

The following are the crews of the Lady Margaret boats in the eight-oared races this term :

<i>Second Boat.</i>	<i>Third Boat.</i>
1 J. W. Bakewell	1 F. Baynes
2 A. J. Finch	2 E. W. M. Lloyd
3 J. W. Dale	3 W. Hoare
4 W. H. Simpson	4 H. H. Cochrane
5 W. B. Wilson	5 J. W. Horne
6 J. Noon	6 F. A. Macdona
7 R. Hey	7 A. C. D. Ryder
C. C. Scholefield (<i>stroke</i>).	R. J. Ellis (<i>stroke</i>)
R. Bower (<i>cox.</i>)	J. T. Welldon (<i>cox.</i>)

Fourth Boat.

- 1 E. C. Chayter
- 2 E. S. Saxton
- 3 W. A. Jones
- 4 C. A. Hope
- 5 E. L. Pearson
- 6 W. H. Green
- 7 H. R. Beor
- S. Haslam (*stroke*)
- C. Carpmael (*cox.*)

The following is the result of the eight-oar races during the present term :

First Race. Tuesday, March 5th.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Lady Margaret 2 | 13 Trinity Hall 3 |
| 2 Christ's 2 | 14 Sidney 2 |
| 3 Corpus 2 | 15 Emmanuel 3 |
| 4 3rd Trinity 2 } | 16 Pembroke 2 } |
| 5 Catharine 1 } | 17 1st Trinity 5 } |
| 6 Queens' 1 } | 18 Clare 2 |
| 7 Emmanuel 2 } | 19 1st Trinity 6 |
| 8 1st Trinity 4 | 20 Lady Margaret 4 |
| 9 Lady Margaret 3 } | 21 Downing |
| 10 2nd Trinity 2 } | |
| 11 Caius 2 } | |
| 12 Jesus 2 } | |

Second Race. Wednesday, March 6th.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Lady Margaret 2 | 12 Caius 2 |
| 2 Christ's 2 | 13 Trinity Hall 3 |
| 3 3rd Trinity 2 | 14 Emmanuel 3 |
| 4 Corpus 2 | 15 Sidney 2 |
| 5 1st Trinity 4 } | 16 1st Trinity 5 |
| 6 Emmanuel 2 | 17 Pembroke 2 |
| 7 Queens' 1 | 18 Clare 2 |
| 8 Catharine 1 } | 19 1st Trinity 6 |
| 9 2nd Trinity 2 } | 20 Lady Margaret 4 |
| 10 Lady Margaret 3 | 21 Downing |
| 11 Jesus 2 | |

Third Race. Thursday, March 7th.

1 Lady Margaret 2	13 Caius 2 }
2 Christ's 2 }	14 Sidney 2 }
3 3rd Trinity 2 }	15 Emmanuel 3 }
4 1st Trinity 4	16 1st Trinity 5 }
5 Corpus 2 }	17 Clare 2
6 Emmanuel 2 }	18 Pembroke 2 }
7 Queens' 1 }	19 1st Trinity 6 }
8 2nd Trinity 2 }	20 Lady Margaret 4
9 Catharine 1 }	21 Downing
10 Lady Margaret 3 }	
11 Jesus 2 }	
12 Trinity Hall 3 }	

The Bateman Pairs were won on Wednesday, the 13th March, by Messrs. W. Bonsey and H. Watney.

In consequence of the resignation of Captain Richardson, the following promotions have taken place in No. 2 Company, C.U.R.V.

Lieut. C. F. Roe to be Captain, *vice* Richardson resigned.

Ensign F. S. Lyman to be Lieutenant, *vice* Roe promoted.

Corporal F. C. Wace to be Ensign, *vice* Lyman promoted.

The Company Challenge Cup was won in the October Term (for the third time) by Lieut. Roe. The Officers' Pewter was won by Private Cann.

A match took place between No. 1 and No. 2 Companies at the end of the October term, in which No. 2 were victorious by about 40 points.

The Company scratch fours were shot on March 12th, eleven squads being entered, the following proving successful after a close competition:

Pt. R. W. Close		Pt. J. Noon
„ A. W. Lambert		„ E. L. Pearson

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for this term, on Saturday, the 30th March, and was won by Private J. Noon.

A match with No. 1 Company took place at the same time. No. 2 Corps winning by 40 points.

A match took place on Wednesday the 3rd April, against No. 2 Company of the First Cambridgeshire Battalion; in which the College Company scored 336 points, and the Town Company, 326 points. The following is the list of the eight who shot in each of the above matches:—

Captain Roe.
Ensign Wace.
Sergeant Braithwaite.
Corporal Ashe.
„ Cann.
Private Thorpe.
„ E. Carpmael.
„ Noon.

The College Athletic Sports were held on March 15th and 16th.

The events of the first day were:

Half-mile handicap, (after four heats), final heat—

1. Bros. 2. Sparkes. 3. Luck.

Walking race (two miles)—

1. Fitzherbert. 2. C. Carpmael.

Two mile race—

1. Bainbridge. 2. Micklefield. 3. Atkinson.

The events of the second day:

Hundred yards, (in the third and last heat)—

1. Fitzherbert. 2. Lambert.

High jump—

L. Norris. 5 ft. 3 in.

Hurdle race (final heat)—

1. Cooper. 2. Lee-Warner.

Putting the weight—

1. Lee-Warner. 2. Hodges.

Throwing the hammer—

1. Williams. 2. Gannon.

Quarter-of-a-mile race—

1. Wybergh.
2. Sparkes.

Long jump—

Norris. 19 ft. 2 in.

Volunteer Challenge Cup (quarter-of-a-mile). (Presented by Sergeant W. E. Hart, for annual competition by efficient members of No. 2 Company, C. U. R. V.)—

1. Lambert.
2. Sparkes.

One mile race—

1. Bainbridge.
2. Micklefield.

Consolation race—

1. J. S. Smith.
2. Cotterill.

In the University Sports Mr. G. C. Whiteley won the walking race, doing the seven miles in 29 seconds over the hour; Mr. E. A. B. Pitman was second for the quarter of a mile race, and first in the final heat of the hundred yards; Mr. R. Fitzherbert was first in the hurdle-race; and Mr. L. Norris second in the long jump.

During the past term Mr. Pitman won the Strangers' Race (quarter of a mile) at the Jesus, the Magdalene, and the 2nd Trinity Sports; and Mr. Whiteley was second in the four-miles walking race, at the West London Rowing Club's Athletic Sports, doing the distance in 36 min. 22 sec.



FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

Prize Essays on *Free Worship and Finance*, by Rev. T. P. BROWNING;
Rev. S. H. SAXBY; Rev. J. HAMILTON; and Rev. W. P. S. BINGHAM.
RIVINGTONS: London, Cambridge, and Oxford, 1866.

NO one, who can spare a few moments from the engrossing competition of the Senate-House, Fenner's, and the boats, can be unaware of the strange excitement with which the whole of England is labouring at the present time. Public meetings to discuss questions of parliamentary reform; meetings for and against ritualistic practices; meetings to consider how trades unions may extend their influence to the continent; meetings, again, of working-men to counteract the activity of the trades unionists; church congresses, social science congresses; the revival of diocesan synods; the progress of co-operative societies; and last, not least, the wonderful activity of the Anglican church in every kind of work—all combine to shew that a new phase of social life in England is about to commence, and that the old order must ere long give place to the new. In the political world the more wealthy and educated classes have set their faces in the most determined manner against democracy; the working classes are equally determined to procure for themselves what they consider a fair representation in the House of Commons. How to balance these apparently conflicting, but really not irreconcilable, interests, is the problem on which statesmen are engaged. A not dissimilar difficulty requires the consideration of ecclesiastics. The inevitable working-man, who seems to absorb all the attention at present in matters political, is at the bottom of the tribulation of the divines as well. On the one hand the working-man, having much the same moral affections as other men, stands in equal need of religious training, and requires similar facilities for public worship. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the great majority of the persons generally known by the name of the working classes, do not attend

any place of worship at all. Neither the Church, nor the dissenters either Protestant or Romanist, can, or at least *do*, attract that numerous and influential body of men. Of the dreadful results of an entire absence of religious instruction, undergraduates will be less able to form an adequate idea than clergymen and those who have seen with their own eyes something of working life.

Many of the subscribers to *The Eagle* are destined to take Holy Orders, and it is to those chiefly that the following remarks may prove interesting, although the subject is one which comes home to every one in a greater or less degree.

The present coldness of the working classes in religious matters cannot but lead to disastrous results. If any one imagine that great masses of men can live on from day to day without public worship and its concomitant blessings, and yet not be in danger of succumbing to all kinds of vices, and becoming gradually but surely *brutalised*, he must be at a loss to account for the existence of a Church at all, and more especially for its divine foundation; for the repeated injunctions not to forget the assembling of ourselves together, and for the command to preach the gospel to the poor. The Church is absolutely necessary for the *temporal* as well as for the spiritual welfare of the nation. The Church exists and is flourishing: but, sad to say, to a large portion of the nation it is as if it were not. Dissenting chapels abound; but these same classes are not to be seen there. The Romanist offers his gorgeous ritual; the working-man turns his back on it. Large meetings have been held in Cambridge and many other towns by the working classes themselves to investigate the reasons for this general indifference, and numerous simultaneous sermons have been preached with the object of stirring up greater endeavours to put an end to so melancholy a state of things. The reasons for non-attendance at Church given by the working-men themselves in their congresses are generally vague, and can hardly be satisfactory even to those who advance them. But, whatever the cause may be, there is one practice in vogue which certainly tends to foster the evil and to make its cure almost impossible—the practice of appropriating sittings in parish churches to certain persons or families or houses, whether for fixed sums of money or for other considerations.*

* Appropriation, or the pew system, has been defined as the division of a Church into private tenements, and the tenancy or

It is thought by some that, until the pew system is swept away entirely, all attempts to influence the working classes to any great degree by means of clerical agency will be pretty nearly hopeless. These declare that the pew system must go; churches must be free and open to all alike, without any distinction of rich and poor; that otherwise nothing can be done; for, under the present arrangement, the lower classes are absolutely debarred from taking part in the national worship; it is simply out of the question; there is not sufficient accommodation for them in the churches; richer men have outbid them, and bought up the holy place; the working-man must go elsewhere.

Others affirm that the poor keep aloof from a different cause altogether; they are confident that no good would be got by preventing the appropriation of pews; much harm might follow: for those who attend the services at present would be annoyed at losing their accustomed seats and at being mixed up with strangers, and might gradually be driven themselves from the churches.

These conflicting opinions cannot both be right. It is for churchmen to decide whether appropriated or free sittings are more suitable to the dignity and purity of the Church Catholic, and better calculated to enable the national religion to be brought home to the greatest number of people, so as to confer the greatest advantage on the nation at large. Let us therefore examine the arguments of those who advocate the retention of the practice of buying and selling sittings in churches.

In the first place, say they, the English are pre-eminently a domestic people. Families love to worship together, which

ownership of such tenements by private individuals in the same sense in which lawyers and others speak of the tenancy or ownership of a house. Or, again, in the *Church Dictionary* of Dr. Hook, pews are described as "enclosed seats in churches, which enable people to attend church and hear sermons comfortably and luxuriously." We would say that appropriation is religion made easy to the minority, and impossible to the majority of the community. Under this system, the occupants regard their pews or appropriated seats, no less than their houses, as their castles. Equally—to say the least—in both cases they resent intrusion. They claim, not merely a right of exclusive occupancy for themselves, but the power also to repel all others at their will.—Rev. T. P. Browning, *Essay* i. p. 1, *On the Evils of the Appropriation of Parish and District Churches*.

they can always do if they have pews of their own ; whereas if all the seats were free, the chances are that a whole family would never be able to sit together. Besides, they continue, it is very disagreeable not to know where one is going to sit. It is a great addition to the pleasures of a service to be able to go straight to a definite place, and there sit or stand or kneel free from molestation. But in free churches, if the service is more attractive, or if the preacher is more earnest and eloquent than elsewhere, many people from the neighbouring parishes will flock to hear him, and the parishioners to whom the church really belongs will be ousted from their rights, or at least inconveniently crowded and disturbed. At all events, they argue, it will be allowed that at watering places such as Brighton, to which many thousands of strangers flock every Sunday, and especially during the season when great numbers of permanent visitors take up a residence of two or three months at the sea side and inundate the churches, each of the parishioners must have a seat secured to him, or he runs a good chance of seeing his place filled Sunday after Sunday by some wretched excursionist. Besides, in almost all churches free seats are set apart for the poor, and it is useless to tell us that they require more room when we can see with our own eyes that the seats already assigned to them are seldom entirely filled. You cannot expect, they say, refined gentlemen and delicate ladies to tolerate being mixed up with common folk : whether it is absurd or unchristian, or whatever else you please to call it, a well dressed person cannot attend to the service if he has to sit between a couple of chimney sweeps. Then invalids ought to have seats of their own : a comfortable seat, or a footstool of a peculiar shape, may make all the difference in the world to a person enfeebled by illness. Besides all this, they urge that, of course, one could not leave books in the church ; but would have to drag them to and from home every time one went to service. Such objections, they are prepared to hear, sound trivial, but still everyone is alive to them, and does not feel them the less powerfully because he cannot entirely justify them. In free churches there would be such an amount of crowding and scrambling for places that many decent people would refuse to go to church at all. And suppose the whole of the sittings were made entirely free, they think that the result would be, that the crinolines would fill up the whole place, and the poor would be as badly off as before. What they dread most is, that the parishioners would gradually cease to look upon any one

church as their own, since any of the neighbouring churches are equally open to them, and thus that the parochial system would be subverted, which is one of the finest institutions in England. In fact, they are sure that we should find that the advantages gained by the change would be entirely at the expense of those who, by their regular attendance, shew that they appreciate the services, and for the imaginary benefit of a class of people who are chiefly conspicuous by their absence.

Such are the objections which are generally urged against the abolition of the old pew system—plausible enough, but not very formidable when examined more closely.

It may, perhaps, be not inexpedient to give some instances of the practical working of the system as well as to discuss it theoretically; for as the Rev. Stephen Saxby observes in his admirable essay on the subject, “the experience of every day shews us the difficulty of redressing an abuse merely on the grounds of its discrepancy with first principles. The fact is, there are many things which work fairly well, in spite of their demonstrable inconsistency with sound theory. This paradox is forced upon us in civil jurisprudence, in diplomacy, and even, though somewhat against our will, in some few matters of church polity; nor will any observant man be surprised at meeting an instance of it, in affairs small or great. The obvious explanation of it is, that the theory is constructed for men as they ought to be, while the practice deals with them as they are. It is, therefore, instinctively felt by the community at large that it is not enough to prove unsoundness in principle: if we are to bring about any material change in public feeling, we need also to shew that the thing of which we complain is working badly.” Thus, until it has been undeniably shewn, not only that the principle of the pew system is faulty, but also that its actual results are bad, that nothing good can be effected by it which would not attend the opposite system in a greater degree; and that, on the other hand, infinite harm is being produced by it, which the free system obviates, words will only have been thrown away. To those who are under the impression that the pew system works well, it is useless to assert that it is contrary to the spirit and letter of the English laws, and a direct violation of the teaching of the New Testament.* To the first objection they answer that the law may be altered; to the second, that the Epistle of St. James was

* See Epistle of St. James, chap. ii. St. Matthew, xxiii. 6.

addressed to a particular church, and that we in the present day are only compelled to obey it in things general, not in matters which each society of Christians is at liberty to arrange in any way which it finds suits it best.*

Objection 1. *Families like to worship together.*

In the first place it may be observed that the pew holders do not constitute the English nation, nor even a majority of it. They are, in truth, a very small minority indeed. The general argument, then, derived from the domesticity of the English nation, can by no means be admitted to be hostile to the system of free churches. Our opponents assert that a system which prevents families from worshipping together, is to be condemned. We say that the free system has no greater tendency to produce that inconvenience than the system of appropriation. Nay, we even declare war upon the pew system on this very ground, that it is a *great barrier* to the very desirable blending together of national and family worship on the part of the great majority of the community. For even allowing that in some cases it may enable the pew holders, who, be it remembered, are only a very small minority, to sit together by families, yet no provision is made for a similar luxury on the part of the majority, who are, forsooth, to content themselves with the free seats, if there are any. Now, as the advocates of appropriation object to all the seats being made free, on the ground that families would find it difficult to sit together under that arrangement, with what consistency can they condemn the greater part of the nation to use free seats only? Their own objection tells against themselves: they cut their own fingers with the sword destined for their enemies. But, even in appropriated churches, it is doubtful whether this advantage is secured even for the minority. The Rev. W. R. Wroth deposed as follows at the Anti-Pew meeting held in Bath in March, 1864:

"That families sat together much better in his church than in pewed churches, because it was often difficult to seat all in a pent-up pew. They could not make the pew expand with the family. It was difficult, as families enlarged, to find a pew just large enough for a certain number of people to go to. The pew system was, he firmly believed, a great separator of families in churches."† In general it is found

* *Essay on the English Pew System*, by Rev. Stephen Saxby, M.A.

† *Essay on Evils of the Appropriation of Parish and District Churches*, by Rev. T. P. Browning, p. 46.

that families which are anxious to sit together can secure that object in free churches by simply going early. Nor let it be imagined that the necessity of going in good time is a hardship or inconvenience. In our own college chapel, any undergraduate who wishes to occupy a particular seat on Sunday evenings is compelled to be there some five or ten minutes before the hour strikes. I have never heard any one complain about it, nor do I believe that any of us look upon it as a nuisance.

Objection 2. *The pleasure of having a fixed seat.*

We must again insist on the *universality* of the argument. If it is a pleasure to know where one is going to sit, the pew-holders, that is to say, a very small minority of the parishioners, are not the only persons who would like to enjoy that pleasure. The excluded majority would much like to know where they are going to sit. And indeed it is strange that the wealthy few should wish deliberately to inflict an acknowledged inconvenience upon the many by monopolizing a right which the law declares to be common to all; and that too, when, by so doing, they bring the welfare of thousands upon thousands of souls into jeopardy.

In the second place, any person desirous of securing the same place Sunday after Sunday, can do so as certainly in free as in appropriated churches, by simply going in good time. Thus nothing would be lost on this point by making all the sittings free, and at least punctuality might be gained. Under the present system, though half the appropriated pews are unoccupied, strangers or parishioners, who have no purchased seat and cannot find room in the free sittings, must be left standing until it is quite certain that the owners of the pews do not intend to come in late.* Hence much

* In many be-pewed churches these private boxes are not thrown open to the public until the end of the psalms, or even of the second lesson. The wrongs of the stranger are less obvious: but it would be a parallel case to that of the parishioners if a few of the more wealthy members of the Union were to club together and calmly to sell to the highest bidders among themselves all the best seats in the debating room. On the night of a debate, the other members coming in find the remaining seats occupied; the best seats indeed are empty, but no one must occupy them until it is ascertained, or presumed from the prolonged absence of their owners that they will not want their seats that night. The expectant members are then as a charity allowed the use of their own property, but only as a charity.

confusion is introduced into the service, which might be to a great degree obviated by the free system.

Objection 3. The churches at watering places, &c.

Appropriation in a modified degree seems to be justifiable in this case, and where there is a rush to any given church in consequence of some unusual attraction, such as an extraordinarily eloquent preacher, a splendid service, or on special occasions, such as confirmations, club sermons, &c. Exceptional measures may legitimately be taken to meet an exceptional state of things. It is just that in these cases the parishioners should have a prior claim to the use of the best seats in the church. If either party must be inconvenienced, it should be the visitors: it is hardly fair to expect the parishioners to content themselves with out-of-the-way corners and back seats. But on the other hand, it is illegal to exclude any orderly person from a church: visitors therefore, be they never so numerous, must be admitted; and consequently the parishioners must be protected. The author of the second essay on the English Pew System, p. 39, suggests a simple plan by which this difficulty may be successfully met without adopting permanent appropriation.

Objection 4. Free seats are already assigned in most churches to the poor.

This is true: but no one will assert that they are any but the worst seats, behind pillars, well to one side of the building, or to the rear; the farthest from the preacher. So that the rich, whose ears are better accustomed to catch and interpret sounds, have the nearer places: while those who are naturally harder of hearing and slower of comprehension, are the furthest removed, when according to common sense, if it really were desired that justice should be done under the appropriation system, their positions should be exactly reversed. As the poor grew more blind or deaf they should be moved up nearer to the preacher; and at no time should they be slighted if the church is to retain an affectionate hold over them. In appropriated churches, if any provision at all is made for those who have become deaf by age, it generally consists in allowing them to sit in the front seat of all immediately under the pulpit, where they can hear indeed, but not conveniently see, the preacher. It is generally found that no one else cares to sit on this bench.

Objection 5. The poor do not occupy what room they have, and therefore it is not true that they require more.

This statement will in many cases be found to be only too true: but the inference from it we deny in toto. It is

very probable that the invidious distinction made in many churches between rich and poor may have much to do with the reluctance of the working classes to attend the services. Be that how it may, it cannot be denied that under the pew system the great majority of the poor, if the exhortations of the clergy prevailed and induced them to wish greatly to attend the services, would be entirely excluded. There is only room for a very limited number of poorer worshippers at once, the greater part of the building is *sold*, and has become private property. Thus it is perfectly senseless for clergymen to urge their parishioners to be regular in their attendance, because it is well known that, if they were, there would be no place for them, even though half the pews were empty. The truth is that things have come to such a pass that the working-man has almost ceased to look upon the parish church as his own: and it is difficult to understand how this can be avoided, seeing that he is aware that the greater part of it is partitioned among the rich, and that he is only allowed there on sufferance and by charity. There is abundant testimony to prove that when the church has been made entirely free, the poor are much more willing to attend.

Objection 6. *The unpleasant mixture of classes.*

This objection is practically found to be groundless. The English poor have a great deal of pride and delicacy of feeling. A chimney sweep would no more think of obtruding himself upon a finely dressed lady, than she would think of seating herself among the royal party in Windsor chapel. Moreover sweeps are not in the habit of going to church in their work-a-day clothes. The reader may see for himself how the system works in St. Clement's church in Cambridge: I have never heard of any complaints on these grounds from those who habitually attend the services there. In fact the objection is purely imaginary; the congregation naturally sorts itself, and no inconvenience results.

Objection 7. *The necessity of providing seats for invalids.*

It certainly does not seem advisable to abolish appropriation to the extent of neglecting the comfort of those to whom appropriation is really a blessing, without being at the same time a curse to others. Special arrangements may be, and surely always would be under any circumstances, made for invalids.*

* Permanent appropriation would be justifiable to suit the convenience of schools, town corporations, &c. &c. We would beg

Objection 8. *Books and cushions could not be left in free churches.*

If I had not frequently heard this objection gravely urged by many clever and I believe, unselfish persons, it would have been incredible to me that any sane Christian should deliberately choose to countenance a system which practically excludes numbers from those means of grace, to the advantages of which he declares himself to be fully alive, rather than endure the trouble of carrying two or three books to and from his church; especially in these days when church services can be procured of such small sizes. It might have been different in the times when a bible weighed about 50 lbs.; but at the present day the objection appears to me to be in the highest degree eaptious and unworthy. If any effete dandy is quite unable to support the weight of a few additional ounces in his weekly walk between church and home, he might perhaps, if assisted by his friends, be equal to the effort of making an arrangement with the churchwarden, by which his books and cushion might be kept for him at the church. But even allowing some importance to this difficulty, the question still remains to be answered, on what grounds the rich minority are to be so pampered, while the majority, the poor, those who stand in much greater need of instruction and comfort, to whom religion is more of a stern reality, and less a luxury than to the wealthy—why they are to be placed on such an invidious footing, or to be excluded altogether. The rich can afford to build private chapels, if necessary, and to have their own spiritual instructors; they have readier access to books of all kinds, more time to study and meditate, and many advantages which are denied to the poor. And yet they are the men who deliberately and sacrilegiously portion out and sell among themselves that to which their poorer brethren have an equal right, ignoring the bible, the laws, justice, and expediency, as it seems to me.* They adopt a course, which

the reader to bear in mind that total, instant, and uniform abolition of appropriation is not what we advocate. In some cases such a course would be manifestly unjust: but these are the exceptions, and no argument for buying and selling any portion of any church can be based on them. Nor can such exceptional cases ever justify the minority from selfishly excluding the majority, nor indeed the many from excluding the few.

* I am forcibly reminded of the story Nathan told David. "There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor.

if it has not been the primary cause of the present prevalence of irreligion among the lower classes, at all events has a tendency to perpetuate that unhappy state of things, and must be an insuperable barrier against all improvement.

Objection 9. *The seats being all made free, there would be crowding and scrambling for places.*

Those who advance this objection are to be thanked for the important concession that an abolition of the pew system would bring crowds to church. Surely it would be worth while to risk the scrambling, if we could ensure the crowding. But it is not so; it is exceedingly improbable that there would be any scrambling at all. It is not generally the custom to keep the church doors shut until a few minutes before the commencement of service, and then suddenly throw them open. The doors are open from an early hour, the people drop in one by one, and take the places they choose: and those who take the trouble to come in good time have the choice of the whole building. There is no reason to suppose that there would be more scrambling over the whole of the free church than there is at present among the free seats; and there any one may see that there is none.

Objection 10. *If all seats were made free, the poor would be as badly off as before, because ladies and gentlemen would still take up the same amount of room as they do now.*

This is an assumption which must not be allowed to pass unchallenged. Experience has proved it to be untrue. It always happens that when a church is thrown open to all without distinction, the congregation, supposing it to be already smaller than the whole number which could be accommodated in the church, instead of diminishing or standing still, increases steadily. What is complained of in the pew system is, that it renders attendance at church distasteful to the pride of the poor, so that the free seats are often not filled, while many of the pews remain empty in the absence of their owners. Thus the room that there actually

The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herb, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him." The case is even worse; for the poor parishioners have as much right legally and morally to the appropriated seat as the rich themselves, whereas the poor man in the story could not claim an equal share of the other's possessions.

is, is greatly wasted. And it restricts the availableness of the building in another way which will be explained below. Moreover at present the responsibility rests on those who exclude their brethren by usurping the sole use of a great portion of the building. If churches were made free, the responsibility would at least be shifted on the shoulders of others: and the enemies of the church would be unable to throw in her teeth the reproach of pandering to wealth. It is right and just that the rich should occupy as much room as they require and can get: it is utterly unjust that they should buy or sell, or appropriate in any way whatever to the exclusion of others, that to which the rest have as much right as themselves.

Objection 11. *By making churches free, there is danger of subverting the parochial system.*

Here I cannot do better than give the words of the learned author of the first essay in answer to this objection: * "It is said again, that free churches are subversive of the parochial system, and that their success is purchased at the expense of the rights of parishioners. Are we then to understand that under other methods of arranging congregations, the rights of parishioners are respected, and carefully maintained? What becomes of the rights of parishioners, when the church is parcelled out amongst one-fifth or one-tenth of well-to-do persons, whilst the remainder of the parishioners are left destitute of accommodation? Or, what again, in pew-rented churches notoriously occupied to a great extent by non-parishioners?† Whence this new-born zeal for parochial rights in the realms of pewdom? We might here fairly retort with the proverb, 'Physician, heal thyself.' The real truth is, that the parochial system can scarcely be said to exist in our populous towns and cities. It was subverted long before our modern free churches sprung up. Wherever a popular preacher, or an attractive service, or a costly and beautiful church exists in a town possessed of more than one parish, or parochial district, there we may confidently affirm, the parochial system is more or less disturbed, if not absolutely subverted. There will certainly be a rush from the neighbouring parish or districts towards

* *Essay on the Evils of the Appropriation of Parish and District Churches*, by Thomas Peak Browning, curate of Newton-upon-Ouse, p. 43.

† It is by no means uncommon to let out pews to *non-parishioners*—an abuse of an abuse!

the earnest, eloquent preacher, the impressive ritual, and the beautiful edifice. What is the remedy? To make all churches equally attractive? Or equally unattractive (not to say, repulsive)? Shall we extinguish the powerful preacher, put down the musical service, and reduce everything to a dead level of ugliness, rigid uniformity, and dull mediocrity, in order that the parochial system may be restored and maintained in its integrity? Or shall we make every service highly attractive, and every preacher eloquent, and every church gorgeous and 'exceeding magnificent'? This may scarcely be on this side of the Millennium. Or, once more, shall we call upon the churchwardens to drive away non-parishioners and 'remit such home to their own parish churches and ministers'?*

"We may indeed very well be allowed to lament the partial loss of that good old-fashioned religion, which bound men to their parish church, and taught them that the parish clergyman was the person immediately set over them in spiritual things; and that to him ought all the parishioners to adhere. But it is unfair to lay to the charge of free churches difficulties and anomalies which attach more or less to every existing method of seating and arranging congregations. These anomalies are deeply rooted in our social system, and cannot be eradicated in a day or a year. In the meantime, *all churchmen alike* are concerned in maintaining and extending the parochial system. Nothing which disturbs or tends to subvert it can be lightly regarded. Let no efforts be spared by churchmen—pewed and unpewed—to secure to the *parishioners primarily* those churches which belong specially unto *them*. Let no clergyman regard his work in any district as a successful work, until he shall have drawn together—not simply a congregation from various quarters, but—a goodly gathering of all classes and degrees from the particular district attached to his church."

Theoretically, then, it has been shown that the advantages, which are supposed to be conferred by the pew system only, are all attainable in a higher degree and by more people at once by adopting the non-appropriation system. It may be added that the pew system is a great hindrance to the Church of England in discharging her duty of preaching the gospel to the poor, by rendering it impossible for more than a few of the poor to attend the services, and by placing those who do attend in a position from which their pride

* See 28th Canon of the Church of England.

justly revolts. It is also repugnant to the principles and customs of antiquity. It is also uncatholic. The Church of England, being both national and catholic, ought to be open without restriction to the nation at large, but more especially to the poor. The system of appropriation "knows nothing of catholicity, and *for the communion of saintliness it substitutes the communion of respectability.*"

It also begets and perpetuates schism. "Many a man goes over to the dissenters, because in the meeting-house he can enjoy the luxury of being a first class worshipper, whereas in the church he was only reckoned as a second or third class."* The pew system also entails a loss and waste of church accommodation, and restricts the usefulness and availableness of churches.† It also supplies selfish persons with a specious reason for not allowing our churches to be thrown open daily to offer to our people, especially the poor, quiet places for meditation. This has been done in some free churches, but in no others. The dainty appropriators, forsooth, are afraid of having their cushions soiled, or books thumbed. Cushions soiled! books thumbed! O horror! horror! rather than *that*, debar the poor man from *all* his privileges. The pew system also enables opponents of our church to attack her through the church-rates. Whether or no it be desirable that church-rates should be continued, it is manifestly unjust to compel all, under legal penalties, to contribute to the expenses of a church from the use of the greater part of which they are altogether excluded, and that too in direct defiance of the law. I am confident that parishioners would more cheerfully pay a tax for the mainte-

* *Essay on the English Pew System, its evils and their remedies.* Rev. S. H. Saxby, M.A., Incumbent of East Clevedon, Somerset, and Chaplain to the Earl of Carnwath.

† The whole of each of the hundred families to which the hundred pews are assigned probably do not attend at once, and the places of the absentees are vacant; and from this and other causes, the waste from portioning the ground out in separate pews, instead of open sittings, has been estimated at 30 per cent. A free church capable of holding 500 persons may be made equal to one holding 1000 by simply doubling the number of services: in churches wholly or partially appropriated the eternal difficulty of appropriation renders this either impossible, or limits the advantage to be obtained from it to that portion of the church which is free; but even this part, from causes mentioned above, is often not occupied by anything like the full number which it can accommodate of those for whose sole benefit the additional services are held.

nance of a building, "whose accommodation, whether large or scanty, was freely and impartially distributed, as far as it might serve, amongst all sorts and conditions of people," than to one which has been illegally seized and sold either in whole, or in part, by the wealthy.

The amount of unrighteous quarrelling and meanness, the feuds, hatred, and discontent among the appropriators to which the pew system gives rise is almost incredible; and for this, if for no other reason, many and many a parish priest would rejoice to see the system abolished.

It may be as well now to show by some practical examples the abuses of appropriation. In the first essay Mr. Browning gives some statistics, some of which I shall take the liberty of transcribing. He says: There is a large church connected with a parish of nearly 16,000 people, which has not a single free seat. A zealous rector was appointed, who was going to associate with himself curates, to divide his parish into districts, and make a house to house visitation. And what was the result? He had not a single place to ask his poor people to come to!

In Liverpool we find a parish containing 16,000 souls, with no church accommodation whatever for the poor, and an average attendance at public worship of only 200 persons. Another with a population of 20,000 with accommodation in church for only 133 of the poor. We are told that in the midst of a dense population there are in that city churches originally built exclusively for the rich, of which the proprietors have migrated to other parts, and carried away the keys of their pews with them! In another of the hives of teeming life and commerce, we hear of one parish, containing 34,000 persons, with church accommodation for from two to four hundred of the poor; and another containing nearly 13,000 souls, with no free seats whatever.

It is worth while to stop and analyze these last two statements. In the last case the poor do not go to church at all, and are given to understand, more plainly than words could tell them, that they are not wanted: so there is an end of them. In the parish mentioned last but one, supposing that 4000 out of the 34,000 are rich people, which is probably over the mark (by rich I mean who can afford, and do actually pay, from £5 to £10 per annum for a seat in church): these 4000 then are enabled to attend the services whenever they please (we are supposing the church to be of large dimensions with 4000 sittings sold permanently, over and above the accommodation for the poor, or the free seats).

The remaining 30,000 parishioners, then, receive the liberal share of 400 seats at the very most. Supposing that, owing to the high religious tone prevailing in the parish, the 30,000 were anxious to attend the services as regularly as the circumstances of the case permitted; still many would be compelled to stay at home by illness, domestic duties, and other causes. Supposing, then, that notwithstanding the general zeal, one in every five was compelled to remain at home: 24,000 church goers still remain. Supposing, again, that, in order to accommodate as many as possible, three services a day were held (one more than our prayerbook presupposes), and that the poor divided themselves into batches of 400, which took their turns regularly to attend the sundry services, that being the greatest possible number that can attend at once. The magnificent result of this elaborate organization, if steadily persisted in, would be that each of the poorer parishioners would be able to attend one service in twenty Sundays; that is to say, he or she would be able to go to church not quite three times a year. This hardly requires a comment. No allowance has been made for the number of dissenters, which in so large a parish with such meagre church accommodation would doubtless be great, because it is my object to show that, although the parish church was built for, and belongs to, the whole parish, yet, if the parishioners obeyed the priest's summons, left their indifference or schism, and tried to return to the church's arms, they would find themselves so effectually snubbed, that they would be unlikely to persevere in the attempt.* If the same church were unappropriated, then deducting as before, one in every five for illness or domestic duties, and supposing that there were no dissenters, each poor parishioner would be able to attend a service once every other Sunday:† but deducting

* The existence of dissent does not justify the exclusion of dissenters from the parish church, either directly, or by any arrangement which produces that effect indirectly. It is well known that dissenters frequently make use of our churches: it is to be hoped that they will be always welcomed there. Nor, if a certain number of men habitually absent themselves from church, does that justify any arrangement which compels them, directly or indirectly, to continue to do so. A life member of the Union would fancy himself wronged, I think, if, after prolonged absence from the house, he were finally excluded from it for the better convenience of a few.

† *i.e.* twenty-six times a year instead of scarcely thrice, as under the present arrangement.

the probable number of dissenters, and persons who did not care to attend, probably every parishioner would be able to attend service once, or even twice, on every Sunday. The clergyman would then at least have an opportunity of doing his duty of preaching the gospel to the poor, and would be released from the unpleasant sensation of inconsistency which (I trust I am not uncharitable) he surely feels now whenever he has to read publicly the second chapter of the General Epistle of St. James.

In the rectory district of Marylebone, in London, containing 38,000 persons, there are free sittings for about 500 in a church built to accommodate 2500 persons: the rest are let for pew rents. Again, in St. George's, Hanover Square, with a population in the season of 25,000, there are open free seats for 300 persons, in the passages or against the walls. The other sittings are let for rents amounting to nearly £1000 a year.

In another church in London, it was elicited by the Bishop of Exeter that the free sittings, which are in the roof, must be reached by an ascent of nearly one hundred steps! "Are the lame and halt," inquired the Bishop, "expected to climb those hundred steps to get to their free sittings?" The Rector acknowledged that he had never seen more than one person in those places, though there may have been others out of sight.

At a meeting held at Bath on March 1st, 1864, Mr. Herford described the condition of Manchester as regards church accommodation. There are, it appears, in the central part of that city 300,000 inhabitants, or about 60,000 families. For these there are thirty churches, besides the cathedral. The sittings in those churches are appropriated to about 3000 families, leaving 57,000 families, or nineteen-twentieths of the population excluded from the public worship of Almighty God.

At the same meeting, the Rev. J. S. Jones spoke of the condition in which he found his church at Liverpool. It was built for more than 2000 persons, and the seats were hired out at so much per quarter. There were two back rows of benches in a dark gallery, free!

Here is a case at Exeter: The population of the parish is 6000 or 7000. There is church room for 900 persons only, and a very small number of unappropriated seats. The appropriation is said to be of the worst kind, for many of the pew holders never come to the church, but give permission to friends (often non-parishioners) to occupy their

seats. Hence a difficulty of finding a place in a church which is only partially filled.

The population of Hockton, near Wakefield, consists of about 2000 persons, chiefly colliers. The church is appropriated to twenty houses, leaving 400 houses without the right of a sitting, save on a few benches in the children's gallery.*

This state of things cannot—must not be allowed to remain, if we would see the Church of England doing her work as the national, and more particularly as a branch of the catholic church. Her intrinsic merits are so great and acknowledged that she will remain unshaken by the attacks of her unholy adversaries without, rage they never so furiously: and, if those within, her bishops, priests, deacons, and churchwardens, act up to her principles and precepts, she will endure and increase to the end of the world; but just so far as they forget their duty, just so much will she be weakened.

It will be observed that we have been all along considering cases where the population is in excess of the church accommodation. Where the reverse is the case, arguments no less weighty can be adduced against the sacrilegious and illegal practice of appropriation. Why, it may be asked, when there is room for all comers, should not a fixed seat be assigned to each parishioner, so that the exclusiveness of the Englishman may be humoured? Who can suffer by it?

These questions are briefly answered thus by the Rev. S. Saxby:†

“There is indisputably a sense in which certain seats in a church are less desirable than others. They may be exposed to draughts, or be behind some obstacle, or too far distant for convenient hearing of the words spoken. Who is to have these? It is not reasonable that the squire be put into the worst place, nor in truth is it seemly. It is very certain that the middle class folk, of undefined social position, will not consent to what they would consider a slight on the part of the churchwardens. And thus it must happen always that, in proportion as a seat is objectionable, it is sure to be assigned to the poor. In such a case there can be but one answer to the question of the Apostle, ‘Are ye not then partial in yourselves?’ There is then always this objection to

* All these instances are given in Mr. Browning's *Essay*. They might be multiplied to any extent.

† *Essay II.*, p. 9.

all appropriations, even under the most favourable circumstances, that the worst places are invariably given to the poor. The objection is sufficient of itself, were there none other, to condemn the whole system as in flat contradiction to the word of God." For other objections I must be content to refer the reader to Mr. Saxby's admirable essay.

There is one more argument which is frequently brought against the free church system, which still remains to be answered. The pew rents, it is urged, form a useful fund out of which the parish expenses and the priest's stipend, in the absence of an endowment, can be paid with certainty. If you abolish pew rents, you deprive the church of a regular income, and leave the priest to the tender mercies of voluntary subscribers. He is thus kept in a state of uncertainty as to the payment of his stipend, and is placed in a dependant position, which must be exceedingly irksome to a man of refinement. This argument, specious though it appears at the first blush, may be easily and triumphantly refuted. The difficulty is entirely obviated by the adoption of the primitive and apostolic practice of the offertory. Universal experience has proved that the offertory both produces a larger sum of money per annum than pew rents, and is less liable to fluctuations. If a clergyman can induce his congregation to accept the offertory, he may fearlessly abandon pew rents, as far as pecuniary considerations are concerned: he will find that the parish expenses will be now more generously provided for than under the former system. In an appendix to the third essay on *Principles of Church Finance*,* some statistics are given which establish beyond doubt the important proposition that the system of the offertory is the preferable of the two, however poor the congregation may be. That the priest will be more dependant on his parishioners than formerly, if pew rents are supplanted by the offertory, is a statement which is not borne out by facts. Under the system of pew rents the paying parishioners, if any doctrine the clergyman has advanced, or any action he has performed, is not quite to their taste, have the power of absenting themselves from the church altogether, and thus depriving the parish of the annual rent of their sittings, thereby embarrassing the clergyman greatly. The latter, therefore, must make up his mind only to preach just so

* *An Inquiry into the Principles of Church Finance in Ancient and Modern Times*, by James Hamilton, M.A., Senior Carate of Chipping Campden, p. 57.

much truth as is acceptable to his perhaps ignorant and bigoted congregation, and no more: and, being under the thumb of the wealthier portion of his parishioners, he finds himself checked and restricted in a manner which is not likely to conduce much to his dignity or peace of mind. In fact under the pew system the parish priest is degraded to the position of mere private chaplain to the pew holders. The whole question of finance is fully and ably discussed in the third and fourth essays, which it is well worth the while of those who take an interest in the question to peruse carefully.

The writers of these four essays are careful to impress upon their readers that the free church movement has nothing whatever to do with party. It is neither a hobby of low church, nor of high church, nor of broad church. It is a question of justice. The establishment is allowed to hold an immense amount of national property upon certain conditions. Can any honourable man wish to see any one of those conditions unfulfilled? Expediency bids us to condemn a system which permanently excludes myriads from any means of instruction, secular or religious, practical or moral—I care not which it be. Consistency requires that we should not turn church sittings into private boxes, and then pray the lessees of theatres for the love of God to throw open their boxes to the poor for public worship on Sundays. It is as scandalous that a few influential parishioners should club together to share among themselves the best parts of the parish church, as it would be, did the same men combine to enclose the most fertile portions of the village common.

F. A. S.





TRIA TEMPORA.

YOUTH is like a summer morn,
Golden fring'd is every cloud;
Deeply waves the golden corn,
Trill the birds their music loud;
And the sun with dazzling ray,
Mounteth up to fuller day.

Age is like sweet even time;
Hushed is every noon-day blast;
Spangled every leaf with rime,
Song and mirth and light are past;
Quench'd is Phœbus' glowing beam,
In the steep Hesperian stream.

Death is like to silent night,
When the silver-crescent queen
Rides in heaven's pathless height,
Scattering darkness with her sheen :—
Thus doth Faith with stedfast eye,
Pierce through death's dark mystery.





EDUCATION OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

"Is it possible, and is it advisable to establish a system of National Education, such as to open a way into the learned professions for all boys of high talent, whatever be their original rank in life?"

AS the question of advisability seems to me to depend chiefly on certain details, which, in their turn, depend on some scheme to be proposed for shewing the movement to be possible, I have ventured to consider first, whether the scheme be possible; and then, whether it be advisable: although we are naturally more concerned at first with the advisability of a scheme, than its possibility. A subject such as the possibility of a measure of this sort must necessarily be treated somewhat as questions in experimental science; which depends for its advancement on the suggesting of a number of various experiments to be tried in support of some theory, whether true or false. But here the analogy ceases; for while the chemist, for instance, trusts in great measure to his luck, and hopes that some unforeseen result, caused by the unexpected combination of certain gases or substances never mixed before in his retort, will establish his theory, or at any rate set at rest his doubts on the vexed point, by disproving it, the educationalist will not venture on any experiment of which he does not flatter himself that he pretty clearly sees the consequences.

The most, then, that can be looked for in debating such a measure is, that theories shall be freely advanced, in order that they may be as freely canvassed.

That members of the lower classes would not be so effectually raised by a sudden translation to the company of those far above them in the social scale, as by a system of gradual changes, will probably be allowed to hold good as a general rule, though admitting of exceptions. For by this means John Mogg—which name is selected not only on account of its euphonious properties, but also because it is

typical of many an honest name among the British lower orders—may be checked in his upward career on the social ladder, when it is perfectly clear that he is not likely to profit himself by mounting higher, and when he may be safely helped down without the danger of falling from a great height. But put John Mogg on the topmost round of the ladder at once, and it may be found necessary either to precipitate him summarily to the ground, or to leave him standing in his exalted position—either alternative probably the reverse of pleasant to him, and neither beneficial to society.

If then, (to quit metaphors and Moggs for the present) we come to schools, it seems to me possible that national schools should send up their really promising scholars to large Middle Class Public Schools, with Exhibitions or Scholarships to support them while there.

The Middle Class Schools, on their part, might send up their best scholars in like manner—not later, perhaps, than the age of fifteen—to our Classical Public Schools, providing for them by larger Exhibitions to meet the greater expenses of the Classical School.

Next for matters of detail. None but a mind accustomed to such speculations could suggest an entire scheme that was reasonable, much less valuable on such a topic. But without entering too closely into all the particulars, it seems to me not impossible to hold a joint yearly examination of all the village National Schools within a certain district—for instance, a county—taking care that the examination be as searching as at the early age of the examinees would be possible; and that the same body of examiners examine all the schools in the district. By this means an uniform standard would be established in the several districts, and the examiners would be able to choose a small number of promising boys to be drafted off into the Middle Class Schools every year.

It is certain that, from all we know of the British lower classes, such signs of high talent would be decidedly limited in number.

Two obvious objections occur here which may be discussed at once, before passing on to the higher school. The first is, that though the examiners of the several districts would have an uniform standard to guide them in making their selections, the bodies of examiners for the different districts might often disagree in their standards, and thus unintentional injustice be done to deserving candidates

Still, such an objection, though doubtless a very real one, would not be sufficient of itself to deter an earnest man from taking any part in the movement. And, after all, no great wrong could be done if all the districts were pretty much of the same size, and each allowed a certain number of Exhibitions every year to the Middle Class School. The other objection would be, that an examination at such an early age would be useless, inasmuch as it would fail to discover who were the really talented boys amongst those examined. The answer to this is, that it is the only choice open to us: the majority of parents remove their sons at about the age of ten or eleven from the day schools, and make use of them to work in the fields: and thus we have to take them while we can.

Let us suppose then, that John Mogg has passed through his course of spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography at the village school, that his iron constitution has withstood the temporary indispositions occasioned by four or five school feasts; and that, therefore, he has attained the age of ten or even eleven, and finally, that the examiners of his district have given him an Exhibition to the Middle Class School. He will find himself now in the company of some who, like himself, are being supported by Exhibitions gained on entrance, but the majority of his associates will probably be the sons of small tradesmen in the rank of life next above his own.

Behold him clad in fustian jacket and trousers, out at elbows, out at knees. The first metamorphosis that should take place in his outward man should be a (very) hot bath; he should next be dressed in rough but decent clothes in the form of a jacket and trousers, with a clean outside collar: and it will not be too much to say that the chances are in favour of his looking as much a gentleman as many diminutive sons of gentlemen, in their present fashion of coats and inside collars.

Nor will he, if the training of his village school has been what it might, be far behind the sons of gentlemen of that age in his intellectual attainments.

He will be at once initiated into the mysteries of Latin Grammar; will wonder at the absence of *w* in the Latin alphabet, and think how difficult, without the help of *w*, it would be to pronounce the digamma in *o, a, t, s*, which he has always been accustomed to call "*wuts*"—not that he would think of digammas as such—that is reserved for a Paley; he would look scornfully on an alphabet that omitted

the initial letter of such important monosyllables as "wo"; or "woy" in the expression of "woy farmer."

In short, for the future he will be educated much in the same manner as boys at a classical school, with, however, one important difference: that, whereas they are pressed on continually so long as they remain at a classical school, and no pains are spared to hammer the merest elements of classics into the thickest of their heads, John Mogg's masters will not feel themselves bound to deal with him in the same manner till he leaves the school. He will, indeed, be forced to work hard; but if he discover no aptitude for classics, he may be made to give up more of his time to mathematics, so long as these two studies continue to be the chief avenues to the Learned Professions.

The exhibitions gained on entrance to the Middle Class Schools might be tenable for four years, at the end of which time it would be sufficiently evident whether a boy had really talents which would not only serve him in a learned profession, but would profit his profession also by his admission to it.

Or, again, it would be possible to make the Exhibitions tenable for one year, and then, in deserving cases, renewable; and perhaps such a system as this would better ensure industry.

If at the end of four years he failed to gain any of the Exhibitions to the upper Classical School, it would be very hard to say that his education had been utterly thrown away: for at least he would be fitted by that time for clerkships of various kinds, for good appointments in printers' and booksellers' establishments or other situations, where his higher knowledge would be useful to him; and would, doubtless, help him forward more rapidly than many in such positions now are able to advance—men whose education has not been of nearly so high a stamp. On the other hand it is not contended that, by raising his rank in life one degree, any great service has been done him, but no harm has necessarily been done him; and in the case of those who show themselves capable of advancing still higher in the scale, a positive advantage will have been conferred.

Let us suppose then that one of this class is pronounced fit to take his place in a Classical School with the sons of gentlemen, some of whom are destined to attain to the higher branches of literature and science. He will enter the Classical School with a provision sufficient to support him entirely, and he will, when he has dropped certain prejudices

incident to his condition, be much the same as those around him; such prejudices, for instance, as that "I be" is the first person singular, present indicative of the verb "to be"; that the negative form of "it is" is "beant," and so forth. The Exhibitions in the Classical School should, perhaps, be tenable for a term of at least two years and then renewable, in order that the new comer may be allowed some law to make up what time he has lost by beginning his classical studies later in life than the sons of gentlemen, with whom he will come into competition.

If he has passed into the upper school at the age of fifteen, he will still have nearly four years before he enters at one of the Universities: which is as long as many boys now remain at a Public School. It is now that we are met by one of the most formidable difficulties in the way of the proposed scheme. Some few of the boys who have thus raised themselves by their own exertions, may, it is true, be able to obtain exhibitions such as are attached to all large schools, and the standard of which affords a presumption that the gainer of one of them will also be able to gain a college exhibition or scholarship, thus securing a competency for his support at the University: but it must be acknowledged that the greater number of such lads will not be able to keep themselves at College: and the question arises, what is to become of them? Are they to be allowed after all the pains taken with their education, to degenerate into booksellers and superior printers' assistants, as those who were rejected as unfit for the Classical School? Or are they to look to the state to extend still further its maternal interest in their welfare?

This does seem at first a true difficulty, but let us consider, as in the former case, whether it would be any disadvantage to society, that their booksellers and tradespeople of that standing should be men of minds cultivated with a higher education than at present: in the present case cultivated by the refinement of a Public School education. Whether it would not be a step in the direction which should be the aim of all politics, without party bias of any kind, viz: to raise the lower classes towards the higher, without allowing the higher to degenerate to the level of the lower. This then is one alternative to allow the would-be-lawyer or doctor, nay the would-be-clergyman to become a tradesman. Nor does it seem so very objectionable that our middle classes should have a sprinkling of higher refinement of feeling, such as is consequent on a higher education, dis-

seminated among their ranks. The only question, of course, is whether such a result would not be purchased at too high a cost, and that question must be decided by the success of those who *do* pass through all the stages of life intended to be laid open before them by this measure: and who therefore derive all the benefit intended to be derived from the system.

But there is a second alternative far preferable to the first, namely, that men so educated should be further provided for by the state.

It is surely not too much to say that every artizan has a right to assistance in his need from the state, provided that that need be not attributable to his own fault. It is true that such a right is but imperfectly recognized at present, but that does not disprove its existence or repudiate the charge of disgraceful selfishness against nine-tenths or more of the rich in the kingdom—men whose houses are literally overflowing with every sort of luxury, while neighbours are reduced to the extremities of poverty: whose life is passed in a pleasing succession of stays at their sea side, their shooting and their town residences, of which three establishments two are at any given moment not only unproductive to their owners and their country, but a positive source of expense. And thus they wander on through all the pleasant paths of life, in happy unconsciousness of everything but present pleasure or gain, many of them perhaps not spending their money on themselves from greediness for enjoyment, but from ignorance of any better way in which it might be spent. Luxury in such an aggravated form makes one pause to consider whether after all our modern politicians are so far advanced, and whether old Cato was not right with his Sumptuary Laws to check the growing spirit of luxury, by forbidding jewels, expensive clothes and all articles not highly profitable to the state. This is surely the crying sin of England and every other state, that we have no keen feelings of humanity and brotherhood. To take one instance of heartless extravagance, from a multitude that might be adduced, how many millions worth of jewels are simply wasted in the trinket boxes of rich ladies.

It is this selfishness of society which retards not only the progress of education, but a thousand other improvements, and this is the key to the beneficial admission of the lower classes to an association with the higher. In short if we can but be unselfish enough, and be educated enough.

Something yet remains to be said of the advisability of

the proposed plan: but the remarks on this head shall be as brief as possible.

It would be easy at the first sight of such a question, for a reformer to ask, on what principles of economy we should be justified in neglecting any measure that may increase our resources? to ask, what would be thought of a landowner who refused to work new mines of hidden treasures on his property, of a millowner who neglected to employ a large part of the power at his command, which might be applied to the working of fresh engines, but which is allowed to be simply wasted? and it would be hard to defend such a system. The argument, in fact, is in theory incontrovertible, but when applied to practice would be probably found less hard to meet.

Let us then take the facts, or such of them as are manifest and undeniable when regarded as future. And we shall obtain the following results:—

There are more than fifty counties in England and Wales, if we omit Ireland and Scotland from consideration, as capable of looking to their own interests in this matter—an hypothesis sufficiently doubtful. Each of these countries, if the proposed scheme is to have as wide an influence as it ought, should contain one at least of the middle class Government Schools. Each of these could hardly have less than six on an average, and it is hard to see how they should not have a larger number to send up yearly to the classical school. The number of Public classical schools, at present, where such boys could be received so as to derive any of the great benefits of the English Public School principally, cannot be computed at much more than twenty, but for the purposes of calculation, let us state it at twenty-six, viz: half the number of counties in England and Wales together.

If the above calculations are correct, and I fully believe that they greatly understate the facts of the case, each of the public schools would have to provide accommodation for twelve boys every year from middle class schools, that is, allowing that such boys would stay at the classical school three or four years, for between forty and fifty boys.

This would be a great burden to inflict on a school of not more than three or four hundred: and it is impossible to imagine that the school would escape in many instances considerable deterioration from the admixture of so large a lump of the new leaven. Moreover, injustice would seem to be done to the present frequenters of our public schools, by giving a preference to those who gained exhibitions from the middle

class schools; for of course *their* procedure to the upper classical school would be a necessity, and each school would be obliged to reserve twelve vacancies for such comers every year. With our present number of public classical schools, then, any scheme which would require the absorption of so large a number of those who are not what is called 'gentlemen' into their body, would appear to be unadvisable.

And wholly, as far as I can see, on these grounds, namely that they would injure our existing great schools, or at any rate, most of them. Wholly on these grounds, for on the more general ground of injury to society at large, whether that rank of it to which the national scholars would be raised, or that from which they rose, no fears need surely be entertained of admitting men who would have undergone such a thorough course of training as those brought up on the graduated school principle. But for this too the remedy is easy—let fresh large classical schools be established throughout England: not schools intended exclusively for such as have raised themselves from the middle class schools, for that would deprive them of the advantages to be gained from the company of gentlemen in the upper classical schools, but such establishments as Haileybury, Wellington, Clifton, and their contemporaries in the scholastic world, where sons of gentlemen will congregate from the small private schools, and form a society which will be able to hold its own against new comers; but will by their association with them confer on them incalculable advantages.

If this were done, and if a severe education-tax were levied, and, above all, if by a ready submission to that tax were to show that we had the interests of our countrymen at heart, I believe a system of national education, such as that under our consideration, would be both possible and advisable.

H. G. H.

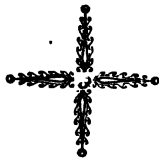


THE WAVE.

I WATCHED a wave on the restless sea
At morn, and said "where art thou going?"
But it halted not as it answered me,
"Where fate may lead and the winds are blowing.
I must wander on for a little while
'Mid the storm and the wind and the roar,
But at last I shall reach the peaceful isle
Where the palm leaves glance in the sunbeam's smile,
And rest on its golden shore."

So all day long was the wavelet tost,
And the foam from its crest in white flakes flew,
But never a whit of courage it lost,
Though shrieked the storm and the fierce wind blew.
And at eve it sighted the welcome strand;
It smiled as it neared the shore,
Then gently it broke on the golden sand,
And gained in its death the promised land,
And rested for evermore.

E.





TENNYSON'S AYLMER'S FIELD AND OTHER POEMS.

(Continued from p. 183.)

THE poem which stands next in order to *Enoch Arden* seems intended by the poet to be a direct contrast to it. Not only is the development of its plot quite different, but the language in which it is clothed seems much less artistic, and less worked up than that of the preceding poem. But perhaps the most striking difference of all is to be found in the course of life which the two heroes pursue. In *Enoch Arden* the actions of the hero were strictly in obedience to the voice of conscience. However dark and awful was the ruin into which he was hurried, however cruel the destiny that awaited him, still we always find him true to his God and his faith. He always feels that he and his absent wife are under the divine protection, and he commits himself to the care of an all-seeing God. So in the Ancient Epic we hear of the trials and dangers which beset an *Æneas* or an *Achilles*, but still they are always assisted by some friendly god in their struggles with destiny "which ruleth all, even gods though they be." In *Aylmer's Field* however, as in most of the Greek Tragedies, we find this picture quite reversed. The central figure of the poem is no longer obeying the will of heaven or the voice of his conscience: he is swayed by pride, by self-conceit, and selfishness. He is not the victim of circumstances forced upon him in despite of his loyalty and devotion to duty—He is the just victim of his own selfwill. To this may be ascribed all the sad calamities which visit him and his house, even to the last and greatest tragedy; and then the poet leaves him without one word of pity. This cardinal vice of overweening pride is most often found in that class to which the hero of this piece belongs. For just as in *Enoch Arden* the poet had described the trials which beset a man in low life and reduced circumstances, even though he may be a most deserving and heroic man; so in *Aylmer's Field* has

he painted for us by way of contrast the "fine linen," the sumptuous living and the comfort which attend the rich even though they may be incapable and unworthy of enjoying them. The "grund-gedanke" of the two pieces seems to be this very contrast between the right of the hereditarily-incapable to enjoy their riches, and the right of the naturally-heroic to take from them their ill-deserved prosperity. This leading idea is kept up throughout the two poems, and nothing is more remarkable than the way in which Mr. Tennyson has finished each piece. After describing the sad and toilsome life of Enoch, and his long-delayed return to his native land, the poet ends by dwelling upon the disappointment and unlooked-for change that awaited him on his arrival. Thus the last idea which remains in our minds on reading the end is one of intense pity and sorrow for the Hero. What a contrast then is presented to us in the issue of the plot in *Aylmer's Field*! Here we have no room for sympathy or sorrow. The poet has described the various stages of pride in the life of Sir Aylmer; and the very last act of his life, his leaving church when the Rector's words were cutting him to the heart, shows how impenitent and hard he remained to the last. Thus the poet contrives to leave on our mind the very opposite impression to that which he had produced in the case of Enoch Arden. We leave the poem with a feeling of utter disgust for Sir Aylmer and are unable to pity his tragic end.

The most remarkable point in the development of this plot is the fearful and tragic way in which Mr. Tennyson has described the working of Sir Aylmer's pride. He has looked at it in every possible light, he has turned it inside and outside, and made it more and more detestable at each stage. For it is not difficult to trace three distinct stages in the course and progress of this cardinal vice. In the first stage we see how it affects its victim in time of prosperity, and how it gradually eats away from under him that foundation of popularity and sympathy which should support him in his hour of need and desolation. The Baronet is described as a man who prided himself upon his ancestral name and upon his wealth, using the former not as a vantage ground for benefiting his fellow creatures but rather for trampling upon their due rights:

dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from his height
With half-allowing smiles for all the world.

This overweening pride is made to appear far more hateful from the contrast between it and the loving kindly disposition of Leolin and Edith. For while Sir Aylmer patronizes all beneath him, affecting an interest in their welfare entirely out of keeping with his proper nature, she on the other hand takes the liveliest and sincerest interest in all around her, visiting the cottages of the poor "with a voice of comfort and an open hand of help," while Leolin is loved by them only less than her because of his warm heart and

A childly way with children, and a laugh
Ringing like proven golden coinage true.

Passing on to the second stage we find Sir Aylmer standing upon a projecting cliff with the rocks undermined beneath him. But the tempest is not yet raging at its highest, and his self-confidence is still sufficient for him. It is true that rumour has done her work and by telling of his pride in other fields has made him

A mockery to the yeomen over ale
And laughter to their lords.

But then his own immediate dependents are still subservient to him: they have not yet been driven into open mutiny by the story of all the wrongs inflicted upon Edith and the absent lover. In this part of the poem, no less than in the preceding one, is our hatred of his pride increased by the contrast which the poet has presented to us. For just as in the first stage we were able to observe the contrast between Sir Aylmer's haughtiness in dealing with those beneath him, and the kindly and open manner of his daughter and Leolin; so now can we observe the same contrast in his own domestic life and his relations with his own family. Thus on the one hand we have the baronet's pride developing into the grossest tyranny and cruelty. He has determined to prevent the proposed marriage, and to effect this object he even condemns his daughter to the closest possible confinement; and though he sees her health gradually breaking down under his harsh treatment, he restrains his natural affection for her, and only once, seized with a sudden and strange emotion,

She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly.

While on the other hand, in contrast with this unnatural

treatment, we have the kindly disposition of the daughter heightened by the cruel circumstances in which she is placed. She utters not an angry word, not a sigh of complaint; but buoys herself up with a hope for better days to come, and the love of her banished Leolin. And at last when all intercourse, even by letter, is stopped between them, and not even a fitful ray of light visits the darkness of her prison, she sinks gradually without a murmur or complaint.

But it is upon the third part that Mr. Tennyson has lavished most pains. Though he has made this vice detestable in the two first stages, he has made it ten times more so in the third and last stage. Hitherto the contrast has been between the bad qualities of the baronet and the gentle loving dispositions of those around him, but now the contrast is to be seen between Sir Aylmer's deeds and his own real feelings. Hitherto the circumstances have been favourable to the growth of the leading passion, but now it meets with the strongest opposition. Hence arises a terrible internal conflict which ends naturally in his loss of reason. Here then is another difference to be observed between this poem and its predecessor. Here the conclusion of the plot is perfectly natural, and just what we should expect. There, as I endeavoured to show before, the poet seemed to have experienced the greatest difficulty in bringing the life of his hero to its close, and his solution was not so satisfactory.

In this third stage the crisis comes. The "sons of the glebe" no longer content themselves with mocking at their master, they scowl fiercely and break into open mutiny: they regard him as the robber of all their social joys, and the two-fold murderer of his own daughter, and their rector's brother. He himself feels the blow intensely, but he refuses to yield to his better impulses. At last however he is unable to bear up against the words of the rector, and he sheds tears as witnesses of his internal agony. But then his pride returns, and seems to smooth the troubled waters. He walks firmly from his pew till he reaches the middle aisle, when his strength almost leaves him. How tragic is the picture which the poet has here painted for us! How harsh and unnatural does it make pride to appear! Perhaps in his hatred of this vice the poet has been carried to an excess of spitefulness. He seems to have taken Euripides rather than Æschylus as his model of dramatic excellence; and the Euripidean thought of the certainty of retributive justice appears to predominate. We find not a word of pity or

compassion; nor even that consolation which the chorus offers in the Agamemnon of the balmy influence of suffering, or that it is heaven

τὸν πάθῃ μάθῃ θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

Sir Aylmer is an extreme case, and he is left to endure the bitter pangs which he has inflicted upon himself, while the poet almost exults in his pain. Mr. Tennyson has certainly shewn great dramatic talent in the masterly way in which he has delineated the influence of this one vice: but after all it is rather the hand of Ben Jonson than that of Shakspeare which we can trace. He has not got the many-sided view of our greatest dramatist, and he excels rather in the second-rate, but by no means contemptible, power of delineating "humours."

The last difference which I have to mention between the plots of Enoch Arden and Aylmer's Field is the rarity of descriptions in the latter, and the predominance of incident. This follows naturally from what has been said about the diversity of plots in the two poems. Only twice in the whole poem do we get any attempt at description of scenery; and neither of them is sustained for any length. The first and longest is his description of Edith's favourite haunt: while the second and most beautiful one is at the end where he describes the desolation that afterwards befel the house of Sir Aylmer,—

And where the two contrived their daughter's good
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The glow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

But we never get throughout the piece anything like the grand description of the tropical island, or the hazel woods, which Mr. Tennyson gave us in Enoch Arden.

Thus far I have spoken about the plot of Aylmer's Field and its development, but I must now pass on to the details and the language of the poem. Considered as a whole, the language is much less artistic than that of Enoch Arden; and other broad distinctions are to be traced; yet we can detect in parts the fine touches of the same master-hand. We can observe in the first place the same power over language, and the same exuberance of fancy which was so remarkable before. For example, when speaking of the childhood of

Edith and Leolin, the poet tells us that Leolin used to play with her, and roll his hoop to please her, and with her dipt

Against the rush of the air in the prone swing—

a line which is singularly well adapted to the sense. For up to the words "the air," which must be taken as one syllable, the line runs very quickly, thereby describing the quick dash of the swing till gradually it catches the heavy air, and is unable to go any higher. The latter part of the verse being composed of monosyllables reads very heavily, and suggests the opposition of the air, especially after the pause which we are forced to make in the middle of the line. This line must recall to our memory the similar line in *Enoch Arden*, of which I have spoken before, namely :

The league long roller thundering on the reef.

And if I may quote one example of his rich fancy, I would refer to his description of the land of hops—

There when first
The tented winter-field was broken up
Into that phalanx of the summer spears
That soon should wear the garland.

Again Mr. Tennyson shows the same marvellous power of condensing the richest imagery into one or two words. Thus he compares a passion yet unborn to the "music of the moon," which sleeps in the eggs of the sweet bird of night. Or, again, he invents the word "parcel-ivy-clad"; and, lower down in the same description of Edith's favourite haunt, he talks of

A summer burial-deep in hollyhocks.

But, after all, this "*curiosa felicitas*" of expression is not peculiar to the poet before us. For there is hardly a single poet enjoying any popularity whatsoever who does not possess this power in some degree. But, besides this, we can trace another point of resemblance in the style of the two pieces which would prove that the same hand had worked out both.

In *Enoch Arden*, Mr. Tennyson sometimes showed himself as a critic, and made sarcastic allusions to certain practices of the times. Thus when he speaks of Annie's failure in business, he attributes it to her fairness and justness, since she had not been taught to barter,

Neither capable of lies
Nor asking overmuch and taking less.

But in this poem his allusions are not only very frequent, but also very severe. Thus he satirizes the sleepy land in which Sir Aylmer lived, and its conservative lethargy; or, again, the idea so prevalent among the higher classes of society that the whole object of life is to preserve game and fall back upon the glories of a name. The fault of the whole piece is perhaps the irritable and spiteful tone which pervades it. This may be accounted for by the hatred which the laureate shows here no less than in the rest of his works of the cardinal vice of overweening pride. And to this spiteful feeling we may in turn attribute the gloomy view of life which he takes. Thus speaking of the legal profession, which he calls the "lawless science of our law," he alludes to the unfairness of fortune in her favours and the uncertainty of success

Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.

But the one vice so common to the present day on which Mr. Tennyson has spoken with the saddest enthusiasm, and which is the groundwork of some of his greatest and most celebrated poems, is the attempt to stifle real love. Pure and loyal devotion to a woman can only be the product of a high state of civilization; and when a parent sells his daughter to the highest bidder he is travelling back into the darkness of the early centuries. This sin, accordingly, is lashed by the poet with the strongest invective. He describes how Edith's parents tried to lure all the wealthiest and noblest of their neighbours into their net, and to force their daughter to give up her real love for Leolin to another whom she could not ever sincerely love; and he remarks how they two contrived every thing for "her good" as they tried to make themselves believe—

Her worldly wise begetters plagued themselves
To sell her, those *good* parents for *her good*.

These two traits, and a few other illusions like that wondrous sympathy between absent friends mentioned in

Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own?

which recalls to our minds a similar passage in the Princess, are the chief points of resemblance between Sir Aylmer's Field and the rest of Mr. Tennyson's works: but the differences are not less marked or distinct. It remains for me, therefore, to mention some of the most important.

The first thing that strikes any one reading Sir Aylmer's Field for the first time is the number of expressions or passages which appear awkward or difficult to understand. And this difficulty of meaning is quite different from that which we meet with in Mr. Browning. For Mr. Tennyson's mind is cast in a mould altogether distinct from that of his great contemporary. When the former conceives an idea he clothes it at once in the most telling and enticing language, and if he pauses for an instant, it is only because he cannot choose between the number of rich words that crowd in upon his mind. If, therefore, he becomes anywhere obscure, it is generally because he has not taken sufficient pains to arrange his words. But when the latter has conceived any idea, his mind travels so quick, that he feels that in its present form it would be unintelligible to the majority of his readers. His first impulse, therefore, is not to clothe it in the richest garb, but rather in the plainest. The thought is with him the soul of poetry, and not the mode of expression. Hence, when we find him hard to understand, it is because the numerous ideas which have presented themselves to his imagination are not sufficiently discriminated, the mist of thought not properly cleared up. He is stunned by the exuberance of thought, not of language. In *Aylmer's Field*, therefore, the dark expressions, and in particular the haze which hangs over the rector's sermon seem to point out a want of care and pains on the part of the poet. In *Enoch Arden*, not a word seems out of its due place; but here the execution is much less artistic.

I will merely quote one passage, by way of example, which is taken from the *Rector's Sermon*.

Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for Him : for thine
 Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair
 Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while
 The deathless ruler of thy dying house
 Is wounded to the death that cannot die.

If we were to compare this passage with an obscure expression from Robert Browning's works, we should see the truth of the remark which I have made above. The meaning of this piece is not obscure from the depth or exuberance of its thought, but simply from the language and the play upon words. Mr. Tennyson cannot resist the temptation of using an Oxymoron wherever he has an opportunity. When compared with a somewhat similar expression at the end of *Guinevere*, the allusion seems to be

to the soul, and the meaning of the piece as follows: Though with your daughter has passed away and died the whole house of Aylmer, and though your conscience tells you that in your immortal soul you have bowed down to another god, a god of acreage rather than the God of Heaven, yet do you show yourself still impenitent and are unwilling to humble yourself before Him. In addition to the longer passages there are many expressions like "neither loved nor liked," a repetition which is hardly forcible; or again "ran a Malayan muck," or lastly

"Seconded, for my lady followed suit,"

an allusion that is almost humorous, and on that account not quite in accordance with the spirit of the passages which seem to warrant us in assuming that the poet took less pains in working at Aylmer's Field than Enoch Arden.

In considering the next three poems which follow Aylmer's Field there is not much to delay us. The first of them is entitled "Sea Dreams," and is one of those moral pieces which by the neatness of the plot and the delicacy of its language tend so much to preserve Mr. Tennyson's popularity among his admirers. A celebrated French critic, who in a comparison between Tennyson and Alfred de Musset awards the palm of genius to the latter, considers that our poet's popularity depends on the sympathy which his audience feel with him in the subjects which he chooses. "Sa poésie," he remarks "semble faite exprès pour ces bourgeois opulents, cultivés, libres, héritiers de l'ancienne noblesse, chefs modernes d'une Angleterre nouvelle. Car elle fait partie de leur luxe comme de leur morale: elle est une confirmation éloquente de leurs principes et un meuble précieux de leur salon." This little piece is merely meant to convey the lesson of forgiveness to us, and it owes its name to the dreams which a city clerk and his wife are represented as having dreamed. It is very tasteful and pretty, but when we have said this we have said all that can be said for it.

The next two pieces are quite distinct from any other pieces in the volume before us, and they present many points of similarity between themselves. They belong to that class of literature which we should call dramatic, and so far they resemble Enoch Arden and Aylmer's Field. But in other respects they are quite distinct. For they contain as it were no plot. They are merely little touches and small portraits of one phase of character. They are certainly very pretty and even perfect in themselves, but they are of such a kind

that we can attach no importance to them. Had they appeared by themselves in the lists under a mask and without a name, critics would have pronounced them happy and promising, but they would not have entitled their author to the praises of genius or originality. As it is, the prowess of their artificer being known, they have been loudly praised, and in fact the second of them has been received with more enthusiasm than any other poem in the book. In one point certainly they present Mr. Tennyson to our view in almost, I may say, a new light. Hitherto with the exception perhaps of "Amphion" in his book of poems, and one or two touches here and there he has shown no signs of humour. But these two poems are full to overflowing of this thoroughly Saxon element. People could not understand how it was that a great English poet like Mr. Tennyson should be deficient in that quality which has been so prominent in the works of so many of our greatest poets including the names of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Dryden. But now the Poet Laureate has shown that in common with other qualities he possesses this indispensable requisite for dramatic poetry. The Northern Farmer is certainly the greatest success of the two poems: and the subject is one which we should expect to be more congenial to the tastes of our poet, both from his early acquaintance with the eastern counties and the natural constitution of his mind. The way in which the mind of the Farmer is always reverting to his farm, is very cleverly kept up by the poet; and even in his most serious moments we find him mixing up his duty to his farm and his duty to God as if they were synonymous terms.

I weänt saäy men be loiars, thof summun said it in 'aäste:
But a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby
waäste.

He cannot bear the thought of dying before he has stubbed up and ploughed the whole common, and while his cows are calving. It is an enigma which he cannot solve. Again the comparison between the parson's sermons and the buzzing of a buzzard-clock is very humorous. But though it is perfect in itself, it can only be regarded as a very successful experiment. Our poet Laureate has tried his strength on several of the separate parts which make a perfect drama, and every one must hope that he will attempt the harder and more tedious work of writing a complete drama upon which posterity may decide whether Tennyson shall be

"a name to resound for ages."



CHARADE.

THE summer sun was setting,
The hills were in a glow,
Augustus wooed fair Emmeline
In accents soft and low.

In accents low he sued her,
A fav'ring ear she lent:
But in a broken voice replied,
'Mamma will not consent.'

Just then the garden gate unclosed,
Her mother came in view;
And Emma from her lover's side
To hide her blushes flew.

Despair oft gives us courage,
'Gus nerved him for the worst.
Cried he, 'Say only you'll be mine
This hour you'll ne'er MY FIRST.'

The pale moon sank before the sun;
A youth, with hasty stride,
Paced down the church's lofty aisle
And through the chancel wide.

That morn would see him dubbed a knight,
To join the valiant band
Of those who for their country's right
Fought in a stranger land.

In festal robes with stately pace
The long procession came:
Churchmen and lords of high degree,
With dames of noble name.

The rite was o'er, the abbot's words
Echoed with solemn sound.
The sword of knighthood to his side
By ladies fair was bound.

He left the church with hurried step;
To a retainer beckoned:
'Ho! vassal o'er the drawbridge hie,
And bring me forth MY SECOND!

Christmas tide had come and gone,
The holly boughs were down;
Roast beef and plum-pudding were fled,
Blancmange was out of town.

One mark of fun and of frolic
Alone remained behind:
For Master Bob in the easy chair
Uneasily reclined.

Then they sent for Doctor Bolus,
Who came and shook his head,
And said, 'I'm not at all surprised:
He must be put to bed.'

'You may let him have for breakfast
Of bread and milk a bowl:
But don't forget he takes to night
A good dose of MY WHOLE.'

T. R.



OUR PICTURE GALLERY,

III.—THE ENTERPRISING MAN.

THE epithet "enterprising" is, I take it, one of neutral signification: it does not, of itself, necessarily imply either commendation or censure. In the ordinary type of the enterprising man we see personified a combination of originality in the conception and audacity in the execution of a project. To produce the perfect type we must temper the above ingredients with that wholesome corrective, the rare faculty of discretion. It is to this perfect development that the word enterprise owes the laudatory force which, I admit, it frequently obtains.

But I have not here to deal with any model of perfection, but with the ordinary enterprising man as he appears upon the stage of College life. Let us begin with his pedigree. His great-grandfather's maternal uncle was an enthusiastic supporter of that ideal enthusiast William Paterson, and died at the ill-fated settlement of Darien. His great-grandfather sunk his fortune in the South Sea scheme: and as deep-sea sounding was then in its infancy, it is not surprising that he did not recover it from its watery sepulchre. Our hero's grandfather was more fortunate, or shall we say, that he possessed more of that discretion which we have commended above? However that may be, it is an ascertained fact that on the 18th of June, 1815, he invested a large sum of money in the public funds, and two days afterwards—the news of the battle of Waterloo having arrived in the interval—sold out and realized a profit which made him a wealthy man for the remainder of his days. His son, our hero's father, was a shareholder in the Great Britain, the first steamship which crossed the Atlantic, and in the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and to this day wherever the project is of the calibre of the Atlantic Telegraph, the Suez Canal or the Mont Ceuis Tunnel, there may his name be seen conspicuous upon the list of directors.

Our hero's debut upon the stage of Cambridge life is recommended rather by its novelty than by its dignity. He arrived in a horse-box attached to a luggage train, a mode of conveyance by which he had ascertained that he would save exactly thirteen minutes and a-half. By some inadvertence of the porters the (supposed) empty horse-box was shunted into a secluded siding and the door locked. The unconscious occupant, who had been asleep during this operation awoke two hours afterwards to find himself enveloped in total darkness and immured in a hopeless captivity. What was he to do? In vain were all his cries for help; it was not until ten o'clock the next morning that he was heard and released from his dungeon. Our hero was naturally a little depressed by this occurrence: and it is on record that he passed a whole day without originating a single brilliant idea. The next morning, however, his naturally sanguine spirits revived: and as he was ascending the staircase to his rooms, which were situated in the third story, he was heard to exclaim, "A lift: the inspiration of genius has not deserted me!" And the same evening he addressed a letter to the Master and Seniors suggesting that lifts should be established on every staircase. He proved that by this arrangement each Undergraduate would on the average gain 17·121 minutes per diem, and that by a judicious employment of the time so saved not less than 12·16 per cent. of the whole number plucked for Little-go would escape that undesirable consummation.

I do not know whether Cambridge life offers peculiar facilities to the enterprising man: but from this time forward it is ascertained that the improvements suggested by our hero averaged eighteen a week. That his suggestions were not accepted cannot be with justice imputed as a crime to him: and if failure in the previous examination is still a not unfrequent occurrence, let those who rejected the project of the lifts bear the undivided odium of their short-sighted policy: if the ditch that separates two great Colleges is still an insurmountable obstacle to those who would pass from one to the other, can we justly direct our indignation against the man whose fertile brain conceived the idea of a draw-bridge, which might secure the communication during the day and be raised at night? I imagine we cannot.

There are some circumstances recorded of our hero, which would be incredible if they were not attested by the best authority. It appears that in his time, the lecturers' tables were not always provided with the choicest assortment of

pens : at all events, he is said to have offered to supply each lecturer with two good pens a term for the very moderate remuneration of a half-penny. He is also said to have undertaken to furnish the college with *drinkable* Burton ale, at the same price as the college brew of that period : from which we unwillingly draw the irresistible inference, that the latter was not at that time the Elysian beverage with which we are acquainted. I also find an inexplicable notice that he originated a petition entitled, "For the employment of additional waiters at the *undergraduates*' tables on feast days." The word "*undergraduates*" is in italics. Now why should additional waiters be required on feast days in particular, and why is such stress laid on the word "*undergraduates*"? His greatest exploit, however, seems to have been the Bread and Butter Petition ; which, at his instance, was signed by the whole college, and, strangely enough, is said to have been rejected : a malicious libel (for I have no hesitation in stigmatising it as such) alleges the reason to have been that, of four statements contained in the petition, two were absolutely unfounded and two more than doubtful.

His ingenuity in private life was not less conspicuous. His eminent services to the College at length procured him the graceful recognition of a double set of rooms. He was accustomed to pass the greater part of his time in the inner room : there it was that he gave free rein to his fancy, and allowed it to soar aloft like a winged courser, far beyond the range of human vision. This practice of his was liable to the slight disadvantage, that his friends constantly came into his outer room and went away under the impression that he was out. How was this to be obviated? A brilliant idea occurred to him. He succeeded, after several days' patient labour, in establishing a communication between the outer door and the door of his inner sanctum, by a system of cords and pulleys, so constructed that the one door could not be opened without the other, as by a magnetic sympathy, following its example. This precaution, one would have thought, would be sufficient : but to make assurance doubly sure, he contrived that a heavy weight should descend on the head of the person entering : this naturally elicited a shriek proportionate in its intensity to the momentum of the weight, and our hero was at once certified of the arrival of the new-comer. Whether his friends continued to visit him with the same affectionate frequency as before, is a question that need not here be entered into : although I cannot but think that our hero's contrivance might be adopted with

advantage by certain of my acquaintance, who are anxious to read hard for their approaching degree.

I believe it was in our hero's second Long, that he obtained leave from the proper authorities to erect a hammock-bed upon the College lawn, and there recline under the shade of a wide-spreading elm. I suppose it must be attributed to his extensive experience of camp life—he was an enthusiastic volunteer—that he found such a peculiar charm in devoting a blazing hot afternoon to the following operation. It is two o'clock; a well-known form is seen to emerge from the gate of the court, and proceed, hammock on shoulder and hammer in hand, to the blissful spot where the interwoven shadows of a branching tree flicker over the verdant greensward. The hammer begins its work: one stake is laboriously driven into the ground: the happy labourer swelters in the hot sun: he pauses to rest and recover his breath. Again the work begins; a second stake is driven in: the third and the fourth follow in due course. The hammock is adjusted, and our hero deposits his wearied frame therein. It is just half-past three: he will still have an hour, in which to recover from his self-imposed fatigue. But hark! A sudden crack is followed by a crash of falling greatness; the frail edifice collapses, and the genius that conceived the plan, is buried in the ruins, of the treacherous structure. The next half-hour is spent in repairing damages, and after fully twenty minutes' undisturbed enjoyment of his well-earned repose, our hero proceeds to hall under the impression that he has passed a very pleasant afternoon.

I have said that our hero was a volunteer. Now it so happened that the College company had fallen to a very low ebb in point of strength and efficiency, and he undertook to regenerate it. This he saw at once could only be accomplished by bold and startling measures. He was soon proved to be equal to the emergency. Buying up a large number of second-hand uniforms, he offered a uniform and a bounty of a sovereign to each recruit. The inducements thus held out were in some degree successful: but further instigation was still needed. Our hero instituted a system of room-to-room visits, and where he could not persuade by bribes, he offered to fight the recusants. This settled the question: crowds of recruits thronged with patriotic ardour to the standard of their country: and even reading men who had grudged the very hour which they devoted to exercise, rushed emulously to arms: for upon a careful calculation they decided that they would lose more time by the con-

tinual visits of our proselytising hero than by the drills and parades which would result, if they acceded to his wish. The cause of loyalty triumphed: and in the marvellously short space of three weeks, no less than thirty recruits were enrolled in that list of effectives which annually forms the subject of a jubilant leader in the *Times*. It may however be doubted whether the "effective," who owes his efficiency to a high-pressure system of three weeks' training, constitutes that impregnable bulwark of his country which flattering inspectors and exultant scribblers represent him to be.

At this crisis in our hero's history, a paragraph appeared in the papers announcing that a plan was in contemplation for uniting the islands of New Zealand and Nova Zembla, by means of an underground railway. The announcement was followed the next day by the mysterious disappearance of our hero. His fate is still shrouded in melancholy uncertainty: there are those who connect his disappearance with the paragraph above mentioned: there are others who assert that he has gone in quest of Nana Sahib or the North Pole: but in any case I think we may predict with certainty that the world will awake some morning to find that some problem, which it has for centuries believed impossible, has been suddenly solved, and that the solution is due to the superhuman exertions of the Enterprising Man!



OUR CHRONICLE.

WITH the issue of the present number, our College Magazine completes its fifth volume, and the tenth year of its existence. Those amateur periodicals are few indeed to which so long a life is allotted, and the Editorial Committee feel that their hearty thanks are due to the contributors to whom the *Eagle* owes its present vigorous condition. They can point with pride to the fact that while the Magazine has not deserted its original object, of furnishing an outlet for the literary talent of Undergraduates, in almost every number there have been articles by men whose names would serve as passports that would give them an admission to the pages of periodicals of far more wide spread reputation. From one point of view alone, the state of the *Eagle* is far from satisfactory; but that is a very important one. The expenses of publication are met by subscriptions; but while the resident Graduates and Undergraduates have promptly met the calls for sums already due, the dilatoriness or forgetfulness of non-resident subscribers has produced a certain amount of temporary embarrassment, and the Editorial Committee feel that unless this can be removed before the end of the Long Vacation they would not be justified in entering upon the publication of another Volume. At the same time the sums due to the *Eagle*, even allowing a considerable margin for subscriptions which there seems little hope of receiving, more than cover the total of its debts. Under these circumstances the Editors are sure that the Members of our College would much regret the extinction of a periodical which does much to cement the strong College feeling, of which we are justly proud; and they therefore appeal to them to let no careless neglect cut short the life of our noble bird, but by their liberal contributions of food, both literary and pecuniary, to send it forth to wider and higher flights. They may also remind subscribers that it

was in reliance upon their promises of support that the expenses of publication were undertaken, a reliance which they are very reluctant to believe misplaced. The Editors contemplate several considerable improvements in the external appearance of the Sixth Volume, should they be enabled to enter upon its publication.

The Rev. S. S. Walton, fellow of this College, has been appointed to the rectory of Fulbourn. Mr. J. E. Sandys, Senior Classic, 1867, has been appointed a Lecturer in Classics. The Naden Divinity Studentship has been adjudged to Mr. W. E. Pryke, B.A., 14th Wrangler (bracketed) 1866, second class Theological Tripos, 1867; and the Fry Hebrew Scholarship to Mr. W. Covington, B.A., 18th Wrangler in the same year, and first class (with Hebrew Prize) in the Theological Tripos, 1867.

Our College shows no signs of falling off in the career of classical success, which has of late been so brilliantly pursued by some of her members. Of the University Prizes adjudged, six have been brought to this college; having been won as follows:

Sir W. Brown's Medal for Latin Ode—G. H. Hallam.

" " *Greek* " G. H. Hallam.

Porson Prize—T. Moss.

Chancellor's Medal for English Verse—T. Moss.

Members' Prize (Bachelors)—J. E. Sandys.

" " *(Undergraduates)*—A. S. Wilkins.

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W. Griffith	6	6	0	M. W. Marklove	3	3	0
C. H. Griffith	6	6	0	R. G. Marrack, B.A.	6	6	0
G. H. Hallam	6	6	0	M. H. Marsden, B.A.	6	6	0
P. F. Hammond, B.A.	10	10	0	A. Marshall, B.A.	9	9	0

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
F. Marshall	3	3	0	W. Routh	6	6	0
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R. B. Masefield, B.A.	6	6	0	H. Rowsell, B.A.	6	6	0
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F. C. Maxwell	1	1	0	C. D. Russell, M.A.	6	6	0
E. Miller, B.A.	3	3	0	A. C. D. Rydor	3	3	0
W. Mills, B.A.	9	9	0	A. Salts	1	1	0
R. H. Morgan, B.A.	10	10	0	J. E. Sandys, B.A.	10	10	0
H. W. Moss, M.A.	81	10	0	E. S. Saxton	3	3	0
T. Moss	6	6	0	T. Scaife	3	3	0
J. B. Mullinger, B.A.	3	3	0	B. P. Selby, B.A.	6	6	0
J. Musgrave	6	6	0	W. H. Simpson	3	3	0
H. Newton, B.A.	15	15	0	A. C. Skrimshire, B.A.	3	3	0
H. Nicholson	6	6	0	E. Brook Smith	1	10	0
H. T. Norton	3	3	0	G. Smith	3	3	0
J. Neon	6	6	0	R. K. Smith	1	10	0
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H. W. Pate	3	3	0	C. J. Stoddart	3	3	0
J. Payton, B.A.	3	3	0	W. C. Stoney	3	3	0
J. Peake	6	6	0	C. Taylor, B.A.	31	10	0
E. L. Pearson	6	6	0	J. Taylor	6	6	0
J. B. Pearson, M.A.	21	0	0	J. Thomas	3	3	0
J. A. Percival	3	3	0	E. S. Thorpe, B.A.	3	3	0
T. N. Perkins, B.A.	3	3	0	J. Toone, B.A.	6	6	0
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D. Preston	3	3	0	W. R. Twyne	6	6	0
J. Pridden	3	3	0	W. W. Unett	9	9	0
R. K. Pritchard	6	6	0	W. Lee Warner	6	6	0
W. E. Pryke, B.A.	6	6	0	C. Warren	9	9	0
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H. Radcliffe, B.A.	6	6	0	A. W. Watson, B.A.	6	6	0
G. E. Redhead	6	6	0	F. Watson	3	0	0
R. M. Reece, B.A.	6	6	0	J. T. Weldon	6	6	0
J. B. Reece	3	3	0	C. Welsby	6	6	0
W. Reed	3	3	0	G. H. Whitaker	6	6	0
C. W. Reynolds	3	3	0	G. C. Whiteley	6	6	0
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G. Robinson	3	3	0	H. A. Williams	3	0	0
F. Robson, B.A.	3	3	0	A. J. Williamson	3	3	0
C. F. Ree, B.A.	6	6	0	A. S. Wilkins	6	6	0
R. C. Rogers	6	6	0	A. F. L. Wilkinson	6	6	0

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
W. B. Wilson	4	4	0	G. F. S. Wood	3	3	0
H. J. Wiseman, B.A.	6	6	0	C. Wotherspoon	3	3	0
A. Wood, B.A.	9	9	0				
					1342	10	0
Donations					209	13	0
					£1552	3	0

Of the above sum £846. 0s. 9d. has been invested in the India stock. The Committee wish to draw attention to the fact, that prompt payment of subscriptions will considerably augment the amount of interest received. Non-resident Members will oblige, by paying their subscriptions to the Treasurer, C. Hoare, Esq., Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term have been:

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer, A. Low.
Secretary, J. M. Collard.
1st Captain, W. Bonsey.
2nd Captain, A. J. Finch.
3rd Captain, J. Watkins.
4th Captain, C. W. Bourne.

The following were the crews of the College boats in the late races:

<i>1st Boat.</i>	<i>2nd Boat.</i>
1 C. W. Bourne	1 R. Hey
2 A. J. Finch	2 F. Baynes
3 J. W. Dale	3 W. A. Jones
4 W. H. Simpson	4 J. Watkins
5 J. M. Collard	5 W. B. Wilson
6 W. Bonsey	6 J. Noon
7 E. Carpmæl	7 A. C. D. Ryder
C. C. Schofield (<i>stroke</i>)	F. A. Macdona (<i>stroke</i>)
J. T. Welldon (<i>cox.</i>)	R. Bower (<i>cox.</i>)
<i>3rd Boat.</i>	<i>4th Boat.</i>
1 E. C. Chaytor	1 W. H. Chaplin
2 H. R. Beor	2 J. E. Congreve
3 W. Hoare	3 W. E. Hart
4 A. Low	4 H. H. Cochrane
5 J. W. Horne	5 W. Almack
6 E. L. Pearson	6 E. W. M. Lleyd
7 C. F. Roe	7 E. W. Bowling
S. Haslam (<i>stroke</i>)	R. J. Ellis (<i>stroke</i>)
A. F. Q. Bros (<i>cox.</i>)	C. Carpmæl (<i>cox.</i>)

*Our Chronicle.**Monday, May 20.*

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	8 Caius }	15 1st Trinity 3 }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ }	16 Jesus }
3 Trinity Hall	10 1st Trinity 2 }	17 St. Peter's }
4 L. Margaret	11 Sidney }	18 Clare }
5 Emmanuel	12 2nd Trinity	19 King's }
6 Pembroke	13 Trinity Hall 2	20 L. Margaret 2 }
7 Corpus	14 Magdalene	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 L. Margaret 2	9 L. Margaret 3	17 Clare 2
2 3rd Trinity 2	10 Catharine }	18 1st Trinity 6 }
3 Christ's 2	11 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 Pembroke 2 }
4 1st Trinity 4	12 Jesus 2 }	20 L. Margaret 4 }
5 Emmanuel 2 }	13 Sidney 2 }	21 Downing }
6 Corpus 2 }	14 Caius 2	
7 2nd Trinity 2 }	15 1st Trinity 5 }	
8 Queens' }	16 Emmanuel 3 }	

Tuesday, May 21.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	9 Caius	15 Jesus
2 3rd Trinity	10 Sidney }	16 1st Trinity 3
3 Trinity Hall	11 1st Trinity 2 }	17 Clare
4 L. Margaret	12 2nd Trinity	18 St. Peter's }
5 Emmanuel	13 Trinity Hall 2	19 L. Margaret 2 }
6 Pembroke	14 Magdalene	20 King's
7 Corpus }		
8 Christ's }		

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's	8 2nd Trinity 2	15 Emmanuel 3
2 3rd Trinity 2	9 L. Margaret 3 }	16 1st Trinity 5 }
3 Christ's 2	10 Trinity Hall 3 }	17 Clare 2 }
4 1st Trinity 4 }	11 Catharine }	18 Pembroke 2
5 Corpus 2 }	12 Sidney 2 }	19 1st Trinity 6 }
6 Emmanuel 2 }	13 Jesus 2 }	20 Downing }
7 Queens' }	14 Caius 2 }	21 L. Margaret 4

Wednesday, May 22.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	8 Corpus }	15 Jesus }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Caius }	16 Clare }
3 Trinity Hall	10 1st Trinity 2 }	17 1st Trinity 3 }
4 L. Margaret }	11 Sidney }	18 L. Margaret 2 }
5 Emmanuel }	12 2nd Trinity	19 St. Peter's
6 Pembroke	13 Trinity Hall 2	20 3rd Trinity 2
7 Christ's	14 Magdalene	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's }	8 2nd Trinity 2 }	15 Emmanuel 3 }
2 3-d Trinity 2 }	9 Trinity Hall 2 }	16 Clare 2 }
3 Christ's 2 }	10 L. Margaret 3 }	17 1st Trinity 5 }
4 Corpus 2 }	11 Sidney 2 }	18 Pembroke 2 }
5 1st Trinity 4 }	12 Catharine }	19 Downing }
6 Queens' }	13 Caius 2 }	20 1st Trinity 6 }
7 Emmanuel 2 }	14 Jesus 2 }	21 L. Margaret 4 }

Thursday, May 23.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity }	8 Sidney }	14 Magdalene }
2 3rd Trinity }	9 1st Trinity 2 }	15 Clare }
3 Trinity Hall }	10 Caius }	16 Jesus }
4 Emmanuel }	11 Corpus }	17 L. Margaret 2 }
5 L. Margaret }	12 2nd Trinity }	18 1st Trinity 3 }
6 Christ's }	13 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 St. Peter's }
7 Pembroke }		20 3rd Trinity 2 }

SECOND DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity 2 }	9 2nd Trinity 2 }	16 Emmanuel 3 }
2 King's }	10 L. Margaret 3 }	17 Pembroke 2 }
3 Corpus 2 }	11 Sidney 2 }	18 1st Trinity 5 }
4 Christ's 2 }	12 Catharine }	19 Downing }
5 1st Trinity 4 }	13 Caius 2 }	20 1st Trinity 6 }
6 Queens' }	14 Jesus 2 }	21 L. Margaret 4 }
7 Emmanuel 2 }	15 Clare 2 }	
8 Trinity Hall 3 }		

Friday, May 24.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity }	9 Sidney }	15 Magdalene }
2 3rd Trinity }	10 Caius }	16 L. Margaret 2 }
3 Trinity Hall }	11 2nd Trinity }	17 Jesus }
4 L. Margaret }	12 Corpus }	18 St. Peter's }
5 Emmanuel }	13 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 1st Trinity 3 }
6 Christ's }	14 Clare }	20 3rd Trinity 2 }
7 Pembroke }		
8 1st Trinity 2 }		

SECOND DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity 2 }	8 Emmanuel 2 }	15 Jesus 2 }
2 Corpus 2 }	9 L. Margaret 3 }	16 Pembroke 2 }
3 King's }	10 2nd Trinity 2 }	17 Emmanuel 3 }
4 Christ's 2 }	11 Sidney 2 }	18 Downing }
5 Queen's }	12 Catharine }	19 1st Trinity 5 }
6 1st Trinity 4 }	13 Caius 2 }	20 1st Trinity 6 }
7 Trinity Hall 3 }	14 Clare 2 }	21 L. Margaret 4 }

Saturday, May 25.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity	8 Pembroke	15 L. Margaret 2
2 3rd Trinity	9 Sidney	16 Magdalene
3 L. Margaret	10 2nd Trinity	17 Jesus
4 Trinity Hall	11 Caius	18 St. Peter's
5 Emmanuel	12 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 1st Trinity 3
6 Christ's	13 Corpus }	20 3rd Trinity 2
7 1st Trinity 2 }	14 Clare }	

The friends and pupils of the Rev. A. V. Hadley, late Tutor of the College, whose untimely death was recorded in our last number, are anxious to place some memorial of him in the New Chapel. It has also long been felt by the numerous friends of the late Archdeacon France, once Tutor and President of the College, that some record of his name should also appear in the same building. Both of them saw the first stone laid; both have been carried away by almost sudden deaths before its completion. Singularly successful as Tutors—the one for few, the other for many years—and remarkable for their unselfish love of their College, their names deserve a monument more lasting than the sorrowing affection of their surviving friends. It is therefore purposed to place at least one memorial window to them in the New Chapel; and a Committee is now being formed of their friends and pupils among the senior and junior members of the College to collect subscriptions for this purpose.

END OF VOL V.



No. XXIV.—Vol. V.]

[December, 1865.



THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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1865.



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NOTICES TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that articles intended for insertion be written *legibly* and on *one* side only of each half sheet.

As a guarantee of good faith, it is *essential* that the name of every contributor should be made known either to the Secretary, or to one of the Committee.

Each contributor will be made responsible for correcting the proofs of his own article.

Rejected communications will be returned by the Secretary on application.

A limited number of copies of the engraving of Lady Margaret, which appeared in number 20, is still on hand, and may be had (price 6*d.* each) on application to the Secretary.

It is particularly requested that articles intended for insertion in the next number be forwarded to the Secretary on or before February 20th, 1866.

There will be an election of Editors at the beginning of next Term.

St. John's College, December, 1865.

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St. John's College, April, 1867.

THE EAGLE.

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